The Saturday Evening
POST
June 11, 1960 – 15¢

MY FRIEND, TROTSKY'S ASSASSIN
By MARION BELL WILHELM

LAURENCE HARVEY
By PETE MARTIN

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General Electric Frost-Guard System prevents frost from forming anywhere in this big new Refrigerator-Freezer! Adjustable Swing-Out Shelves bring all foods out front!

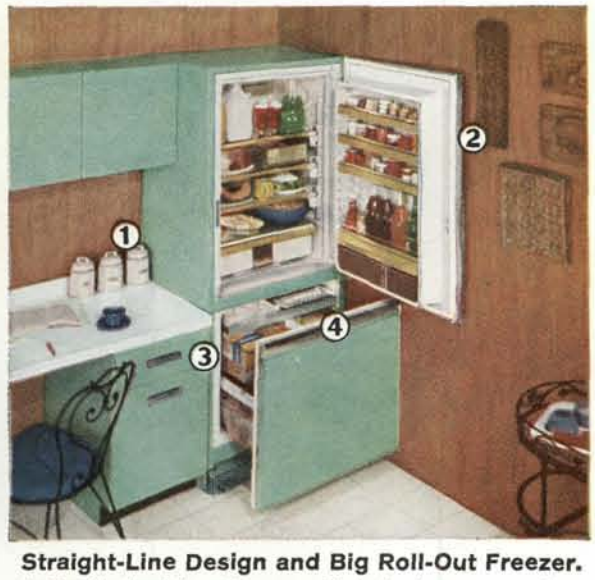
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Company, Household Refrigerator Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

Three Adjustable Swing-Out Shelves bring even the food in back right out front! You can adjust shelves up or down even when loaded with food—to fit in a large ham or a pie. Cleaning the refrigerator is so easy, too. The shelves lift out completely.

Handy Freeze-N-Store Ice Service. Simply flip trays over to eject cubes; refill with water right in the freezer! Container stores up to 6 trays of cubes. Freeze-N-Store Ice Service and Frost-Guard are available in both the 13 and 15-cubic-foot models.



Straight-Line Design and Big Roll-Out Freezer. 1. Fits flush with walls—no coils in back to accumulate dirt. 2. No waste space at side for door clearance. 3. Front lines up with base cabinets. 4. Roll-Out Freezer holds up to 4 huge supermarket bags of frozen foods!

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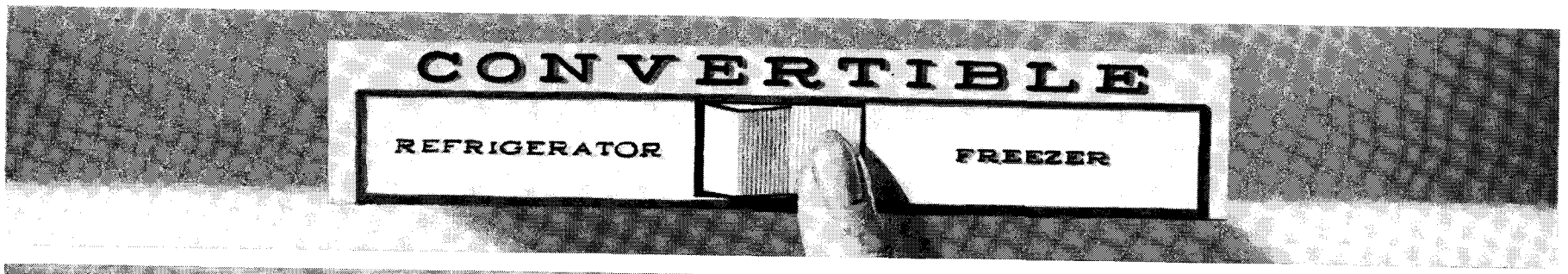

14 RD 08 13.6 cu. ft. total storage — 3.25 cu. ft. convertible freezer

Changes from freezer to extra refrigerator space and back again with the *flick of a switch!*

EASY AS TURNING ON A LIGHT! *Flick* — you have 3.25 cu. ft. of freezer space. *Flick again* — you have 25% extra refrigerator space. This beautiful new Philco is the only refrigerator that adjusts to your needs *instantly*. You can change freezer area to refrigerator area, back and forth, as often as you like, without losing a minute. Either way, ice cubes stay firm and plentiful in their own special section. If you own a freezer or ever expect to, this is the ideal buy. There's more, too: porcelain Visa-Crisper, Dairy Bar Door, aluminum sliding shelves, split-level lighting, automatic defrosting. Be sure to see this remarkable new refrigerator — at your Philco dealer's now.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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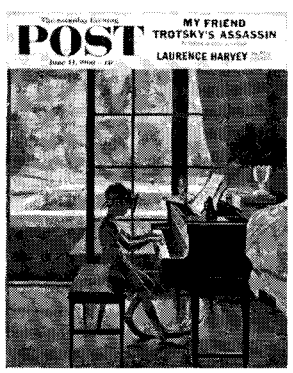

THE COVER

Learning to play a piano in this day and age is no trifling accomplishment. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, whose likeness is sitting on our young virtuoso's volume of finger exercises, was playing minuets on the family harpsichord at age four—but could he have done so if he had been obliged to play with flippers on both feet and a swimming pool staring him in the face? We wonder. The model used by artist George Hughes is the same youngster who appeared on our January-ninth cover. His mother was standing over him on that occasion, letting him know that he had stalled long enough and that he was not to go outside until he had written a Christmas thank-you note to Uncle Vic. Guess who's going to be verbally roasted again this week when mom spies that soggy towel on the piano?

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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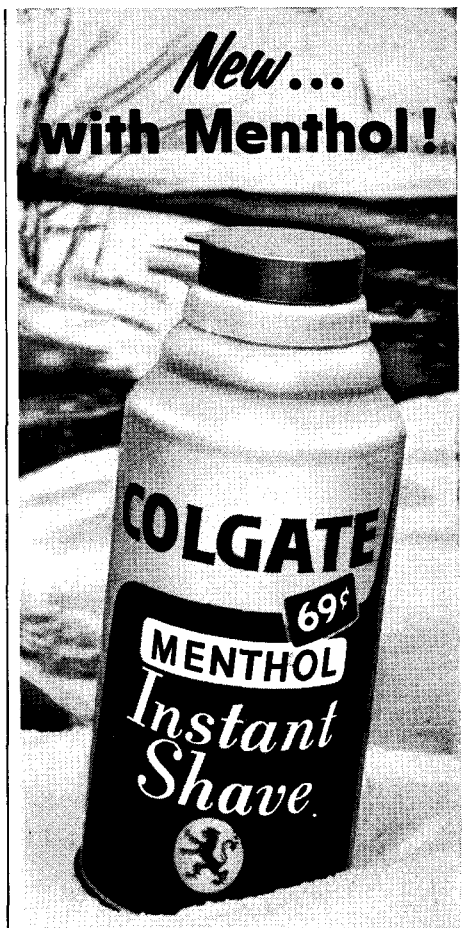
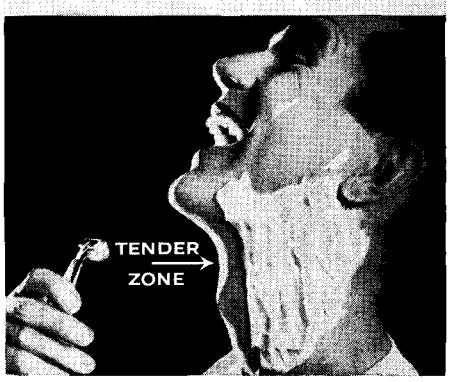


the cool way to shave your "Tender Zone" without irritation
or your money back



Now you can get Colgate Instant Shave with cool, refreshing Menthol. Colgate shaves your "Tender Zone" under your chin as smoothly as your face. Amazing live action lather is charged with activated moisture. Simply follow directions on can to soften whiskers for the quickest, closest shave possible . . . *without irritating nicks or scrapes.* Get cool, refreshing new Colgate Instant Shave with Menthol.

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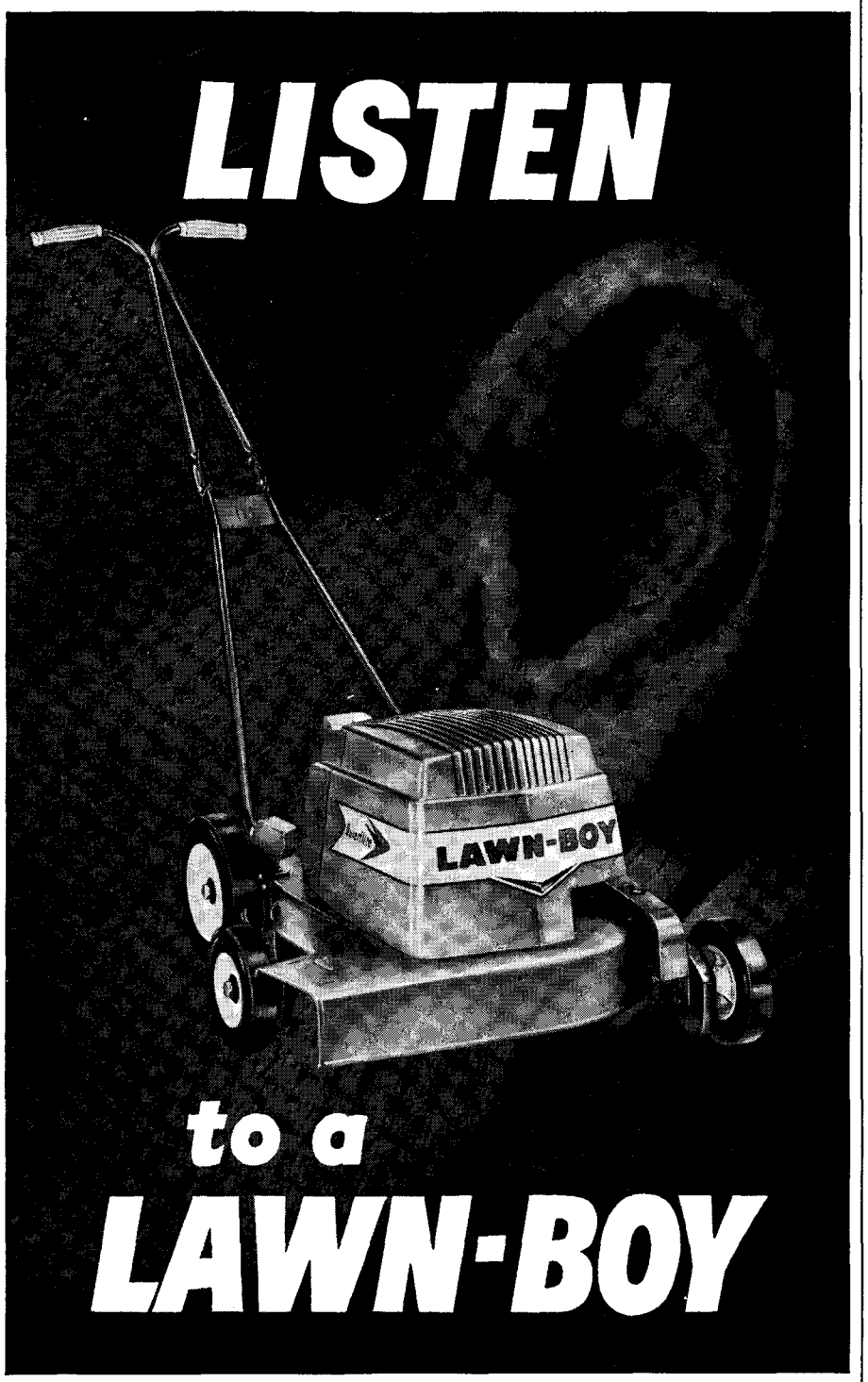
the sound of this mower
is the echo of quality



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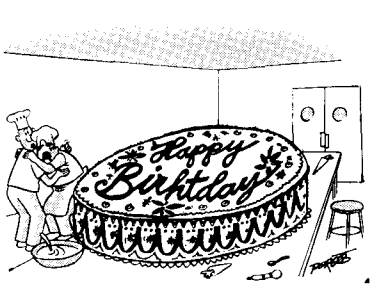
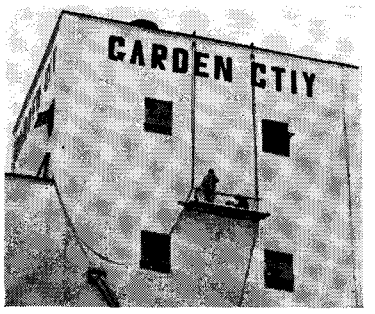
Letters

THE WANDERING "T"



"Come now—don't take it so hard."



Dear Sirs:

I was amused by the parallel between the April-sixteenth cartoon [left] in *The Post* and this picture [right] which appeared in our paper this morning.

MRS. DON PEPOON
Paola, Kans.

Not at All Glamorous

Dear Sirs:

Re RAID ON THE RAILROAD, by Jack Schaefer [Apr. 30], I thought all the intelligent Western writers were dead! With Schaefer I could actually follow the plot without a diagram to keep the characters straight.

Even his horses were individuals. I'm stunned.

C. F. BUCK MARVIN
Carpinteria, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

My father—who died in 1958 at the age of ninety-three—had been a West Texas cowboy, and this is exactly the kind of yarn that he could tell. . . . Mr. Schaefer has, in some manner, reached into an understanding of those early cowboys—sweaty, smelly, hard-riding, efficient, laconic and not at all glamorous—who really made up our "Golden West."

MARY PRESNALL WISE
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Perle and Her Parties

Dear Sirs:

Oh, to solve all world problems with a party, as described by Perle Mesta in THEY CALL ME MADAM [as told to Robert Cahn, Apr. 16–May 7]. How exhilarating!

Would madam give a party—but lavish—for the drought-stricken ranchers here, to end the dryness?

MARY BISHOP
Smith, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

Has *The Post* abandoned the good old whodunit for Perle Mesta's new-style "*I* dunnit"? The personal pronoun "I" was used no less than 237 times in the first installment. This could be an egotistical first in literature.

It is commendable that Mrs. Mesta condescends to favor the common herd with her "I"-witness accounts of her numerous parties and personal triumphs. And it is really thrilling to learn that our high-level planners and politicians require the intimate background of small parties of this kind (100 or more guests) to enable them to solve the problems that face this great country of ours. Let us all hope and pray that Mrs. M's funds hold out long enough for us to win the cold war. Otherwise—?

J. M. JENKINS
Wilmington, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

The "I's" seem to have it in the fourth and concluding article—138, give or take a few.

GEORGE L. DAWSON
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

When I read this sentence in Perle Mesta's story—and I quote—"The war, President Roosevelt's failing health and Mrs. Roosevelt's interest in other activities had reduced the capital to a low point socially during the early '40's," I just broke down and cried.

MARY ARLIE ROUANZOIN
Reno, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

Perle Mesta is modest about her GI parties in Luxembourg. She had thirty servicemen at her first, 1200 at her last and approximately 20,000 in her nearly four years as Madam Minister to Luxembourg.

My wife and I attended one GI party as well as the coronation party in London. GI or royalty, she was still the same Perle. Soldiers and airmen in Germany and France called her "our girl Perle."

KEN ZUMWALT
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

What a wonderful woman she is.

MRS. L. W. BLAKESLEE
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

For the sake of country and the Democrat Party, Perle should give one more party—a farewell party.

C. H. POWELL
Tulsa, Okla.

Do Englishmen Make Good Americans?

Dear Sirs:

John Masters [THE KIND OF AMERICAN I AM, May 7] will never be completely American, despite his loud protestations. Unfortunately he still preserves those

(Continued on Page 6)

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Build a Better Way of Life with Wood Products... Rely on **Simpson®**

Lifeclad's Oriental Pecan finish brings durable new beauty to kitchen or living room.

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SIMPSON LIFECLAD PREFINISHED PANELING STAYS BEAUTIFUL!

Here are walls and matching doors with all the warmth and beauty of hand rubbed wood... a luxury look with the easiest-to-maintain finish ever imagined. Lifeclad's tough vinyl grained surface wipes clean in an instant...does not fade or discolor... gives you *more time to live*. Cost? Less than $50 for an 8′ x 12′ wall!

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"Daddy's going to call me Long Distance"

"He's going to call me soon as it's eight o'clock. He told me he would, when I kissed him goodbye. Daddy never forgets to call me or Mommy when he has to go out of town. It keeps him from getting lonely."

Next time you're away, Dad, call home ...and see!

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Chicago to Toledo	60¢
New Orleans to Houston	80¢
Detroit to New York	95¢
Philadelphia to Indianapolis	$1.05
Washington, D.C. to Los Angeles	$1.75

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CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

affected mannerisms of speech and that egocentric smugness which typify all that is worst in the English character.

JILL RENTON
Hollywood, Calif.

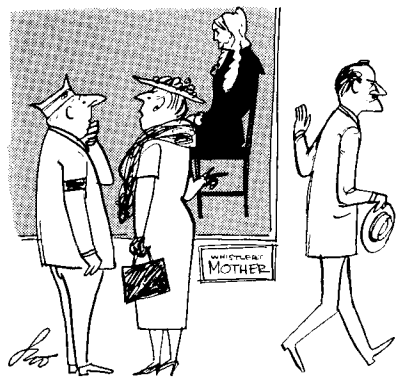
Dear Sirs:

John Masters disapproves of fixing tickets, corrupt political machines, payola, mink coats, freezers, etc., etc., but, nevertheless, has no compunction about using big names and influence to circumvent the immigration laws.

R. COLLINS
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Your immigrant Masters . . . despises our Mother's Day, our Daughters of the American Revolution, our American



Legion (which helped salvage his plummeting empire) and he would now revise our Jefferson! . . .

Consummate British gall!

RUPERT E. JULIAN
Fort Myers, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Would that many of us native Americans could define as well the principles of our wonderful Constitution.

MRS. WILLIAM SCHMITZ
Racine, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

A fine testament to much of the best in our way of life, and a gentle but pointed analysis of certain matters which demand adjustment if we are to continue with pride in our heritage.

JANET ADAMS
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was deeply moved and thrilled by the article. . . . This is the kind of American I would like to be, and this article will help me to be a better one than I am.

AUGUSTINE S. JANEWAY
Villanova, Pa.

Those Misleading Menus

Dear Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Corey Ford's account of his research concerning restaurant menus [My Menu Miseries, May 7]. I shudder to think, however, since I am partial to scallops and swordfish, that I may really have been eating skate or shark. . . .

Now that I think of it, though, that chopped-up skate does taste good.

KEMP L. FARLEY
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I realize that My Menu Miseries is intended to be humorous. . . . However, we who inhabit the coastal areas . . . hate to have the fishing industry unjustly accused of nefarious practices.

I will accept that "sole" is flounder or some related species. The legend that many scallops are made from skates has persisted for more than fifty years, but I sincerely doubt that enough skates are available and that it is economically worth-while to process them into "scallops" . . . With the genuine articles plentiful and often downright cheap, it would seem poor business to concoct substitutes.

ONSLOW S. ROBINSON
West Tisbury, Mass.

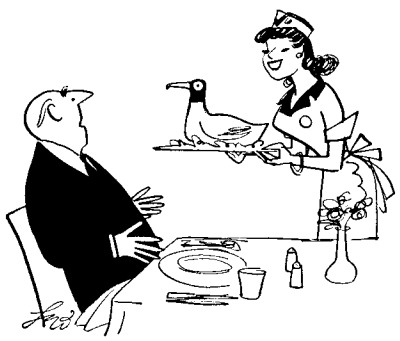
Dear Sirs:

Ford refers accurately to the dubious origin of scallops. I have even encountered a bone in them.

JEAN E. GALBREATH
Coral Gables, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Once when living in Coos Bay, Oregon, . . . I had a young girl staying at my place who worked in a local café "slinging hash." She came home one night very amused and asked me to guess



what they had on the menu that day. I could not guess. "Deep-sea quail," she said and added, "sea gull, to you."

ELSIE M. SHEDD
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

In his article My Menu Miseries Corey Ford refers to "my wife." In his article Are Pipe Smokers People?, July 11, 1959, he told us he was a bachelor. Has matrimony got him, or is foxy Mr. Ford rigging us with a mythical mate?

ROBERT S. ALDRICH
Los Gatos, Calif.

● *Ford, still a bachelor, explains: "My wife, bless her, is always there when I need her for an article. I tell you, fellows, she's the finest little woman who never existed."*
—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
4–Wide World. • 25–From the author; United Press International. • 26–Two from United Press International; Wide World. • 27–United Press International; Marion Bell Wilhelm; Wide World. • 28, 29–J. Frederick Smith. • 30–Ollie Atkins; George Tames from The New York Times. • 31–Bob Lavin. • 32–Culver; two from Penguin; Culver. • 33–Don Ornitz; Penguin; Wide World. • 34–Arnold Newman • 36, 37–Al Buell. • 38–Marc Riboud from Magnum; three by Gene Lester. • 39–Marc Riboud from Magnum; two by Gene Lester. • 40, 41–Peter Stevens. • 42, 43–Bill Shrout. 44–Frank Ross. • 45–Two by Frank Ross; map by Zen Yonkovig. • 46, 47–James Bingham. • 48–Two from United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. • 49–United Press International; Wide World; United Press International; Wide World. • 53–Austin Briggs. • 92–Marc Riboud from Magnum; Gene Lester. • 136–Walter Bird; from Stuart Cloete; The New York Times; Flying Camera; Sam Boone; from the author.

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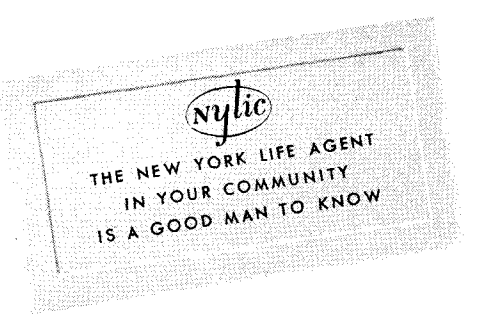

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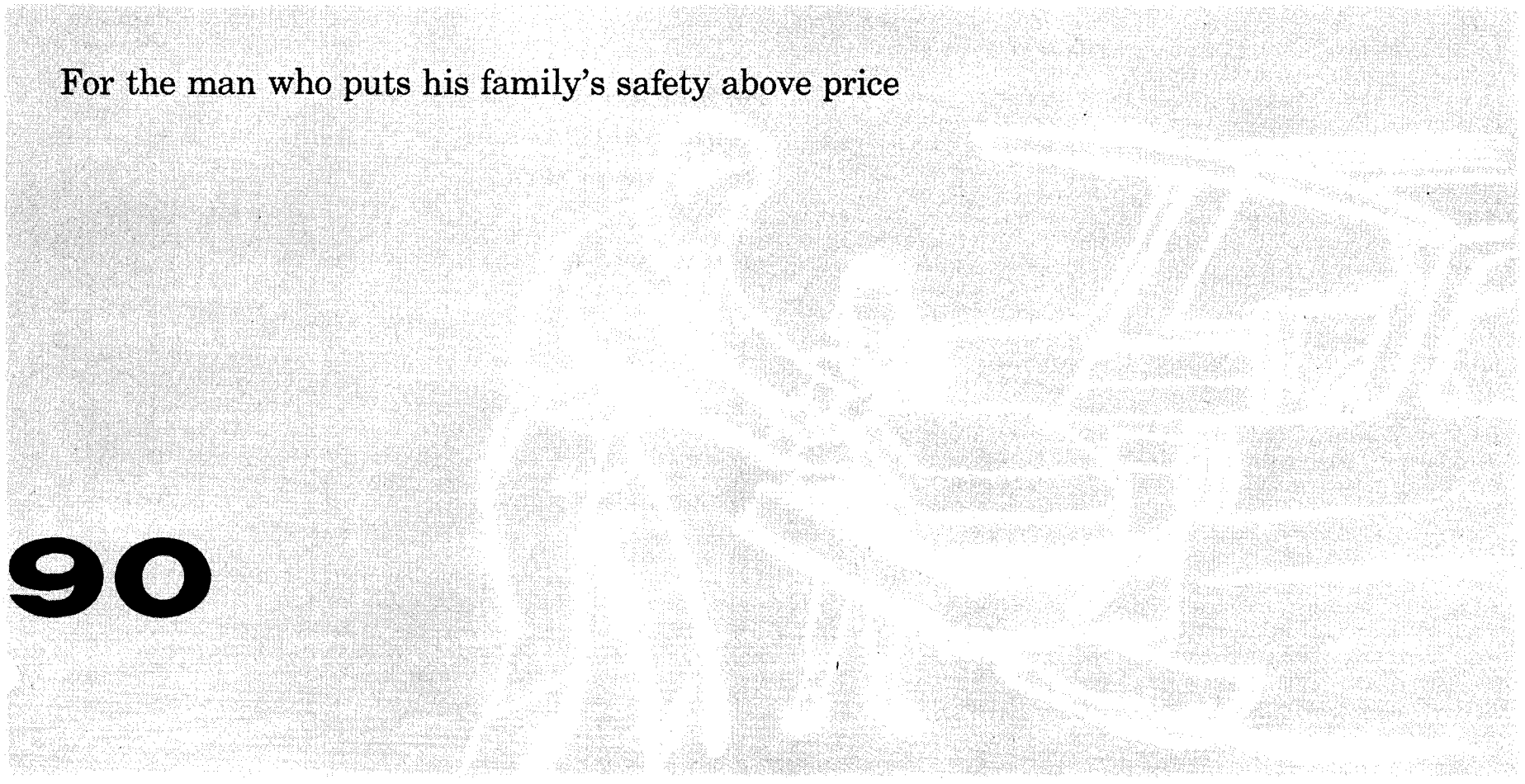

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Editorials

Since Russia Bars Inspection, We Can't Abandon Spying!

Sober Second Thought took a considerable time finding itself after the news that the Russians had, according to their story, shot down a reconnaissance plane, fully equipped with secret devices, over Soviet territory. After a ridiculous effort by the State Department to weasel out of it and a series of expressions of astonishment, many of them phony, by politicians and commentators, it was remembered that espionage by both sides has been going on for a long time and that American espionage will presumably continue as long as the Free World is threatened by surprise attack, which is a cardinal point in Soviet military doctrine.

After all, the United States has been under continuous and mostly untrammeled scrutiny by Soviet spies for years; we have a few such locked up in our jails, but Latin-American cities swarm with others; the seas off our coasts harbor Soviet submarines intent on picking up information concerning the Polaris missile and other devices; Soviet reconnaissance planes have flown over Alaska and, for all we know, over continental United States territory. Khrushchev's theatrical expressions of outrage deceived only the gullible.

Plainly, when we have no reliable access to Soviet military resources and plans, while Soviet agents need only read our newspapers or snoop around a little to learn all they need to know about ours, such observations as that engaged in by the unfortunate Mr. Powers will have to continue. Unless or until the Soviet Union agrees to a system of inspection which makes possible something like equality in military information, an American Government which refused to get the best information possible on Soviet military plans and capabilities would be unworthy of respect. Such efforts must be continuous, and the criticism of President Eisenhower by certain pundits who expect him to be informed of each particular enterprise of this nature indicates extraordinary naïveté.

Just the same, it is unfortunate that the State Department thought it necessary to make any statement at all. The expression "no comment," which seems to have fallen into disuse of late, would have been the traditional way to meet embarrassments like this one. Spying goes on all the time, but there are occasions when governments have to look the other way. Despite the series of ineptitudes, this episode has called the attention of the lethargic Free World public to the possibility of Soviet surprise attack. The appeasers, pacifists and anti-anti-Communists, who might be expected to demand that all reconnaissance flights be abandoned, had a hard time finding their tongues after the statements by Mr. Herter, Sen. Lyndon Johnson and Rep. Clarence Cannon. Khrushchev put on a series of tantrums which underscored his histrionic ability and his contempt for American common sense, but indicated little else.

A change of heart in Moscow will occur only if our Government continues to let "world opinion" take care of itself and goes on the offensive against Soviet espionage agents in this country, Cuba and other Latin-American bases of operation. The House Un-American Activities Committee came up with the testimony of a defected Czech diplomat who exposed the use of the Czech Embassy in Washington as a spy nest. That was an opportunity to do some hollering of our own. What's wrong with letting the Communists do the trembling and apologizing now and then?

Some People Don't Believe What They Read in the Papers!

By BRUCE BLIVEN

For months the FBI and other Government agencies have been warning people that it is against the law to joke about planting bombs in airplanes. Yet every time some fresh buffoon is picked up for this repellent attempt to be funny, he professes surprise.

These men are not alone in their encapsulated ignorance. Public authorities continually warn people that plastic bags, used by cleaning establishments to return garments, can suffocate small children. Most manufacturers print conspicuous warnings on these bags, to keep them away from children. These tragic accidents have had tremendous publicity; yet scores of children die every year because their mothers are ignorant of the danger.

The oldest, most familiar confidence man's trick is the "pigeon drop." In this scheme two bunko artists scrape up acquaintance with a gullible individual in a park or some other public place and propose to share equally with him many thousands of dollars which one of them has just "found" in a wallet. First, however, the victim must prove he is a solid, respectable citizen by showing a roll of bills of his own. Panting with greed, the mark goes to the bank and draws out his life's savings as an evidence of good faith. He winds up, of course, holding a package of newspaper clippings cut to the size of paper currency. Despite repeated exposure, hardly a month goes by when another case of the pigeon drop is not reported in the papers of almost every big city.

On an even uglier level: A great campaign has now been in progress for many years to warn teen-agers that the use of narcotics is practically sure to lead to nothing but physical and mental degradation. Yet teen-agers in disturbing numbers get themselves hooked and profess ignorance of the consequences.

America boasts that it is the land of superlative mass communication. Never in history have so many people been told so much, in such a variety of ways. Somehow the messages seem to miss the target.

Among the few things that really do get communicated are the ins and outs of the love life of our television and movie stars, and the standing of the clubs in the National and American leagues, so perhaps we should try somehow to mix up all important public messages with these. "Giants 10, Cubs 8, and don't put plastic bags near babies." . . . "Miss Dottie Prettyface is divorcing her husband, but they are still good friends, and jokes about airplane bombs are not funny."

It's just an idea.

How Much Outside Help Should Senate Committees Hire?

Despite considerable criticism of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for commissioning groups of experts to make studies of various aspects of foreign affairs at a cost of $300,000, there is something to be said for the idea.

Sen. J. William Fulbright, who was responsible for starting the student-exchange program, sometimes called Fulbright Scholarships, originated the idea. To obtain an independent checkup, the Arkansas senator asked the editor of *The New York Times* to query all his foreign correspondents for criticism of the Fulbright plan. The results were used to improve legislation on the exchange of students. Remembering the success of this use of outside advice, Fulbright was encouraged to try it again over a wider area when he became chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

Fulbright proposed that the committee hire reputable outside agencies to make studies of international matters. Special pleading was supposed to be *verboten*, but one of the studies turned out to be propaganda for a plan called E.P.E. (End Poverty Everywhere). It was suppressed. The others, costing from $12,000 to $30,000 apiece, have been generally well received.

Despite the usefulness of studies by experts, there is need to be alert lest oddballs creep in. Why hire the Council on Foreign Relations to write *The Nature of Foreign Policy and the Role of the U.S. in the World*? Or the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University to do *Operational Aspects of U.S. Foreign Policy*? What reason is there to commission a group called Conlon Associates, Ltd., in San Francisco, to make a case for eventual recognition of Red China in the pamphlet titled *U.S. Foreign Policy in the Far East and Southeast Asia*? It looks as if it might take as much of a senator's time to qualify the experts as it would take to dig into these subjects for himself.

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They're floppy—they're fabulous. They're ragged and soft and old-fashioned. That's Freestones for you. And these, dear reader, are some of the greatest Freestones you'll ever eat. For when it comes to peaches, Freestone fans and Del Monte see eye to eye:

we both put flavor first. We select Del Monte Freestones for their taste, not their looks. We choose syrup that brings out natural fruit flavor, instead of drowning it in sugary-sweetness. We honestly feel these Freestones are the closest thing yet to orchard-fresh peaches. Next time, take home Del Monte® Brand, for real Freestone flavor.

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NEW FROM WESTINGHOUSE!
THE REVOLUTIONARY
CENTER DRAWER REFRIGERATOR

SO EASY TO USE... SEE INTO...REACH INTO...KEEPS MEAT FRESH 7 DAYS WITHOUT FREEZING... KEEPS VEGETABLES CRISP AND STORE-FRESH!

No longer need hamburger or a steak spoil or vegetables go limp, simply because you didn't use them fast. With this convenient new Westinghouse Refrigerator meats stay store-fresh 7 full days (*even hamburger*) . . . vegetables stay crisp and colorful. Each in their own *special* kind of cold. All in an *outside* drawer not exposed to warm room air every time you open the refrigerator door. It pays for itself over and over in meats and vegetables saved . . . and you only have to shop once a week! See it today . . . choose from 5 glamorous cabinet colors, 8 panel colors including rich wood grains. Another reason why *The Big Swing is to Westinghouse* for quality, for features, for value!

FROST-FREE IN ALL THREE...
Refrigerator, Freezer, and Center Drawer! No messy defrosting ever!

Roomy refrigerator section has glide-out shelves, door shelves. 190-lb. freezer has 2 roll-out baskets, door shelves. Center Drawer holds 21 lbs. meat; a week's vegetables.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

Westinghouse TOTAL ELECTRIC gold medallion home

Westinghouse

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Takes the pinch out of parking!

The astonishing handling ease of Chevrolet Power Steering stretches parking spaces like rubber bands, just seems to make parking openings bigger and easier to get into. Out on the road, the nimble handling of Chevrolet Power Steering does marvelous things, too!

Chevrolet Power Steering gives you both feather-touch responsiveness and sure control. It tames wheel fight on the roughest roads, gives you calm mastery over the most frustrating traffic conditions. You'll find that Power Steering, teamed with such features as Full Coil Ride and Safety Master Brakes, makes Chevrolet one of the easiest driving, most secure feeling cars on the road. Don't go by what we say. Get the proof at your dealers. Take the wheel of a superlative '60 Chevy with Power Steering . . . and see for yourself! Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corporation, Saginaw, Michigan.

CHEVY with Power Steering

POWER PUTS MORE *PLEASURE* IN DRIVING A CHEVROLET

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You've never used a house

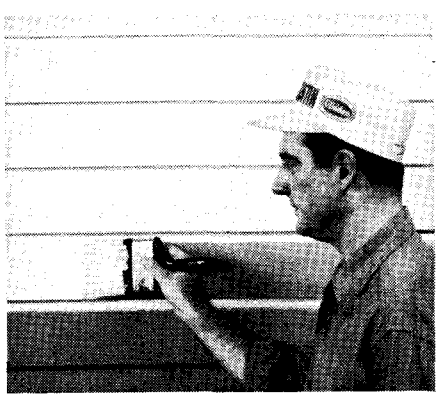
DRIES IN 20 MINUTES...NO WEATHER WORRIES - PAINT RIGHT OVER DAMP SIDING ...NO BLISTERING WHEN CORRECTLY USED ...EASY CLEAN-UP WITH WATER

SPRED HOUSE PAINT OUTLASTS ORDINARY PAINT

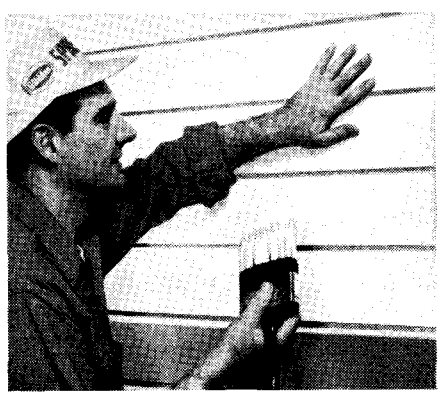
Doesn't need to chalk to stay clean—SPRED HOUSE PAINT provides a very hard, durable yet flexible finish which repels dirt; it doesn't have to chalk to keep clean. The paint stays on your house . . . minimum chalking means no unsightly stains on foundation, windows and screens.

New latex SPRED HOUSE PAINT, proven in over five years of testing in all climates, takes all the inconvenience out of exterior painting. It flows on faster, smoother . . . needs no brushing in. Use it anywhere on wood, masonry, stucco, asbestos, shingle, or metal gutters. Quick drying means bugs, dust, or sudden rain can't spoil your job. You clean up with soap and water. SPRED HOUSE PAINT outlasts ordinary paint because its durable finish resists fading, doesn't have to chalk away to keep clean.

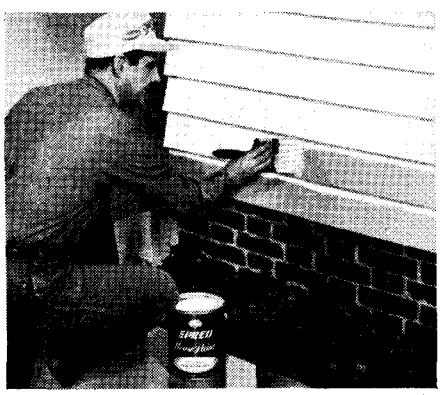
SPRED HOUSE PAINT can rid your home of unsightly blisters because it's a "breathing" paint, lets trapped moisture out, but not in. Your Glidden dealer has SPRED HOUSE PAINT in a variety of colors.



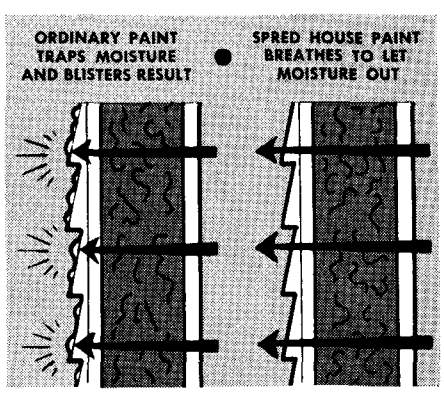
EASIER, FASTER PAINTING
SPRED HOUSE PAINT smooths on with brush or roller. No mixing with messy solvents.



DRIES IN 20 MINUTES
to a finish that can't be harmed by bugs, dust or rain. Touched-up spots won't show.



PAINT ON DAMP SURFACES
Work in-between "occasional showers". Just wipe dew or water off siding and start in painting.



RESISTS BLISTERING
SPRED HOUSE PAINT primer and latex topcoat lets the trapped moisture out, but not in.

Glidden

PACEMAKER IN PAINTS

The Glidden Company, Cleveland 14, Ohio
West Coast: 1000—16th Street, San Francisco 7, California
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QUALITY Glidden PRODUCTS

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paint like this before!

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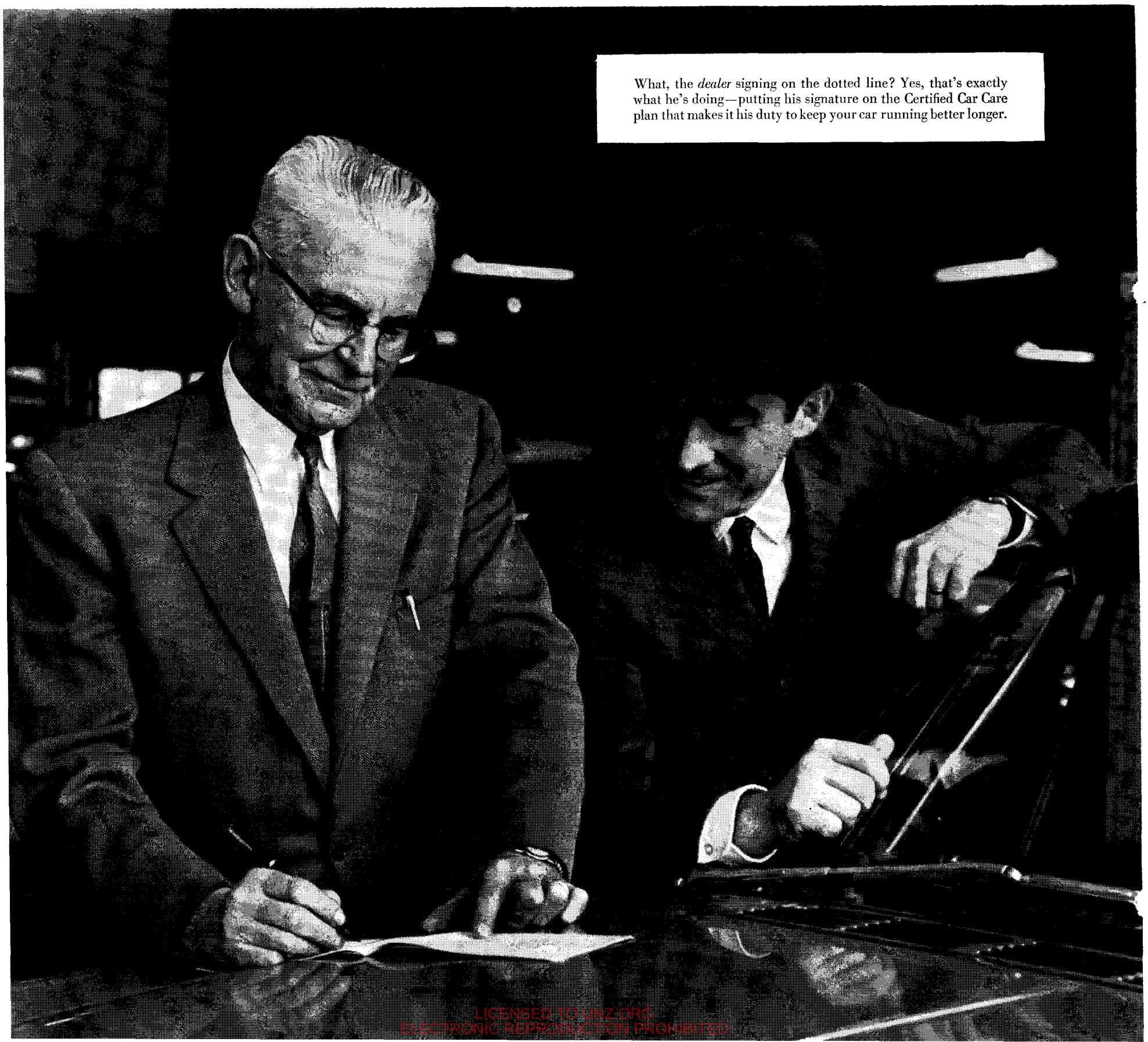
NOW CHRYSLER CORPORATION SPELLS IT OUT


What, the *dealer* signing on the dotted line? Yes, that's exactly what he's doing—putting his signature on the Certified Car Care plan that makes it his duty to keep your car running better longer.

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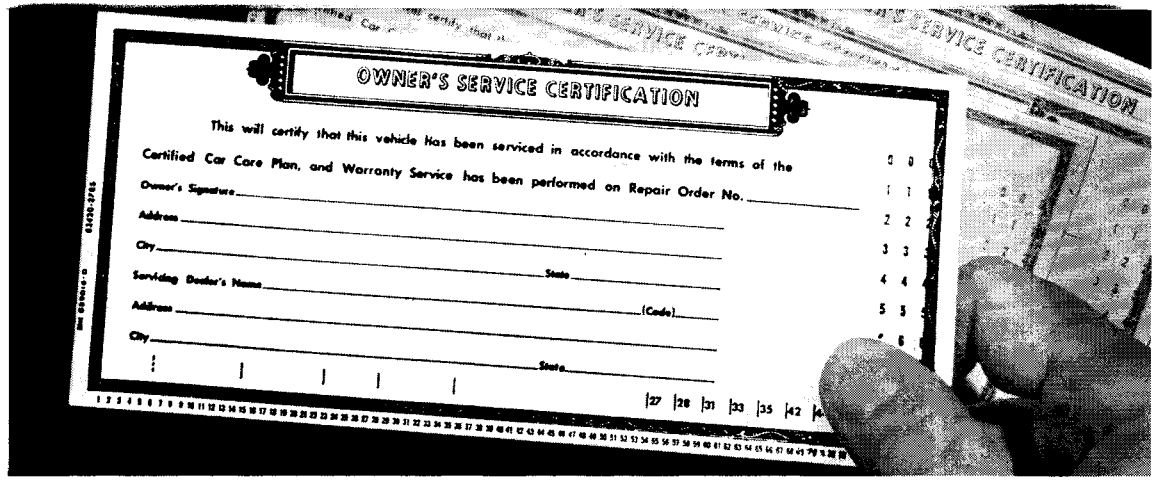
New Certified Car Care, developed by the engineers who designed the cars, tells you exactly how your dealer will take care of your next new car to keep it at its Sunday best


OWNER'S SERVICE CERTIFICATION
This will certify that this vehicle has been serviced in accordance with the terms of the Certified Car Care Plan, and Warranty Service has been performed on Repair Order No.
Owner's Signature
Address
City
State
Servicing Dealer's Name
Address
(Code)
City
State

THIS SPEEDS UP THE JOB—With your new car, your dealer gives you several IBM cards. Whenever you have a warranty claim, just give him one of these cards. (Any authorized dealer anywhere will honor them.) This is his green light to go ahead and give you the required service. It cuts red tape and delay and puts a personal history of your car on file at the factory.

THIS SPELLS IT OUT—You get this book of certificates when you buy a 1960 car from Chrysler Corporation. Each certificate tells you exactly when to bring your car in, exactly what services your dealer will perform. (Note: your dealer signs each certificate, so you always have a record.) The Chrysler Corporation engineers who designed the cars set down these services. In effect, it gives your car the same care they give their own. It's the nearest thing yet to a guarantee of trouble-free driving. And Certified Car Care costs no more than you're probably paying now for hit-or-miss maintenance.

It all started with our engineers.

They looked at it this way: "Chrysler Corporation cars already run sweet and smooth longer than other cars do. But think how many more loyal friends we'd make if all our cars got the same *planned* care our personal cars get."

They knew this wasn't impossible. All that was lacking was a program. A plan that would spell it right out to a man just what his car needs and where to get it. So they went to work and developed Certified Car Care.

It starts with better-built cars

Part of this plan is a tightened-up system of Quality Control, by far the most intensive in the industry. Each car goes through 38 major inspection points and countless minor ones.

Then when it gets to the dealer he gives it another fly-speck inspection to make sure it's as shipshape and tight as a car can be.

Your part is all spelled out

Next comes your part in the plan. When you get your 1960 Chrysler Corporation car you also get a book of certificates that lays out a schedule for maintenance at regular intervals. It spells out what should be done and when.

You pay no more for this better service than you're probably paying now for hit-or-miss maintenance. And it will save you money in the long run. For you'll stay on top of those little troubles that sometimes show up in all makes of cars and you'll keep those troubles from growing into major overhauls. You'll have *more car* to trade next time you're ready, too.

What to do about it

Go see your dealer. He's all ready to give Certified Car Care to anyone who owns a 1960 Chrysler Corporation car. (Thousands of dealers and their servicemen went "back to school" to a network of multimillion-dollar centers.)

He's your partner in this plan. He'll give you all the facts and figures that apply to your own situation. The many benefits will surprise you. So see him soon.

"Adiós amigos"—No matter how you say it, your dealer hopes to see you back at regular intervals to give your car the care it deserves.

CERTIFIED CAR CARE

is exclusive with the cars of

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

VALIANT • PLYMOUTH • DODGE DART • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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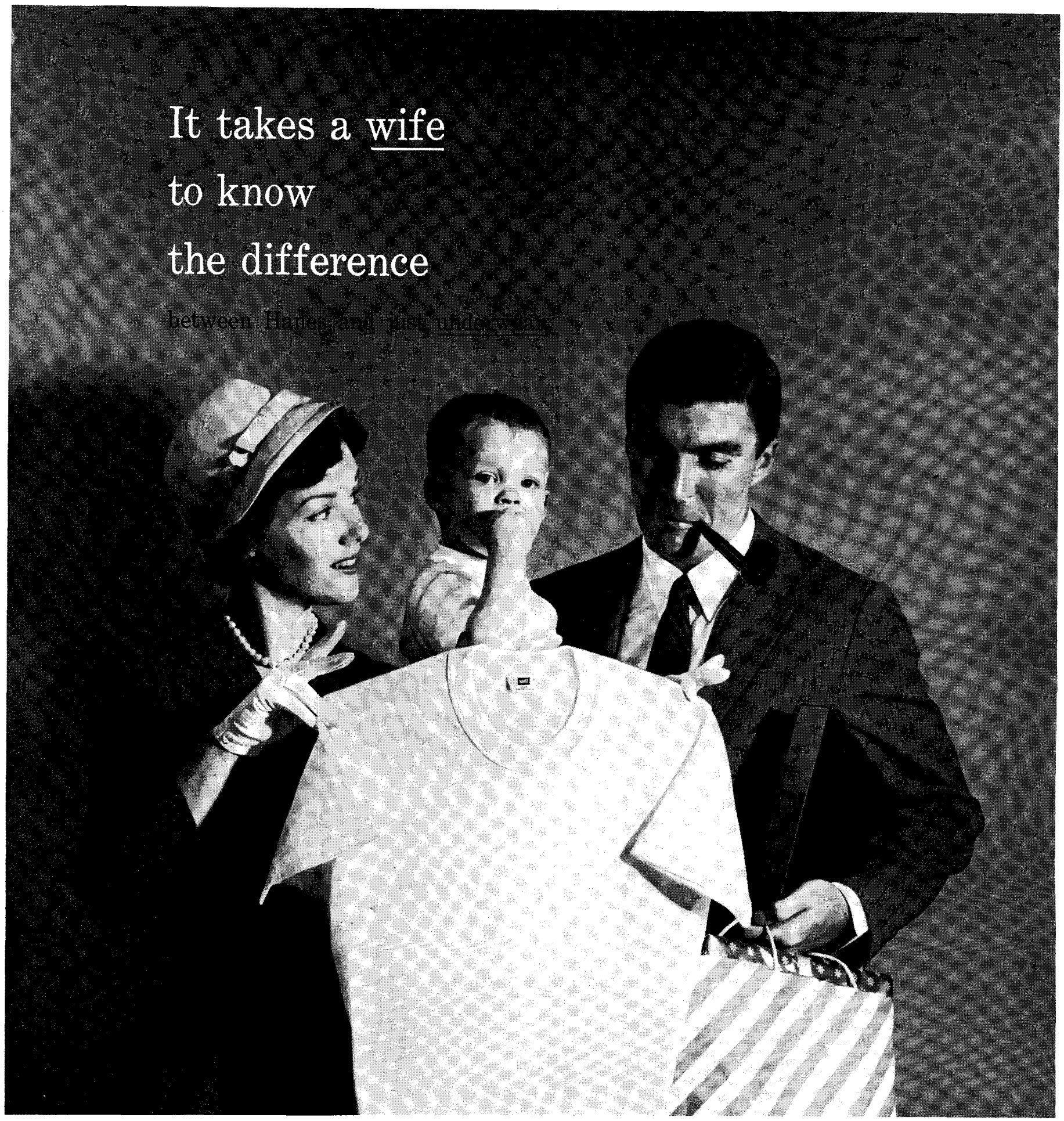

Husbands are happy in Hanes . . . and wives know why. It's the important differences Hanes offers. On Hanes T-shirts—a great Father's Day gift—you'll find a reinforced neckband. No sag, even after lots of washings. Extra-long tail. Won't pull out. Extra-soft combed cotton that launders like a dream. Hard to believe they're still only $1.

HANES

more than you bargained for in underwear for men and boys

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, North Carolina • Scandinavian: Aktiebolaget Melka, Göteborg, Sweden • Australian: La Mode Industries, Pty. Ltd., Fitzroy • New Zealand: Soma-President Textiles Ltd., Wellington

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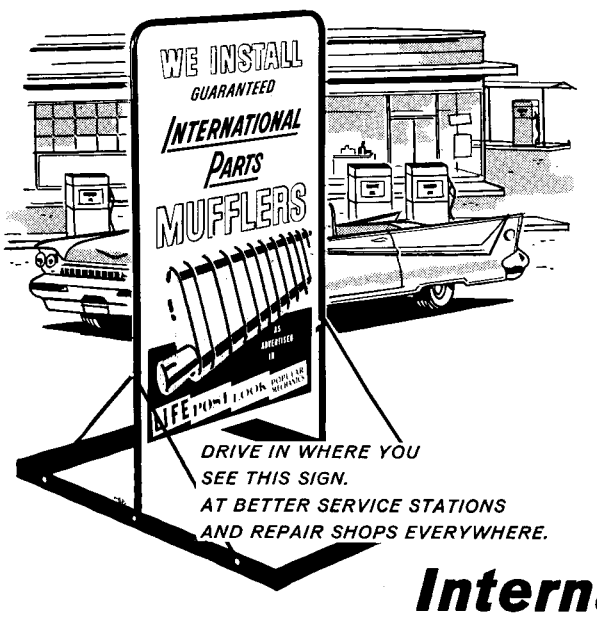
INTERNATIONAL PARTS MUFFLER



Now comes the golden standard of muffler superiority—the International Parts muffler. With golden Silikote® rust-resistant finish . . . you see the difference! And you have the added security of continuous, electrically welded seams, heavier gauge steel and blow-out proof, leak-proof, double wrapped construction. An International Parts muffler will give you golden silence for as long as you own your car.

Every International Parts muffler is GUARANTEED for as long as you own the car on which it is installed

In the event this muffler becomes defective through no fault of the user, it will be replaced free of charge by the authorized International Parts dealer from which purchased upon presentation of this guarantee and the muffler. (This guarantee does not cover replacement installation charges.)

International Parts Corporation

West Coast Warehouse: Los Angeles 11 • **4101 West 42nd Place, Chicago 32, Illinois** • International Parts Ltd., (Canada) Scarboro, Ontario

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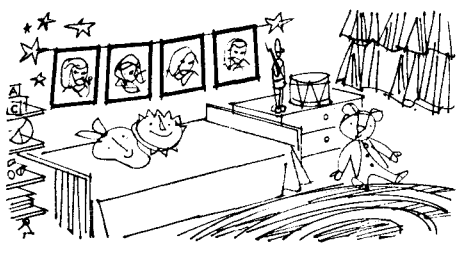
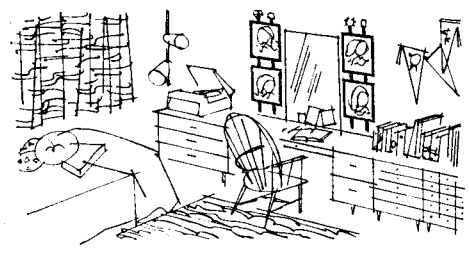
Here's a wonderful way to decorate a room...for only 25¢

(for a child – a teen-ager – or you)

Can't you just picture how appealing these four little "American Beauties" of Northern's would look – hung in most any room? All you have to do is ask for them – and pay the handling cost of 25¢! The four prints you receive will come to you in full color printed on fine white vellum, without any advertising message. Each is 11″ x 14″ – just the right size to fit standard frames. Why not send right now – while you think of it? Use this handy coupon if you like:





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Another fine product of American Can Company

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough

Northern Tissue, Box 380
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Please send me_____sets of 4 color prints of Northern's little "American Beauties." For each set, I enclose 25¢ in coin to cover handling costs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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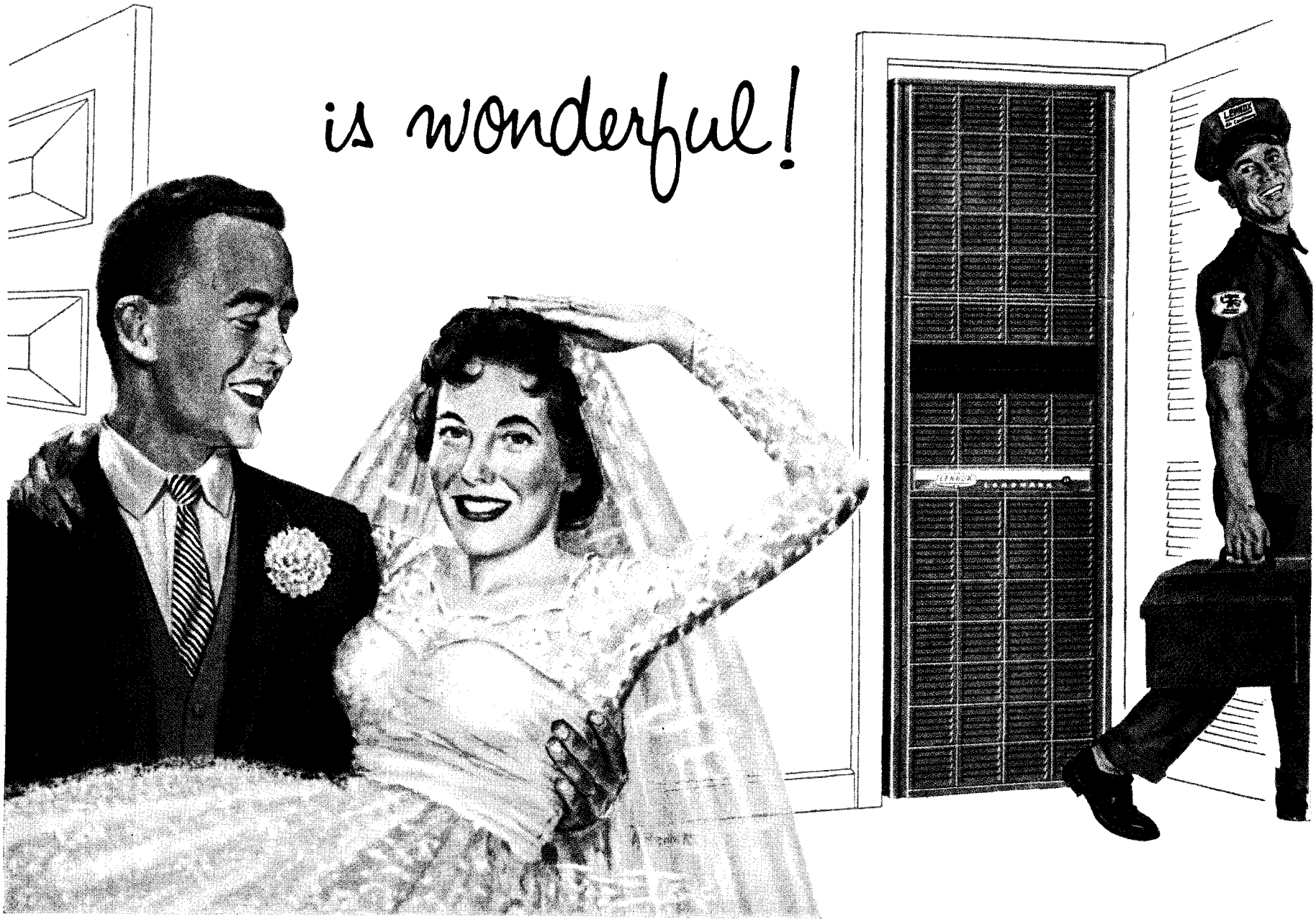
LENNOX

is wonderful!



Their marriage day is a *Golden* wedding day . . . because their new home welcomes them with the treasure of Lennox air conditioning and heating.

As their family grows, the "rare as a day in June" indoor comfort will prevail through blizzards and heat waves—through the years—because Lennox is engineered to last. Many couples now celebrating their Golden Anniversary enjoyed Lennox quality equipment in their "honeymoon" homes, for Lennox has been a "golden" name in comfort since '95.

Call your factory-trained Lennox *Comfort Craftsman* for a free survey and learn how little it costs for Lennox year-round air conditioning—especially if you now have forced air heating. Your local *Comfort Craftsman* is listed in the Yellow Pages.

Lennox, world leader in indoor comfort for homes, business, schools.

FREE booklet on Air Conditioning and Heating. Write Lennox Industries Inc., 224 South 12th Ave., Marshalltown, Ia.

AIR CONDITIONING AND HEATING

© 1960 Lennox Industries Inc., founded 1895; Marshalltown and Des Moines, Ia.; Syracuse, N.Y.; Columbus, O.; Decatur, Ga.; Ft. Worth; Los Angeles; Salt Lake City. In Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver, Winnipeg.

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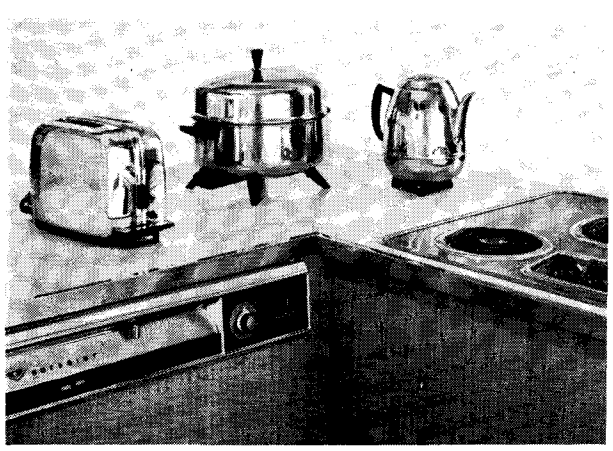
Nickel helps bring you electric home heat... no flame, no furnace, no dirt, no noise!



Nickel serves you in so many ways! The heating elements in your electric range, dishwasher, toaster, percolator, iron—all rely on Nickel for long life and dependability.

Six hundred thousand modern American homes are now being heated without a furnace or boiler, without hot air ducts, without radiators or pipes. They're getting their warmth by wire!

With electric heat, a metal baseboard along the walls carries a resistance wire that transforms electricity into heat right in the room. Cleanliness; individual room control; no furnace, ductwork or piping; are three of the principal advantages.

Because the wire that is used must have some very special properties, it is a special alloy containing Nickel. It must hold up under years of off-and-on heating and cooling. It must resist heat and corrosion to give long life and reliable performance. It must have good electrical resistance properties. Nickel in the wire gives it those special qualities.

Not only in electric home heat, but in your range, oven, clothes dryer, hot water tank—almost everything in your home that uses electricity for heat—Nickel plays an important part.

For full information on the advantages of electric heat, and how economical it can be in the area where you live, call your electric company. And to see the latest in electrical equipment for your home, visit your electrical appliance dealer. *©1960, Inco*

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
New York 5, N.Y.

This symbol on a new home is your assurance of the ultimate in modern electric living. Look for it when you buy.

INCO TRADE MARK **Inco Nickel** *makes metals perform better longer*

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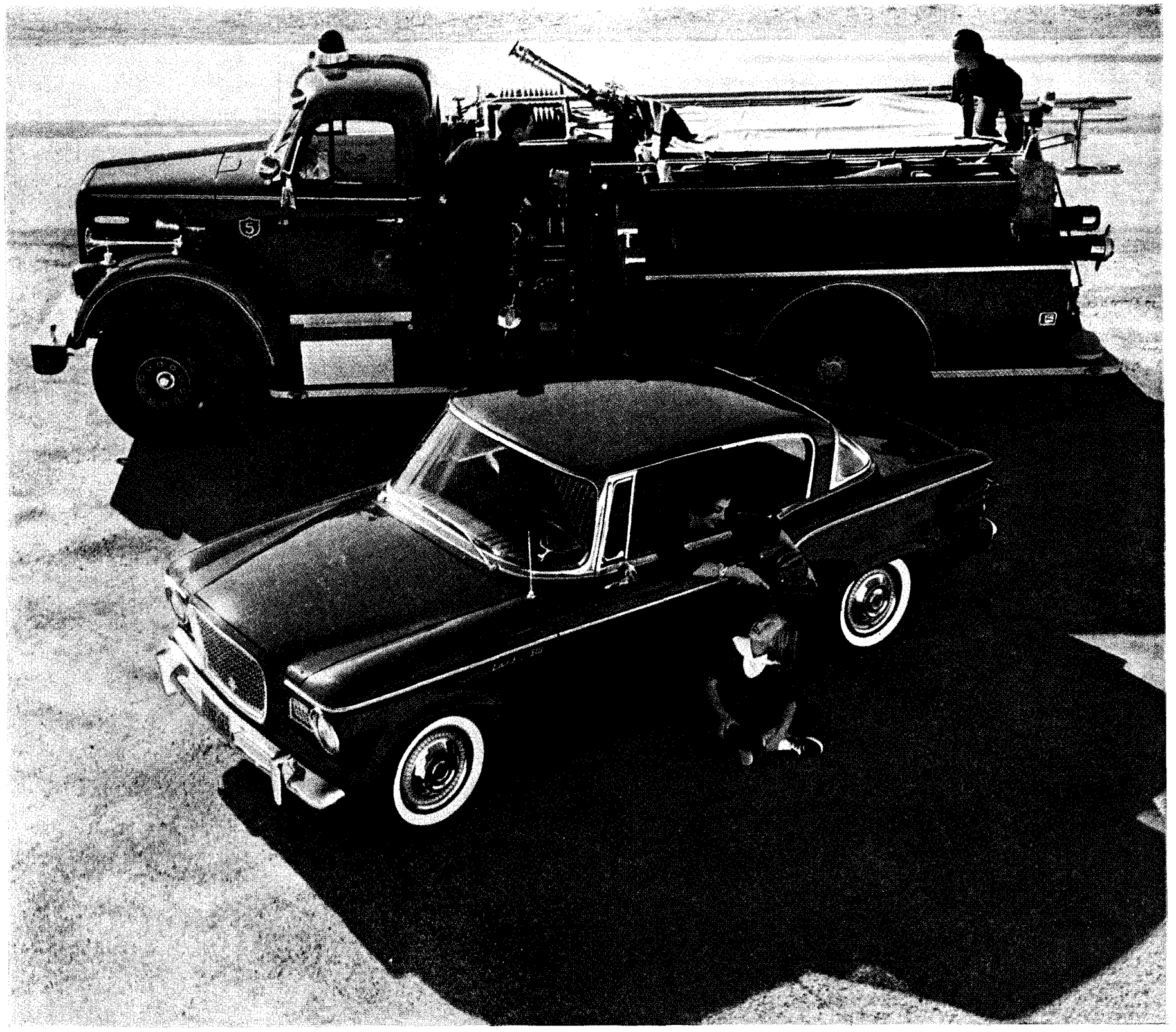

LUXURY LOVERS—YOU CAN ECONOMIZE!
THERE'S ONE COMPACT WITHOUT COMPROMISE...

LOVE THAT **LARK** *BY STUDEBAKER*

Compact car, compact price, compact economy—and no need to give up larger-car features you like so much ➤ You're not confined to six cylinders alone: You may have a 180 horsepower-hot V-8, proven the most economical of all. No "squeeze-in": LARK doors are larger, headroom higher, 6 passengers ride in more comfortable sit-back roominess. No stripped-down look: Gracious interiors, richly pleated upholstery, luxuriously appointed, pile carpeted floors. No telescoped luggage space: Trunk is higher, deeper, larger-car size. And The LARK has been proven to save up to 33% on fuel costs; up to 23% on maintenance ➤ This is larger-car quality for your compact dollar. Why compromise?

The LARK for '60—world's first and only full line of new dimension cars—available in 2 and 4-door sedans; 2 and 4-door station wagons; sporty hardtop and exclusive convertible. Choice of Six or V-8.

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Lecumberri Penitentiary, Mexico City: The author and the assassin. "Am I going to expose my mother? Am I going to expose my brother? Are they guilty of my crime?"

By MARION BELL WILHELM

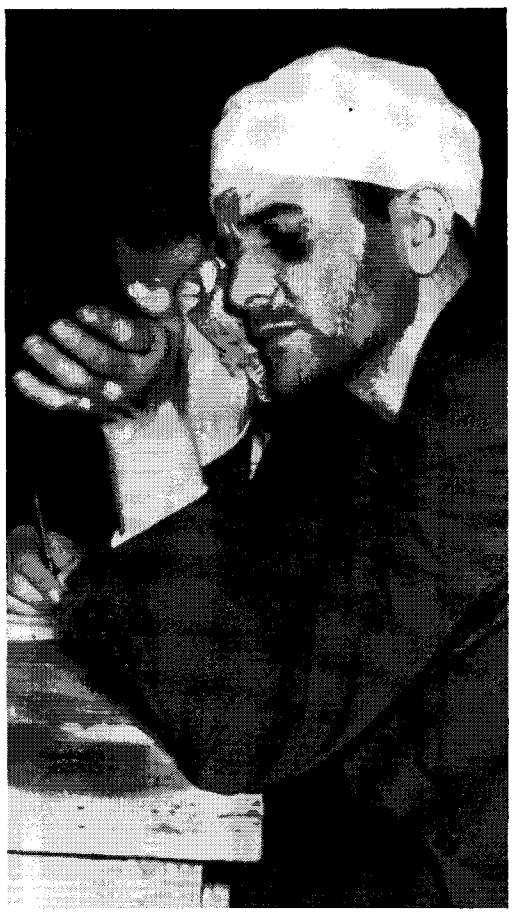
My Friend, TROTSKY'S ASSASSIN

The only reporter ever to unmask the mysterious Jacques Mornard reveals some secrets about this famous murderer.

MEXICO CITY.

By the time this article appears in print the man of mystery known to the world as Jacques Mornard, the Communist spy who brutally assassinated old Bolshevik Leon Trotsky twenty years ago in Mexico, probably will have disappeared to an unknown fate behind the Iron Curtain. His secret release from the *Penitenciaría del Distrito de México* more than three months before his sentence was completed caught vengeful Trotskyites and curious reporters by surprise. Mornard was deftly spirited out of the country under a Czech diplomatic passport, accompanied by two men from the Czech Embassy who may have been Soviet secret police. Thus the enigmatic Communist executioner, the man who maintained a stonelike silence about himself and his crime for almost two decades in prison, slipped away still carrying his secrets.

But not entirely. Jacques Mornard had come to be my friend. I am the first and only reporter ever to interview him in prison. More than that, I talked with him many times during his last six years there—we spent many hours visiting, discussing many subjects and arguing our different points of view. Certainly he was extremely cautious in what he said to me. I'm sure that he told me many lies. But over the years the pattern of the man himself emerged—an intelligent, moody, bedeviled human being, as you will see. And there was one unguarded moment of genuine anguish when, at long last, Mornard let down his guard and gave me a glimpse of the terror with which he lived, a terror stronger than prison walls, more compelling than the fear of death itself. But let me tell how this all came about.



Aug. 20, 1940: Mornard under interrogation by Mexican authorities shortly after he mortally wounded the exiled Bolshevik leader, Leon Trotsky.

If one merely judged Jacques Mornard from written evidence, from the jigsaw puzzle of facts that investigators painfully have pieced together over the years to explain the complex murder plot, it would be easy to imagine him as a robotlike creature, shaped by Communist training under the Stalin regime into a ruthless, emotionless betrayer and executioner. In fact, that was my impression when I first met the man in the fourteenth year of his prison term on May 18, 1954. For three weeks I had negotiated with prison officials to arrange a meeting with Mornard. I had almost given up hope when, through a stroke of luck, Mornard agreed to see me. However, the warden promised only that I could *see* the prisoner, that Mornard might refuse to say a word. As it turned out, Mornard did talk. He poured out torrents of words, but not about himself; he merely spouted stale Communist propaganda.

Still, this opened the door, and later, as I continued to visit Mornard occasionally, the personality of the man began to show itself. At times I saw an individual of deep feeling, caught in an awful dilemma. At other times he showed himself as an almost gay person, capable of highly romantic and unrealistic dreams for a happy, conventional future. Last January I saw him thus when I accompanied Roquelia Mendoza, his prison wife of sixteen years, on her regular Sunday visit to the

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penitentiary. With her she took a pink-frocked, five-month-old baby, the child of her nephew. She and Jacques said they planned to adopt the baby. Mornard made a strange study as he held this little black-eyed girl named Leonor on his knees; he was relaxed and smiling as he argued playfully with Roquelia about their plans for the child.

"My little Leonor will be a mechanical engineer like her father, don't you think?" he said, first in English and then in Spanish.

"*Eso no*," Roquelia replied in mock anger, flinging back her shoulder-length bronze hair. She lifted the infant and twirled one of the baby's legs in the motions of a cancan. "*Mira que talento!*" she exclaimed. "Little Leonya will be a strip dancer." She looked questioningly at Jacques. "*Leonya*, you understand? Is it *Leonya?*"

He hesitated, then replied impatiently, "Leonya!" using the Russian affectionate form of the child's name.

The Trotsky assassin, now a gray-haired, heavy-set man, does look like the practical engineer and electrician that he became in prison. But few things about Mornard actually are as they may appear on the surface. He is not a Russian, as his crime and his knowledge of the language might suggest. Neither is he the Belgian citizen that he claimed to be throughout his almost twenty years in prison. His real name is not Jacques Mornard. Nor is it Vandendreschd, the alias he used on the Czech passport. In fact, it wasn't until 1950 that long and painful investigation by the Mexican police, aided by Julian Gorkin, a onetime Spanish Communist, revealed that the assassin really is Jaime Ramón Mercader del Rio Hernandez, a Spaniard. He was born in Barcelona on February 7, 1914, and was reared as a Communist by his fanatically Marxist, Cuban-born mother, Caridad del Rio Hernandez, who in 1929 left her husband, Don Pablo Mercader Marina of Barcelona, to work for the Communist underground in France and other parts of the world.

Under his mother's tutelage, Ramón, as he was called, grew up as an ardent Communist with no particular national roots. He learned to speak French and English quite fluently. When the Spanish Civil War broke out, Caridad Mercader and three of her sons—Ramón, Jorge and Luis—rushed into the fight against Franco. Ramón, then a tall young man with curly brown hair, became a political officer and guerrilla fighter. And his mother, whom he worshiped, is believed to have become mistress of Leonid Eitingon, an officer in Stalin's secret police who was in Spain helping the Loyalists. When Eitingon returned to Russia, he brought young Ramón Mercader to Moscow to study Soviet intelligence techniques.

It is obvious now that Ramón had been selected to play a part—perhaps only a minor part at first—in Stalin's labyrinthine plot to wipe out Leon Trotsky. One of the architects of the Russian Revolution, Trotsky was a Marxist intellectual who—too late—tried to oppose Stalin's dictatorship. Trotsky was exiled in 1929 and had been on the run ever since. In France, he and his son, Leon Sedov, established the Fourth International and the Worker's Party to crusade against Stalinism.

Above: The murder weapon.
Below: A public viewing of Trotsky's body in Mexico City.

Leon Trotsky—once Lenin's right-hand man, later Stalin's mortal enemy. This photograph was taken two years before his death.

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Stalin's agents murdered Trotsky's son and his secretary, and in the 1936 Soviet purge trials, Trotsky was tried *in absentia* and officially sentenced to death. The condemned old Bolshevik was then hiding out in Norway, and the Norwegian Government pressured him to find some other refuge. President Lazaro Cárdenas offered Trotsky political asylum in Mexico, and in 1937 the tired old fugitive from Stalin moved to a high-walled villa in Coyoacán, a suburb of Mexico City.

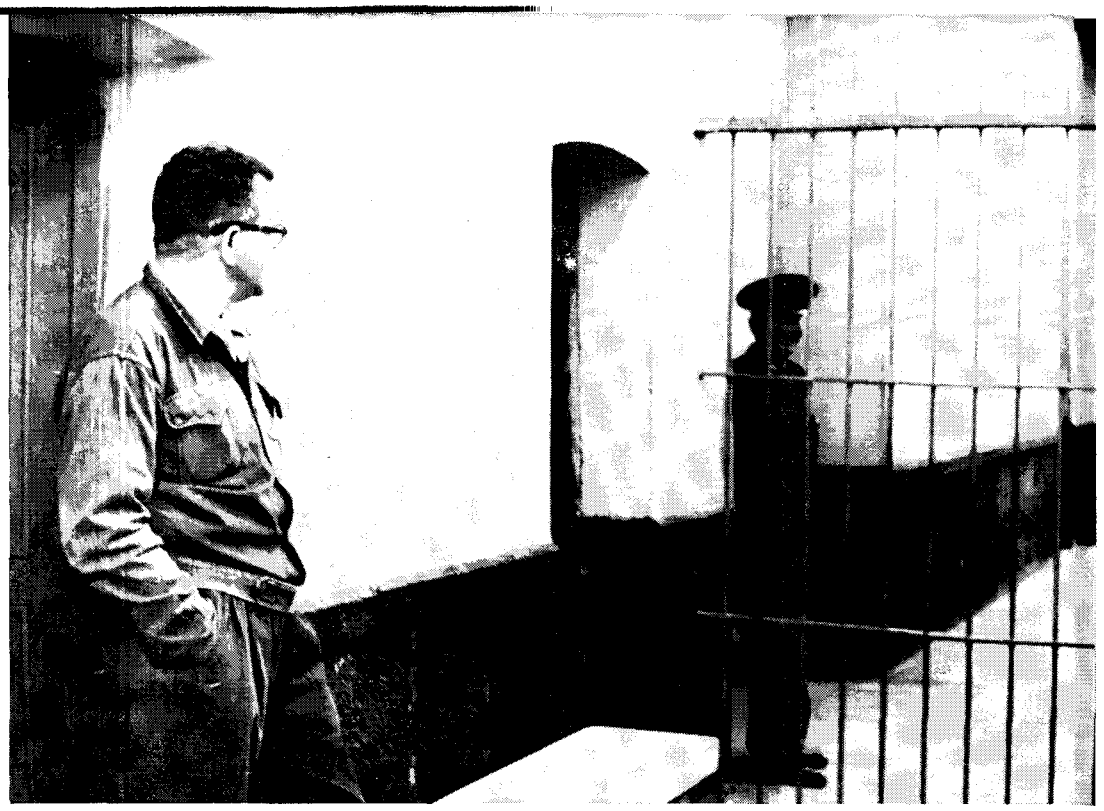
The scene was now set for Ramón Mercader, Stalinist-trained spy. He first appeared in Paris as Jacques Mornard, Belgian citizen, free-lance sports writer and playboy. His secret task was the seduction of Sylvia Ageloff, a plain-looking spinster in her late twenties, a social worker in New York, who happened to be vacationing in Paris in the summer of 1938. Significantly Miss Ageloff was an ardent Trotskyite with acquaintances who were close personal friends of Trotsky himself. And it "happened" that she was introduced to the handsome and personable Jacques Mornard, who never talked politics and seemed interested only in having a good time. In a few months Mornard became Sylvia's lover and, when she returned to New York, he later followed.

He now changed his name again, coming into the United States on a passport made out to "Frank Jacson," a Canadian. The bemused Sylvia accepted his story that he had to use phony credentials because he was a fugitive from military service in Belgium. After a pleasant interlude with Sylvia in New York, Mornard-now-Jacson went to Mexico in the fall of 1939, to take a job, he said. Sylvia followed him in January of 1940. Soon she was introducing him as her husband to Alfred and Marguerite Rosmer, close personal friends from France who were visiting and staying with the Trotskys.

By this long and devious route the Stalinist spy put himself in a position to gain access to Trotsky's Mexican villa and "case the joint." What he found was a citadel. Trotsky had raised the brick walls to a height of twenty feet. The outer windows had been partially or completely filled with bricks and concrete. Entry doors were armored in steel and had electric locks. Gun towers, manned by Trotsky's guards, were mounted on the four corners of the flat roof. There was an elaborate electric-alarm system.

Mornard took his time about his reconnaissance. In fact, he gave Sylvia's friends the impression that he was something of a mental lightweight. He took time to climb Popocatepetl and other volcanoes surrounding the Valley of Mexico and often hiked through the mountains, enjoying the blue skies and sunny days of the old Aztec capital. And he gained access to the Trotsky household by doing favors for the Rosmers, becoming well acquainted with Mrs. Trotsky and the guards.

He had not met Trotsky, but the spy had the layout of the villa. The first attack was launched. Just before dawn on May twenty-fourth a band of submachine gunners, dressed in police uniforms and led by Communist painter David Alfaro Siqueiros, managed to gain entrance to the villa and sprayed gunfire into the (Continued on Page 107)



The assassin in 1954, the fourteenth year of his sentence. With money from a never-revealed source Mornard bought favors and comforts in the freewheeling Mexican prison.

Roquelia Mendoza, Mornard's common-law wife and the five-month-old girl they planned to adopt. However, when released, he left woman and child behind in Mexico.

Mornard with his Mexican lawyer (center) and a Czech embassy attaché who hustled the mystery man off to Prague immediately after he was freed last month.

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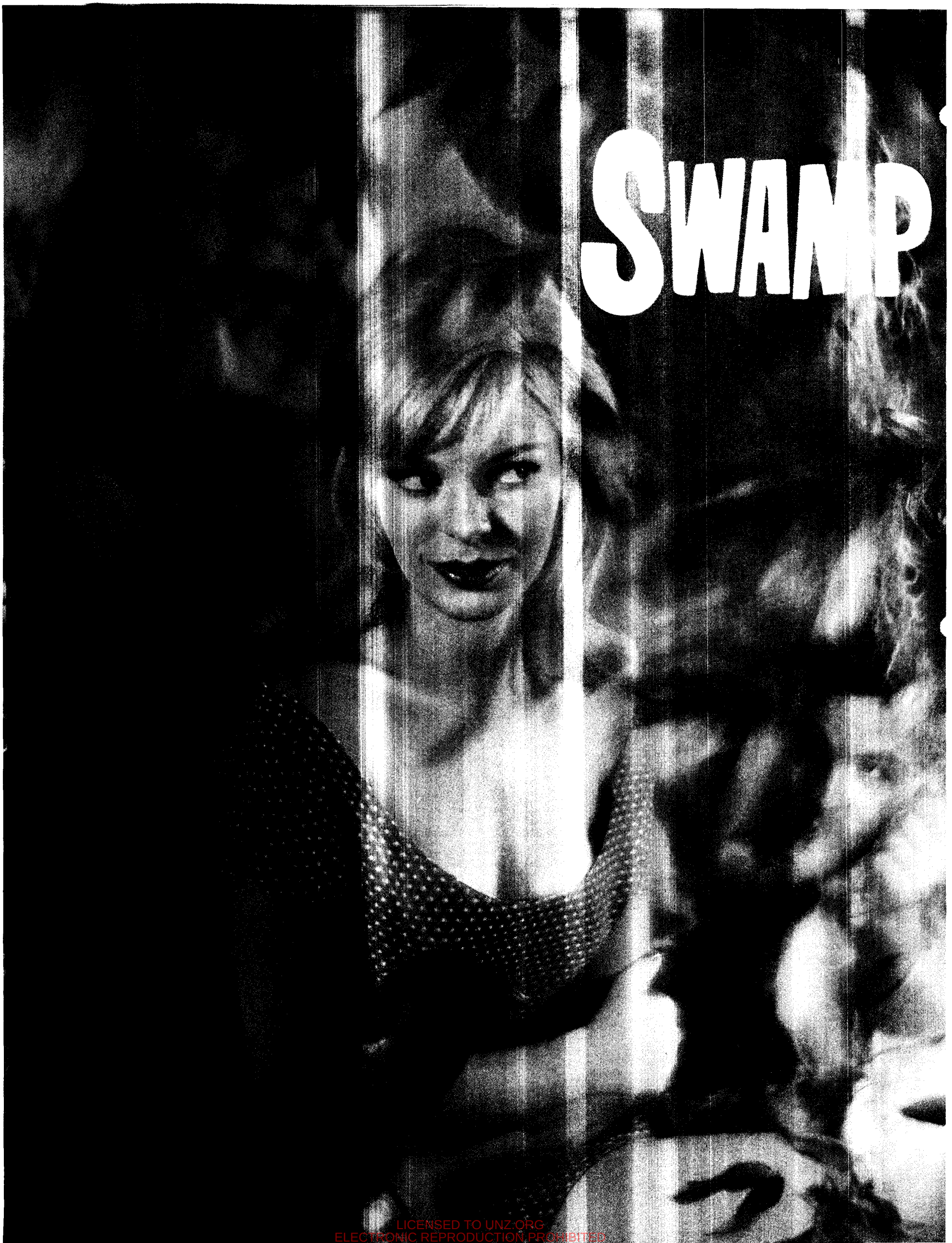

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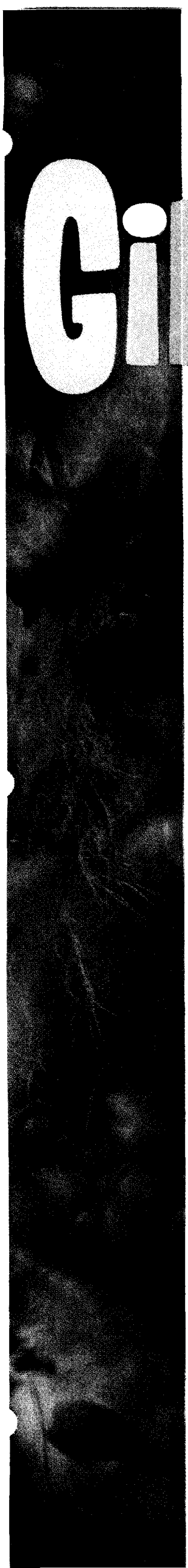

People were afraid of her. They said she possessed unnatural powers.

By PRENTISS COMBS

The peddler stopped when a dog wailed its alarm at the strange scent that drifted to him. He peered up the hollow and made out a slab shack squatted like a stubborn badger against the slope. He hailed the house from there, and the dogs swarmed down, warning him to keep his distance. Rosin the Beau, the great crow perched on his pack, set up a fluttering, and the peddler soothed him and caught up Phoebe, the nanny goat, to keep her from harm's way.

A wild-haired little girl came out of the brush and threw a stick among the dogs and startled them into silence. The peddler spoke to her and smiled.

He was sober and stern until he smiled, and then he seemed too young for peddling. He was tall and lean, with a walker's stringy toughness, and his dark eyes were set deep in a dark face. When he smiled you could see his sternness was no more than his way of hiding a vast shyness.

"It's only the peddler, honey," he said, smiling. "Are your folks home?"

Most mountain children are wary as chickarees, peering from cover with their fingers in their mouths, answering with timid nods or not answering at all. Not this one. She looked at him with frank staring. She took in the crow, the pack and the nanny, and to her it was a parade. She breathed in the brass smell of excitement, tasted it for danger and knew the peddler and all his were a safe unknown.

"I can talk crow talk," she said.

He looked at her again and was a believer with that glance. *Peddler, oh, peddler, you walk softly here.*

He believed her because she was rare and wonderful. She was a little girl of eight or ten, but she was no age and no girl at all. She used that skin when it pleased her, but no skin could hold her. She was not an age; she was a world. Hers was wisdom of the marrow, and her knowledge came with wind on the skin. She lived no reasoning secondhand life. She was kin to and part of all that surrounded her, knowing it instantly through her pores.

She was a length of grapevine, not touching the earth, anchored in heights. He looked at her and believed her and could have wept to think that the lye of just living would so soon sear closed the pores, render insensitive the skin to the winds and seal her forever into that confining skin. She was dirty and scratched and beautiful.

The peddler humped his shoulders, making his pack jerk, and Beau, perched on its peak, danced in anger and flapped his wings and cawed threats.

"What's he saying?" he asked.

"He's a bragger," she said without hesitation. "He's saying if we don't keep the dogs off, he'll peck out their eyes. He's grumbling at how stingy you are with the corn in your pocket. He's telling the nanny he's going to torment her when your back's turned. He's a liar and a coward and knows he's got you fooled."

The peddler knew she was right. "You," he said, all sincere admiration, "are a flaming marvel. I don't suppose you'd tell me how you do it."

She considered him narrowly and, when she spoke, the peddler knew he'd not receive many such fine and rare compliments.

"It's easy," she said. "You just kind of squinch up tight, but stay still, still, waiting and listening. First thing you know you're a crow, or a coon, or a bird. Any old thing."

"Humans too? People?"

She shook her head and scratched an elbow. "I'm not scared of much," she said ruefully. "But that scares me. The swamp lady, she can do it with people. She was the one showed me with animals, and she told me I mustn't do it with people. But I did, anyway. One night Mr. Tadlock was sitting outside doing nothing, just looking at the fireflies. I sneaked up and squinched

(Continued on Page 120)

Illustrated by J. Frederick Smith

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Rocket-Happy Kids

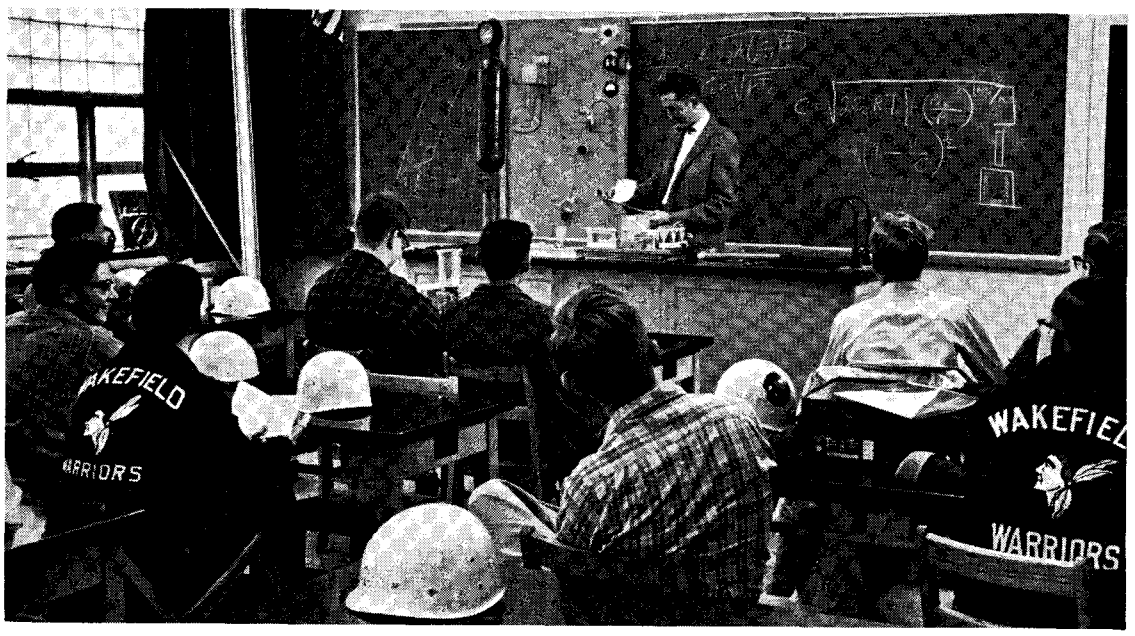
At the Camp A. P. Hill artillery range in Virginia, enthusiastic young rocketeers play with "live" miniature missiles under the watchful eye of the U.S. Army.

By Ben Pearse

At a brisk command, some three score teen-age rocketeers filed eagerly into sandbag bunkers on the Camp A. P. Hill artillery range in Virginia and peered through observation slits overlooking the launching pads about fifty yards away. Over a loud-speaker a youthful voice gave the specifications of the Richmond (Virginia) Amateur Rocket Association's missile, a stainless-steel shaft whose pointed nose could be seen above a protective barricade.

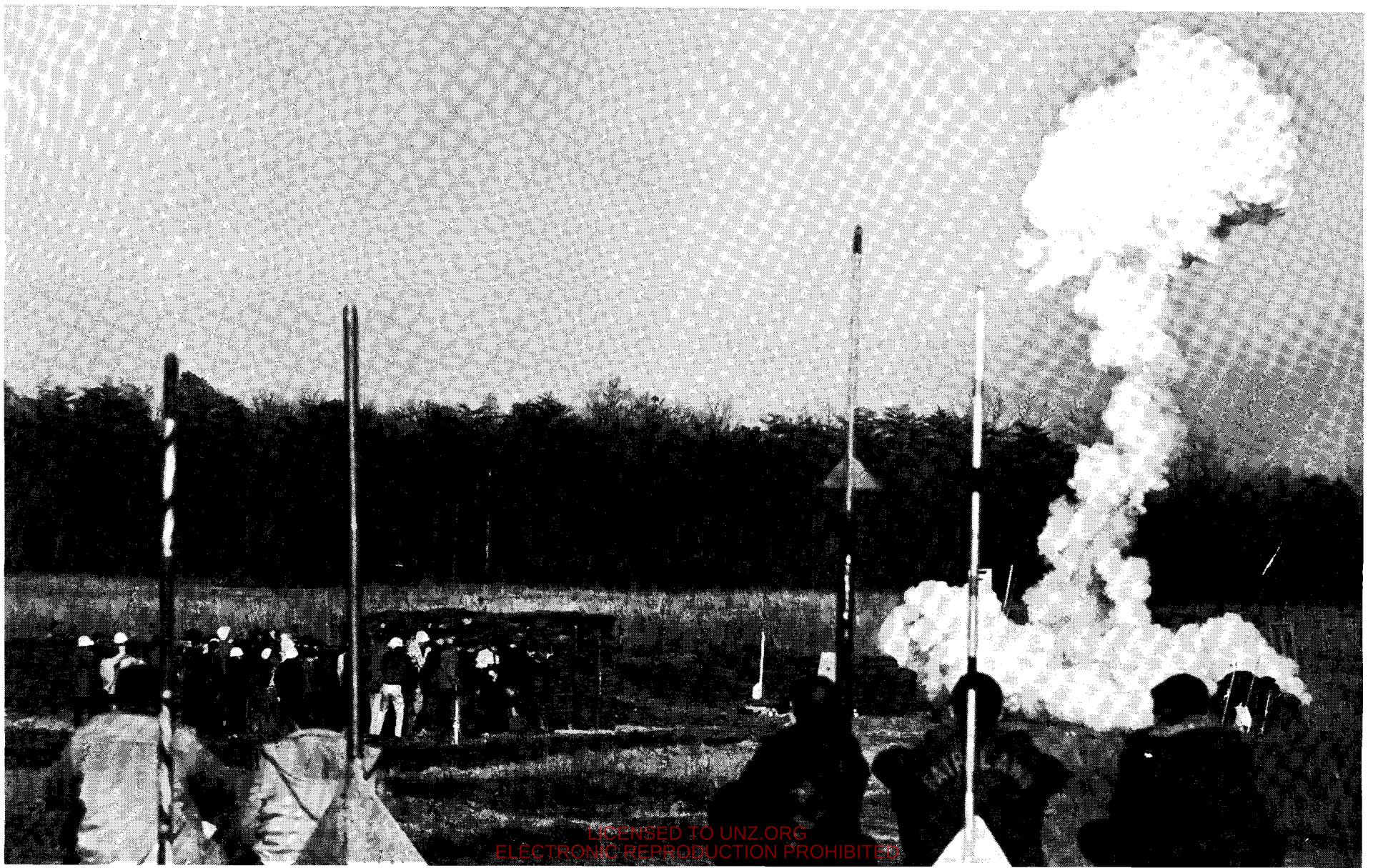
Then came the familiar countdown, a boy named Branch Crook counting for the club—"ten . . . nine"—and when the toll reached zero, there was a flash, a whoosh, and the shaft rose on a tongue of orange flame and roared skyward. The association president, Joe McAvoy, and a group of white-helmeted observers sprang into action.

"Time!" snapped one youngster watching through binoculars as the rocket left the launching pad. A boy beside him pressed the stem of his stop watch. The lad with the binoculars followed the (Continued on Page 132)



Physics teacher Richard Crone, with members of the Wakefield High School (Arlington, Va.) rocket club. This group, now in its fifth consecutive year of accident-free operations, has launched about fifty rockets.

A successful do-it-yourself rocket firing at Camp A. P. Hill, Va. Mishaps are taken in stride. "They have duds at Cape Canaveral too," says a young missile man.



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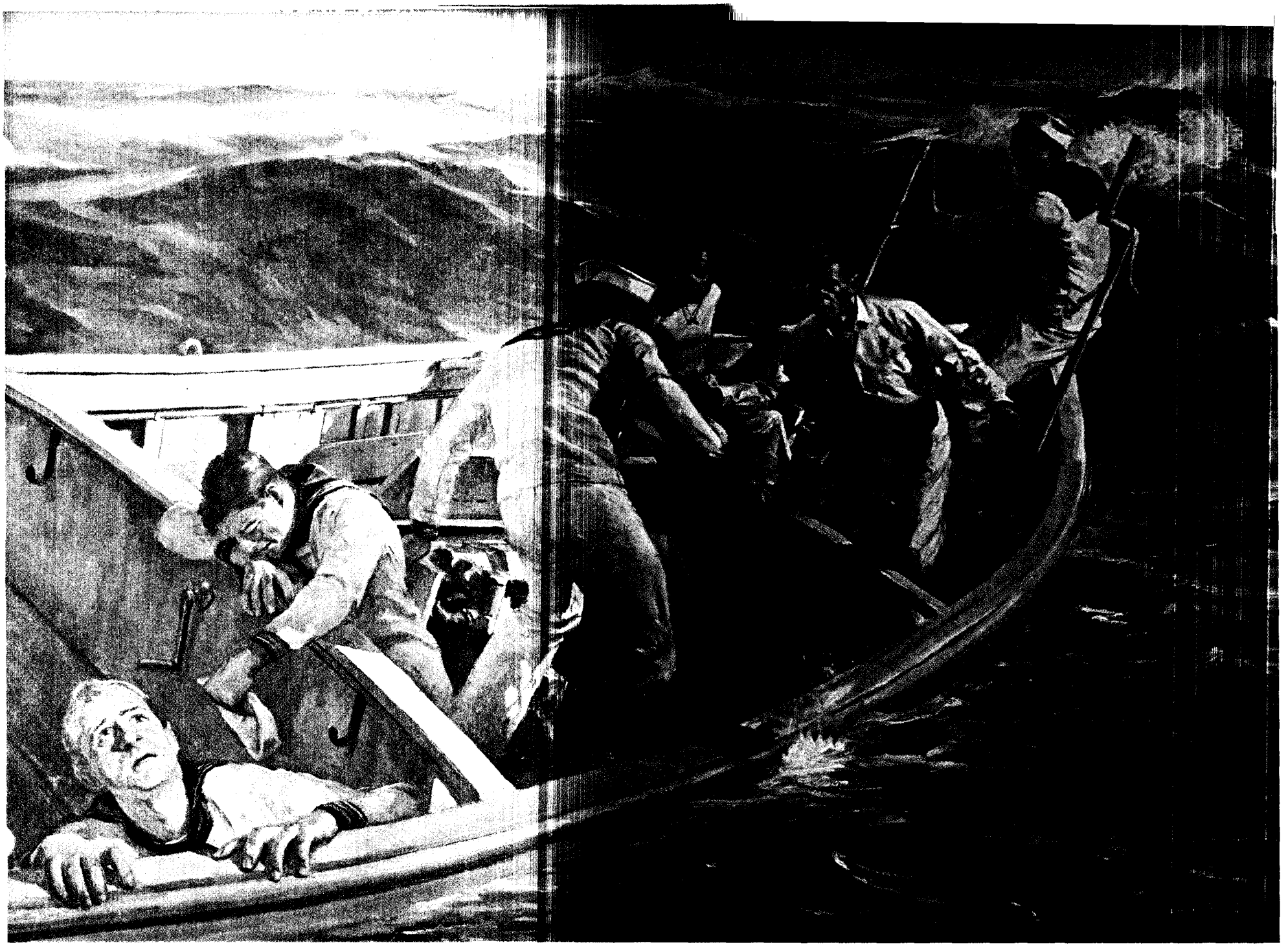

"I'll crank for you," Gregory said.

HOUR OF PANIC

Sometimes in a moment of crisis the toughest guys break first.

By RICHARD McKENNA

It was the first Sunday without rain that whole July, and Wolfe wanted to go ashore early. The first liberty boat left the ship at ten o'clock, and everybody in it would be liars. Wolfe didn't like that part.

He was a stocky machinist's mate, twenty-five years old, with sandy hair, blunt features and strong, square hands. Sometimes he thought he had more respect for engines than for people, and it bothered him, but he didn't know how to help it. Now he stood on deck in clean dress whites and watched surf break on the point of Kentucky Island. Beyond it he saw Yentai hill and the white sand beach of the mainland. He thought how he would walk along that beach and cut back to the green hills behind the town, and when he was tired enough, come back to the gray town for steak and eggs and beer at the Maskee Club. The sky was clear and blue. It was a good day, except for that one thing on it like a black spot.

The town was Chefoo and it was the favorite summer resort of North China missionaries. They built churches and schools and many summer cottages on Yentai and along the beach and put in lawns and trees and roses and lilacs. All summer they sat on cool verandas and drank iced tea and looked across sun-glinting blue water to the green of Kentucky Island. On weekends they always saw gray, four-stacked destroyers at anchor beyond the island. They didn't like that part.

Chefoo was also the summer base of the Asiatic destroyer squadron, up from Manila. The ships spent all week on training exercises at sea and came in on weekends for liberty and recreation. Certain Shanghai bars and cabarets opened branches in Chefoo each summer. The worst ones were on a certain stretch of Taiping Street where the native town bordered the foreign settlement. The missionaries couldn't make the joints close, so they demanded that the sailors be kept aboard on Sundays.

Squad Dog—the squadron commander—respected their homeside political power more than their sentiments, and he had his men's morale to consider as well. He gave as little as he dared and agreed not to start liberty until one o'clock on Sundays. Sailors who requested permission in writing to attend church services ashore could go in a special boat at ten o'clock. The missionaries had had to agree to that. On their request

(Continued on Page 114)

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I Call On LAURENCE HARVEY

The bright young British star of *Room at the Top* discusses his unusual career and tells what he thinks about some denizens of Hollywood, including Elizabeth Taylor.

By PETE MARTIN

Harvey and Simone Signoret in *Room at the Top*. Their work won her an Academy Award and him a nomination for one. But he lost out to Charlton Heston.

The young man who sat facing me was Laurence Harvey. He was remarkably handsome, but more impressive than his good looks was his voice, which had the rich, deep warmth of black velvet. It was the voice which has become memorable to movie-goers who have seen the Academy-nominee film, *Room at the Top*, or Harvey's most recent English-made picture, *Expresso Bongo*, which has just been released in this country.

Of course, Harvey's mellifluous British enunciation was not overlaid with the Midlands accent he adopted for the role of the young white-collar man in *Room at the Top*. His clothing, too, was considerably more relaxed than the conservative city clothes that role called for. His tie and collar gave a Continental effect; his jacket sleeves had tailored cuffs; he wore Italian handmade shoes and, on his right wrist, a heavy gold bracelet. His style of dressing was in direct contrast to his level, direct gaze, a firm, straight mouth and close-cropped hair.

Thinking of the recent strike of the Screen Actors Guild against the major studios, I said, "I've read that only a small percentage of people in the entertainment field make even a decent living."

"You're right," Harvey agreed. "Ours is a precarious profession."

"And short-lived too," I suggested.

"That depends upon an actor's attitude toward the entertainment field and upon the actor himself," he told me. "Much of my work is in the theater. I spend at least fifty per cent of my time on the boards behind the footlights, the other half in films. This way I am able to keep on sucking nourishment from the only breast which can really build an entertainer. Of course, films pay more money, but in my case—and in the case of some other actors, like Sir Larry Olivier and Charlton Heston—the sums of money I derive from working in the movies help take up the slack for an occasional appearance in Shakespearean repertory or some other venture in classical theatricals. My prime reason for being in this business is to be an actor. Also I have a conviction which I try to live up to: To *be* big, one must act big!"

He smiled at me—at least with his lips—and said in his rich voice, "I can't help being amused at most of the Americans I've met who seem to think of me as—what do you call them—a Johnny come lately. For some reason or other, I suppose they never bothered to hear of me or think of me before I was nominated for an Oscar for my role in the British film, *Room at the Top*. I mean, after all, I've appeared in eighteen films and am at the moment playing the philandering husband in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Butterfield 8*, adapted from John O'Hara's best-selling novel of the same name. If I can be a legitimate actor and also the sort of personality that people will pay to see in motion pictures, I'm grateful."

"That is another way of saying you are happily riding the gravy train," I remarked.

He has already won an award in England for his role in the recent *Expresso Bongo* (with Sylvia Syms, above).

1958: *The Truth About Women*, with Jackie Lane, was among the 18 films he made before his triumph in *Room at the Top*.

1952: Harvey and Susan Shentall in film *Romeo and Juliet*. His career began with Shakespearean roles.

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"My real name is Larushka Mischa Skikne. I was born in Lithuania in a village called Joniskis. In 1934 my parents emigrated to South Africa. I went to school there until I was fourteen. Then I ran away from home."

Manhattan: Elizabeth Taylor is his costar in *Butterfield 8*. Of her he says, "She is wildly professional. She's so wonderful to work with that I absolutely love her."

In 1957, when he was 28, he married the celebrated English actress Margaret Leighton, who was then 35.

"It's gravy the Government ladles the most out of," he flashed back at me. "But even more important than the gravy you mention, I'm interested in acquiring enough skill and knowledge to be able to carry on with my career for the rest of my life. It is my dearest desire that when I die I shall be uttering some line in a theater as the curtain comes down, even if that line is a dreadfully dreary one."

The preceding night I had sat through a private screening of *Expresso Bongo*, and I said to him now, "I don't think you need worry about being an actor instead of a mere personality. Last evening it was clear to me that you have more than just a set of tricks. Your only danger, as I see it, is that you might—if you aren't careful—be typecast as a spiv, the sort of person we call a heel in this country."

"It is true that I do seem to have a failing for portraying the weak, weak characters of this world," he admitted. "Take the low-grade theatrical agent who scratches and scrabbles and scrounges up his living by securing employment for strip-teasers, rock-'n'-roll singers and their ilk, which I play in *Expresso Bongo;* in Britain we don't call an agent like that a spiv; he's called a ponce. That means that he's a parasite. But the ponce in *Expresso Bongo* was very touching and appealing to me because, although he was parasitic, he had the brain capacity to have done well in a legal manner without cutting corners—if only he'd been taught to think that way. As it is, he is a very sharp, alert young man, full of vitality, who revels in the mere fact of existing. All he knows is the ponce business, and he gives all of his alertness and energy to gouging a fast shilling out of it without stopping to think. There is no true logic in him, yet his brain is working all the time—in various shady ways.

"I'm afraid the same thing is true of the role of Joe Lampton (Continued on Page 71)

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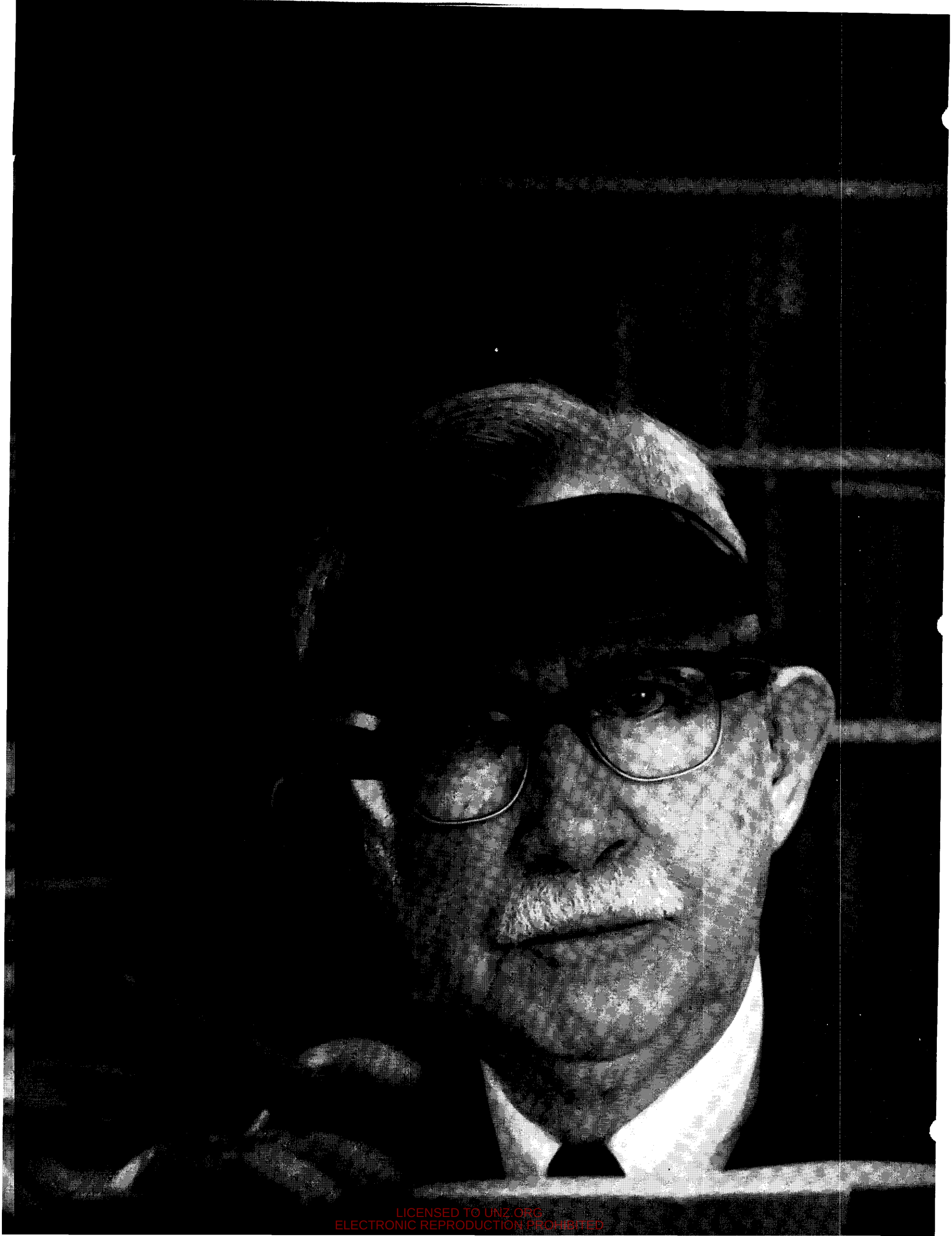

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The U.S. Presidency

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

The Presidency of the United States has come down from George Washington to Dwight D. Eisenhower in a succession uninterrupted for nearly 175 years by any exterior force save that of human mortality. The contingency of death was foreseen, and the succession provided for by law. Even when there was no clear election by the people, as in 1800 and 1824 when no candidate received an electoral majority, and in 1876 when the apparent majority was challenged, those crises were successfully met by legal devices without resort to force.

This gives the Presidency an appearance of great stability. It is probable that the typical American, if questioned, would confidently assert that no political office in the world is more solidly established, or has been less affected by the sweeping changes that have transformed almost everything else since the establishment of the republic. But the appearance is deceptive. The real characteristic of the office has been and is now a malleability that amounts almost to fluidity. Under no two men has the Presidency been exactly the same, and even its constitutional significance has altered until it is, in important respects, the opposite of what it was in Washington's time.

The impact of personality upon the office has been too conspicuous to pass unnoticed by the most superficial observer; but the changes forced by events are more important, although subtler and hard to perceive except in historical perspective. Everyone knows that the Presidency changed radically when Abraham Lincoln succeeded James Buchanan, and the facile explanation that Lincoln was a war President is inadequate. The country was at peace when Theodore Roosevelt succeeded William McKinley, yet the change in the Presidency in 1901 was, if anything, more spectacular than the change in 1861. Far more important than the effects of individual temperament, although less readily observed, are such changes as that between the time when Jefferson established the rule that the President receives, but makes no social calls, and the time when Eisenhower set out on his 1959 odyssey across the world. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 96*

About the Author

Gerald White Johnson, one of America's most respected political journalists and historians, insists that his career can be summed up in the words the Duke of Gloucester wrote to Edward Gibbon after receiving the last volume of the *Decline and Fall*: "Always scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon?" "That's me," says Mr. Johnson, "thirty years in newspaper shops, fifteen as a free lance." The scribbling has produced a score of illuminating studies, among them *American Heroes and Hero-Worship; Woodrow Wilson; This American People*, and *The Lunatic Fringe*. His latest, *A History for Peter*, of which Morrow & Co. published the first of three volumes last fall, is a history of American ideals in language he hopes his ten-year-old grandson will be able to understand. Photograph by Arnold Newman

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"We scratched one bandit this morning, darling; two to go," he said.

RETURN FROM NOWHERE

Each night that he left her, she knew he might not come back.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

The little brown cypress-shingled house stands today, lonely, aloof and dilapidated except for its exposed, white-railed widow's walk, which is always freshly painted and shipshape. The house rises out of sand dunes and commands a bleak vista of the Atlantic Ocean a mile or so south of Mayport, Florida.

At one time, during the era of enforced blackouts, it stood on private property. However, over the years, the Navy has acquired additional hundreds of acres at Mayport, and now the house is protected by a tall, galvanized wire fence; the gate is locked securely, and on the gate is a metal sign.

PROPERTY U.S. NAVY
RESTRICTED AREA

Numerous newspapermen, including wire-service feature writers, have endeavored to crack the brass at Mayport Naval Station. Why, they want to know, does the little brown house remain while nearly all other facets have changed—new carrier basins, air strips, concrete blockhouses, offices, radar towers,

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barracks, recreation centers and even a hospital? Why? they ask.

Like the landscape at Mayport, personnel is ever-changing, and many base commanders have shrugged and replied, "Storage purposes," or "Sorry, that's classified."

Scuttlebutt now has it that the brown house will be established as sort of a shrine and that Willis Reed, now retired but for many years a civilian employee at the base, will be a guest of honor at special ceremonies.

The rumors are that Mayport—long publicized as one of America's oldest fishing communities, but now the home of the nation's fastest-growing Navy base—will take time out briefly to remember the past. For more than two decades the base has been dedicated to the present and the future. According to reports, former base commanders have passed the hat to preserve the little brown house.

Willis, now living in a small apartment on West Beaver Street in Jacksonville, has the eyes of a sleepy cocker spaniel. His hair is egret white, and his hearing is failing, but his memory is as fresh as an October morning at the St. Johns River jetties. For years, before and after the brown house was acquired by the Navy, Willis was its caretaker.

Public Information is now preparing an official release of Willis Reed's story. It is a story that has been tape-recorded and sealed in a vault at the United States Naval Station, Mayport. Its classified wrappings are being removed.

In February of 1943, while the Mediterranean was capturing the major headlines, Willis met Mrs. Ann Blake, bride of Lt. Cmdr. Brian—better known as "Briny"—Blake, under circumstances that were most unusual.

At that time, Mayport was merely an auxiliary base. Its carrier basins were inadequate, the macadam on the runways couldn't take the Florida sun, and the base was operated by a skeleton staff. Most members of the staff had worked themselves down to skeleton proportions.

Willis was in the officers' club—BUILDING 14, HOURS 1100 TO 2400—and in view of the fact that it was long past 2400, he was busily waxing and polishing the floor in the barroom when he heard a tapping on the door.

Cautiously Willis switched off the lights before he unlocked the door and opened it just a crack.

She stood there on the wooden steps in the cold light cast by a sickly moon—a willowy wisp of a girl with large, clear blue eyes and hair the color of ripening sea oats. She had a small face with pretty features, including a chin with a firm line of determination. She wore a navy-blue blouse and skirt, and she had tossed a suède jacket over her shoulders. Even so, her teeth were chattering.

She didn't stare at Willis, but she studied him curiously. "I am looking for my husband—Commander Blake," she said. And Willis, who had worked with nearly all nationalities, recognized the British accent.

"You got a security pass, Miz Blake?" Willis asked uneasily.

She handed him a slip of paper. "But of course. They (Continued on Page 78)

Illustrated by Al Buell

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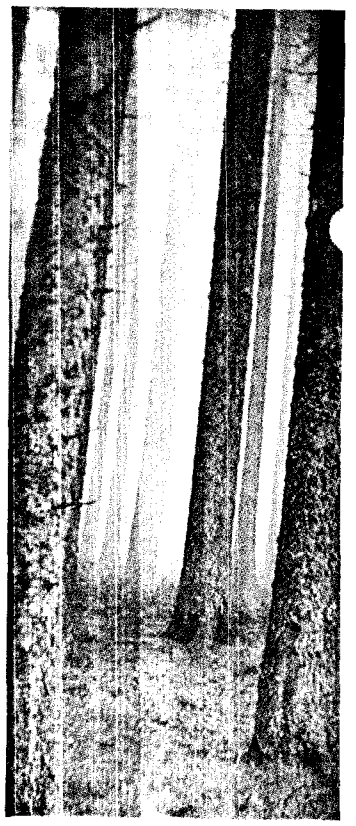
Here, north of Freiburg in the Black Forest, farmers still do their haying primitively with hand rakes. But the forest itself is maintained by the most modern techniques in the world.

This *Hochsitz* (elevated hunting blind) is used for spotting stags. Sportsmen can hunt deer, but they must pay for what they kill.



Germany's Enchanted Forest

By JACK ALEXANDER

Among West Germany's proudest heritages is this 100-mile strip of primeval woodland inhabited by wild boars, majestic stags and a proud and happy people.

BADEN-BADEN, GERMANY

If one were looking for a living symbol of the German capacity for resurgence from disaster, a likely candidate would be a thirty-seven-year-old state forestry officer named Theo Claassen, who lives and works in the fabled Black Forest near this aristocratic old spa. In body and spirit Claassen approaches the indestructible. While serving on the Russian front as a junior officer in a ski-troop unit, Claassen one day fell afoul of a machine-gun ambuscade. One bullet caught him in the face, another grooved his skull and a third pierced his stomach. Five others broke bones in his arms and legs. As he lay inert in the snow, an enemy grenade exploded nearby and sprayed more metal into his hide. Patched up by two years of surgery, he was ambulatory enough to take part in the desperate defense of Normandy, where he was again wounded and captured.

Mathias Uhl and his wife. A well-to-do farmer, he is the active proprietor of a 125-acre tract of forest land which has been in his family for 200 years.

Forester Anselm Asal and his family in their dirt-floored cellar, an all-purpose room in the quaint cottage which the state provides for him rent free. Other "fringe benefits" in his job include free health insurance and a retirement pension.

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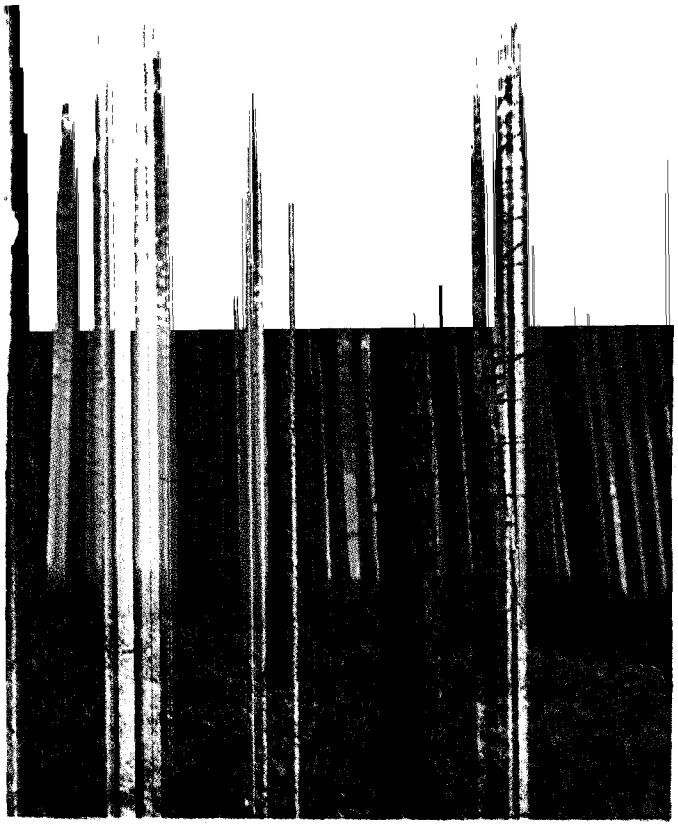
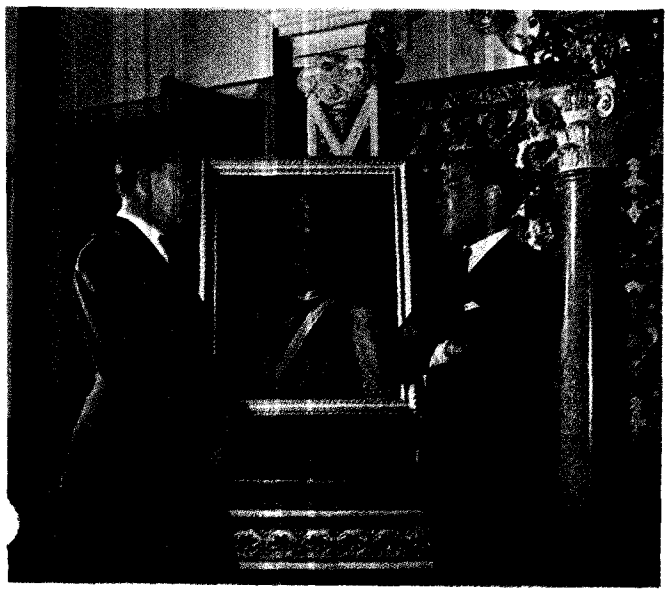


The Black Forest (*Schwarzwald*), extending 100 miles through southwestern Germany and almost to the Swiss border, draws its name from these great, dark conifers.

He spent the rest of the war in a P.O.W. camp in Colorado.

Creaky and dispirited on returning to Germany in 1946, Claassen decided upon a career in the forests. He spent several years in special studies at the University of Freiburg and qualified academically for the state forestry. Claassen's choice of a way of life has turned out well. He is never unhappy when in the world of trees, and he thrives on a twelve-hour workday. The bullet which struck him in the face nicked an eardrum and impaired his hearing slightly. Otherwise he is physically sound.

These details, and many more, Claassen reeled off in an exuberant baritone and a good grade of P.O.W.-camp English during a ride in his Volkswagen on a delightful day early in June. He carried lemon-colored gloves. His blocky form was encased in a uniform of forest green. It is a uniform that commands the respect of the wearer's community, the Germans being justifiably proud of their scientific forestry, which has long been the world's best. Claassen's massive head was topped by a soft green Alpine hat decorated with a green cord and the brush of a stag. He radiated power, and all day he (Continued on Page 91)



Prince Joachim von Fürstenberg (right) receives Dr. Fritz Reinhold, the *Forstmeister*, in his castle. The portrait is of Kaiser Wilhelm II, once a frequent visitor here.

Theo Claassen, whom the author calls "a living symbol of the German capacity for resurgence from disaster." Once a prisoner of war in Colorado, he is now boss of more than 270 men in the German State Forestry.

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"But this is horrible!"
she said.

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She'd never forgive him
for what he was about to do.

HARD OF HEART

By HUGH B. CAVE

We have a little joke at the Hotel Papagayo. When a new guest arrives we make wagers on how soon "the question" will be asked. Usually I win. I am in the hotel business a long time, you see, and am able to judge a new arrival by the face and manner.

"The question"? "*Señor* Moncada," they say with a look of puzzlement, "to whom do all the children belong?"—meaning the little ones they encounter in the big back garden.

The American girl, Miss Valerie Mitchell, asked almost immediately. She was like that—as friendly as she was pretty. Even before I had finished showing her the room she would occupy, she had informed me she was from Boston, she had come as an exchange teacher and she would be staying in San Marlo a year. Then she stepped to a window.

"What a lovely garden, *Señor* Moncada! And the children! Do they live here?"

"*Señorita*, we have more space than we need in the servants' quarters at the end of the yard, and the city is full of homeless little ones. If they bother you ——"

"Bother me? What a thing to say!"

"They are noisy sometimes, and you will have lessons to prepare, no doubt. I could give you a different room."

"You'd have to move me by force. What are their names?"

"Names?" It was my turn to be puzzled. "I should remember so many? Ramon, Mariano, Teresa, Emilio (he limps), Esperanza, Dolores (she wants to kiss everyone) and . . . and—oh, I don't know. Go and ask them."

"I certainly will," she said, "when I've got out of these stuffy traveling clothes."

The happiness on her lovely young face saddened me. "You had better ask them soon," I warned with a sigh. "They may not be here much longer."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You see the big house next door?" I stood at her side, much aware of the warmth and sweet smell of her, even if I am middle-aged and bald. "Col. Victor Agurcia lives there—a nice man, an excellent neighbor. He has never complained. But last 'week a wealthy aunt moved in with him—a woman with a loud voice and much influence. She will live there permanently. She dislikes children."

"But she can't make you send them away, can she?"

"She elects presidents, *señorita*. I am just an innkeeper."

"You are nothing of the sort," the teacher said with feeling. "You're a wonderful man to give all those children a home."

Naturally Miss Mitchell and the youngsters were soon good friends. Every morning before breakfast she would go down to the far end of the yard where the servants' quarters are, and the children would fly to her like birds, chirping with delight. Every afternoon on returning from the school, she paid them another visit. She was, as I have said, that kind of girl. She loved everything and everyone.

Well, not quite everyone. When she had been with us about a month she came from school one day and found me talking to Jerry Burkhardt, and her smile vanished as though she had been slapped.

Jerry himself had only just come in. He worked in the mountain pine forest at Cucurucho and came to town for a few days each month to, as he expressed it, shave in hot water and take his boots off. He was unmarried and handsome. As second-in-charge of the country's flourishing lumber industry, he had a fine job. But the schoolteacher glared at him, and when I tendered introductions all she could say was "You!"

"You already know each other?" I asked.

"We met half an hour ago in front of the school," Jerry explained with a grin. "Miss Mitchell tore me apart."

"You should be torn apart!" Valerie Mitchell said. "The idea of driving that fast past a school when the children are getting out! And in a truck!"

(Continued on Page 101)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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The Face of AMERICA

The Grandeur That Was

The old Tyson place drowses, weary and gray, among ancient oaks at the edge of Lowndesboro, Alabama. Gone from its spacious rooms are the generations of youngsters who gave it noisy, colorful life, and nowadays its only occupant is Jones Archibald Tyson Jr., sixty-nine, retired grandson of its builder, seen here strolling through the weedy yard, which once was a wide lawn landscaped with boxwood and crape myrtle. Still, the old house has its memories. Young Archibald Tyson built it of virgin longleaf pine for his bride in 1844; he had come to Lowndes County from North Carolina with his slaves to develop a 3000-acre plantation on fruitful black-belt soil. His lofty pillared mansion soon was filled to overflowing with ten children. In time the property passed to a son, Jones, who with his wife, Bessie, reared another crop of six Tysons. Healthy and alert at ninety-two, this Mrs. Tyson still owns the big house in which she lived for seventy-two years, but finds it more comfortable to stay nearby with a daughter. Now too costly and difficult to maintain in these servantless days, the proud old show place of a bygone age faces a lonely, uncertain future. ◎ Photograph by Bill Shrout

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Lester Dodge, a descendant of island settlers, says, "Burn a shipwreck? They'd as likely burn the roofs over their heads. Timber was too scarce."

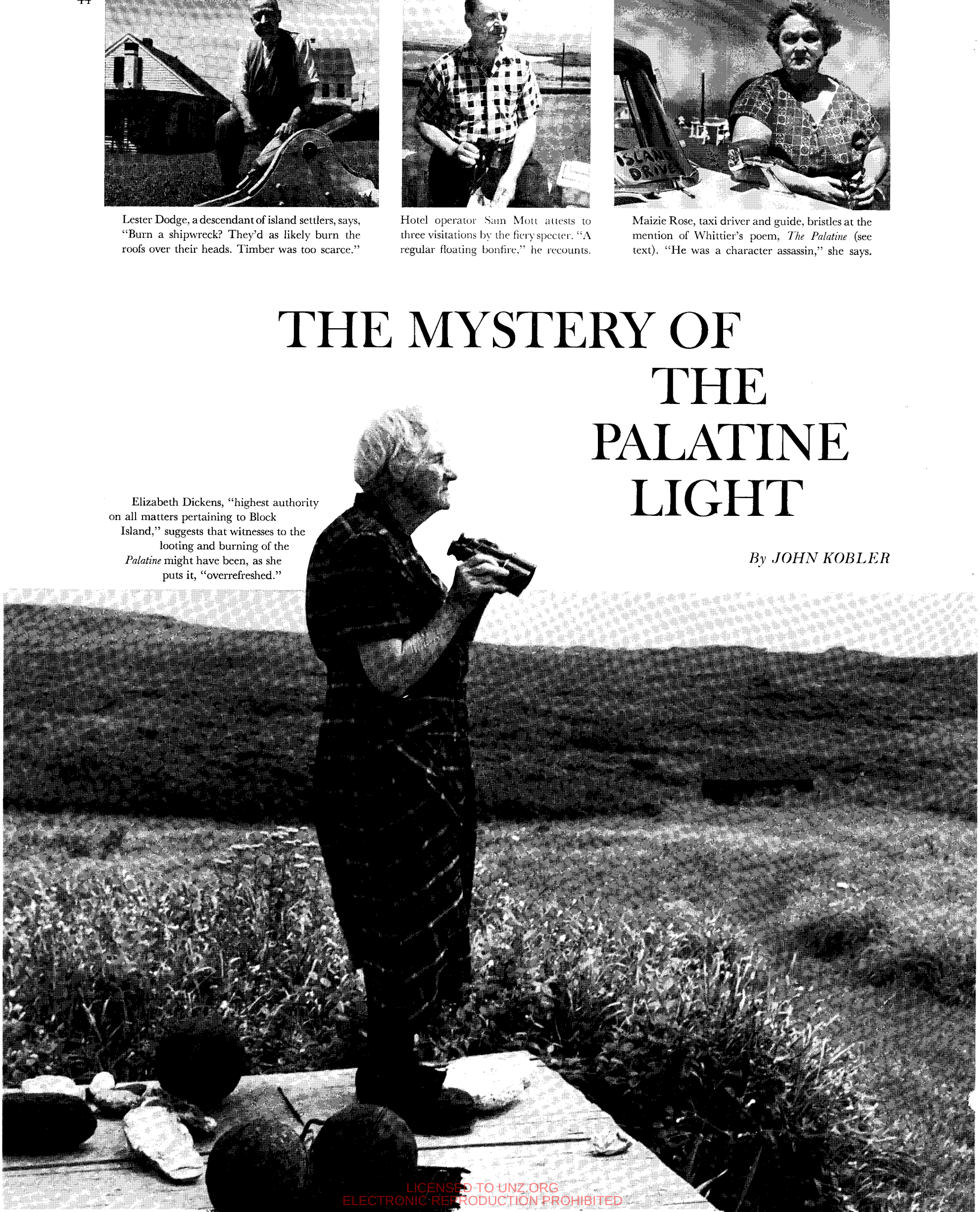
Hotel operator Sam Mott attests to three visitations by the fiery specter. "A regular floating bonfire," he recounts.

Maizie Rose, taxi driver and guide, bristles at the mention of Whittier's poem, *The Palatine* (see text). "He was a character assassin," she says.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PALATINE LIGHT

By JOHN KOBLER

Elizabeth Dickens, "highest authority on all matters pertaining to Block Island," suggests that witnesses to the looting and burning of the *Palatine* might have been, as she puts it, "overrefreshed."



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"Foreigners"—meaning anybody not born on the island—at Mohegan Bluffs (see map). Summer tourists flock to the island for superb fishing, sailing and surf bathing.

Photographs by Frank Ross

Palatine casualties were buried on Simon Ray's farm atop the island's southwest bluffs. A memorial marker was erected in 1947.

A *Post* editor investigates an enduring legend of murder and mayhem on an island just 120 miles from Manhattan.

Block Island, a cluster of green hills towering above the misty, reef-strewn waters twelve miles off the Rhode Island coast, shelters a 299-year-old community of farmers and fishermen notable for their piety, valor and pride of ancestry. "A little population," testified an island pastor, Rev. Samuel T. Livermore, "of as pure morals as ever adorned any part of Puritan New England." In recognition of the islanders' sober habits, the Women's Christian Temperance Union erected by the water front a statue of Rebekah at the well. Yet, to their helpless indignation, these worthies—today numbering around 700—continue to be the victims of a legend which depicts their forefathers as blood-drenched desperadoes.

It is a legend involving both one of the grisliest disasters in maritime annals and an eerie spectacle that purportedly recurs near the scene to this day. Two centuries ago a ship identified—erroneously, it later developed—as the *Palatine*, carrying emigrants from Europe, ran aground on Block Island's Sandy Point. According to the legend, the islanders lured her to her doom with false beacons, slaughtered the passengers, looted the cargo, set fire to the wreckage and cast it adrift. Every few years since, somebody has reported sighting off Sandy Point the so-called "Palatine light," resembling a square-rigged ship in flames.

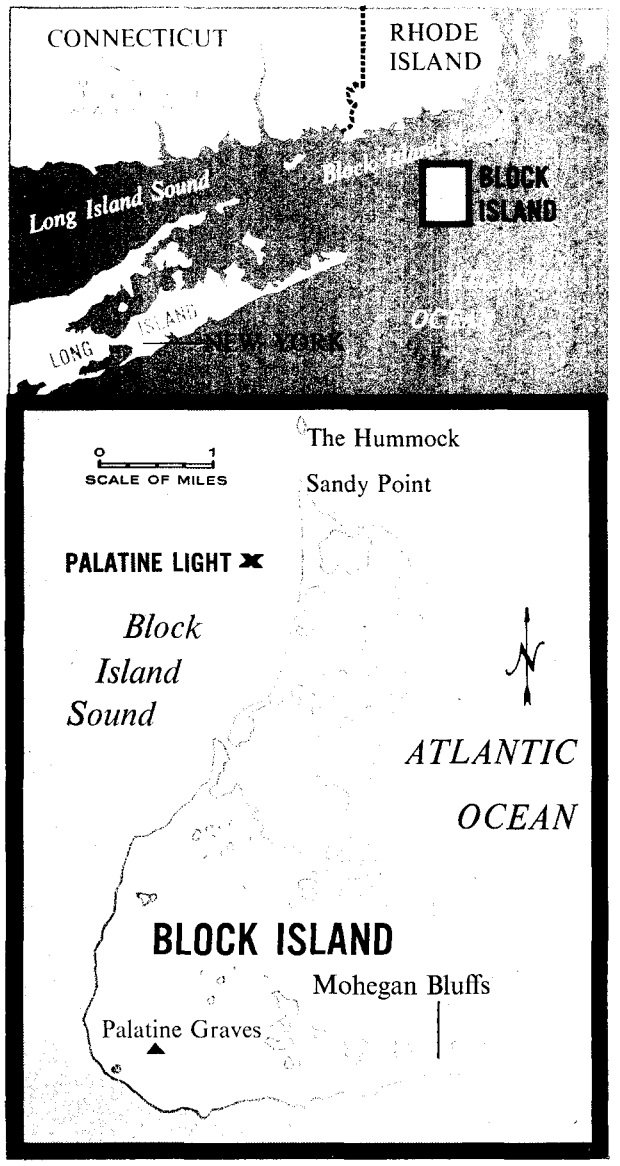
"The crime," runs a typical explanation by a Rhode Islander of the past century, Benjamin Congdon, who said he saw the spectral blaze about ten times, "was a little more than the Almighty could stand, so He sent the Fire or Phantom Ship to let them know He had not forgotten their wickedness. She was seen once a year, on the same night of the year on which the murder occurred."

Without exception, the propagators of this calumny—the historians, poets, ghost fanciers and most recently, in 1958, *The New York Times*—have been, like Congdon, what the islanders term "foreigners," meaning anybody not born on the island. It was the "foreign" poet from Massachusetts, John Greenleaf Whittier, who gave the legend its widest currency. In 1867 an old friend, James Hazard of Newport, Rhode Island—in Whittier's estimation, "a gentleman of character and veracity"—wrote to him describing, among other horrendous details, how a member of the *Palatine* crew tried to save himself from drowning by clinging to the wreckers' boat, only to have his hand lopped off with a cutlass. The same year, Whittier composed a ballad titled *The Palatine;* and because of such stanzas as these, the Block Islanders still bristle at mention of his name.

Into the teeth of death she sped:
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

(Continued on Page 55)



Block Island, known to generations of seafarers as the "graveyard of the North Atlantic," where dead ships by the hundreds lie buried.

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The Case of the Duplicate Daughter

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Was Mason's client giving him a phony blackmail story?

There was no doubt about it. The man in Perry Mason's office who gave his name as Edward Carter was really the missing Carter Gilman.

Earlier the same day Muriell Gilman had called Perry, asking him to help find her father who had mysteriously disappeared from his home. There had been evidence of foul play: ten thousand dollars in cash strewn over the floor of Gilman's home workshop.

"Carter Gilman's wife Nancy is being blackmailed," Gilman alias Edward Carter told Perry. "I can't imagine why unless—well, murder."

II

"You think it might be that?" Mason asked.

"I can't think of anything else that would cause her such concern as this has."

Mason said, "Well, I'll see what I can find out. I will, of course, have to use a detective agency—you suggested that."

His visitor nodded. "You have a good private detective, Mr. Mason, one you use and can trust?"

"I do. The Drake Detective Agency here in the building, with offices on the same floor. I'll call in Paul Drake and start him working."

The man looked at his watch. "I've taken up enough of your time, Mr. Mason. I'll be on my way." He got to his feet.

"You wouldn't care to meet Paul Drake?" Mason asked. "He might have some questions."

"No, thank you, Mr. Mason. Some other time, perhaps, but all Mr. Drake needs to do is to check into the past of Nancy Gilman, find out everything he can about her and, if possible, find out why she should be afraid of a blackmailer."

"You're satisfied she's being blackmailed?"

"I'm virtually positive."

"Does her husband know?"

"Heavens, no."

"Can you tell me something about the house they live in?"

"Are you trying to trap or trick me, Mr. Mason?"

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The man's eyes narrowed slightly. "Is that important?"

"Just a general description of the place," Mason said.

"Well, it is a big, rather old-fashioned three-story house. It has a large attic, I understand, although I haven't been up there."

"A basement?"

"Oh, yes. One that's used for a furnace and air-conditioning unit. Mr. Gilman has a workshop at the back of the house where he does woodwork for a hobby. He has some lathes and saws and likes to make little jewel cases for his friends, and then there's a darkroom adjoining this workshop where Nancy does her developing and enlarging."

"Rather a large building in back?"

"Yes. It was made for a three-car garage and living quarters for a chauffeur."

"Well, thank you very much," Mason said. "We'll get at it. You don't want me to try to get in touch with you no matter what happens, is that right?"

"It might prove embarrassing. *I'll* be in touch with *you*, Mr. Mason."

"So far, Mr. Carter," Mason said, "you haven't presented any problem that calls for the services of an attorney. You have only asked for information which could be gathered by a private detective. I think it would be much better for you to go to Mr. Paul Drake and retain him as a detective. There's no use retaining an attorney simply to get information which, in the long run, will have to be supplied by a private detective anyway."

"No, no," the man said hastily, "you don't understand me. I want you as an attorney."

"Just what do you want me to do as an attorney?"

"I want you to represent—well, I want you to represent the family."

"The family?"

"Nancy Gilman, Carter Gilman, Muriell Gilman and Glamis Barlow."

"All of them?"

"Yes."

"Suppose they should have conflicting interests?"

"Then you are at liberty to withdraw from the case and keep the retainer I have given you."

"Suppose some member of the family should have interests that conflict with yours?"

"They won't."

Mason said abruptly, "Mr. Gilman has this workshop back of the house adjoining the darkroom, a shop where he does woodworking?"

"That's right. He also does clay modeling."

"And you're visiting there?"

"Yes."

"Do you own any part of the material in that workshop?"

"No, of course not. I own nothing there. I am simply a visitor, a friend of the family."

"And as a friend you want to retain me to represent the family?"

"In case any one in the family needs representation, but primarily I want you to find out what it is in Nancy Gilman's past that would lay her open to blackmail."

Mason said, "That's a very unusual request and I'll give you a very unusual answer, Mr. Carter."

"What's that?"

"I want you to pay me the retainer of seven hundred and fifty dollars. In addition to that, I want you to assign to me your right, title and interest, whatever it may be, to any of the contents of the workshop in the garage building as those contents exist at the present time or existed any time during the day."

"Were you lying to me this morning about your father, Muriell?" Mason said.

"But that's absurd, Mr. Mason. I've told you I don't own anything in that workshop."

"Nevertheless," Mason said, "that is the only condition on which I can undertake to represent you in the matter."

"Will you kindly tell me why in the name of reason you have put such a price on your services?"

"If you don't own anything there," Mason said, "it isn't a price. I am simply asking you to sign over all of your right, title and interest to anything that is in there. If you don't have any right, any title or any interest, you aren't signing over anything."

"Are you trying to trap me or trick me, Mr. Mason?"

"Certainly not," Mason said. "I am trying to protect myself."

"Can you tell me one good reason why I should do that?"

"Can you tell me one good reason why you shouldn't?" Mason asked.

"Look here, Mr. Mason, I simply must have your services. I want to have the assurance that, no matter what happens, you will protect that family, each and every member of that family. If you find their interests come in conflict you may withdraw—but I want you to be certain that there is a real conflict, not just an apparent conflict. I want you to do everything you can for every member of that family, because I think perhaps they are going to go through some critical times."

Mason said, "I understand. I want a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar retainer and I want you to assign to me all of your right, title and interest in and to all of the contents of the workshop."

"Very well," the man said angrily, "prepare your assignment. I'll sign it. You leave me no choice in the matter."

Mason nodded to Della Street and said, "Take a bill of sale, Della, and make it out for Mr. Carter to sign."

Della Street took one of the forms, vanished from the office, returned in a few moments and handed the form to Mason's visitor. The man signed EDWARD CARTER in a bold vertical handwriting.

"Sign as a witness, Della," Mason said, and she did so.

"Now, I'm not to get in touch with you," Mason said. "You're going to get in touch with me?"

"That's right."

"And, by the same sign, if anything happens that requires me to represent any of the family, shall I get in touch with them?"

"Wait for them to get in touch with you," the man said. "They will if the situation requires."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Carter," Mason said, shaking hands. "Della Street will give you a receipt for the seven hundred and fifty dollars, which, plus the assignment, will act as a retainer."

"I still don't see the reason for that bill of sale," the man protested.

Mason's smile was enigmatic. "I still don't see the reason for your visit."

"All right," the man said. "I'll ride along with you. I know your reputation, Mr. Mason—in fact, I've looked it up rather carefully."

"Thank you," Mason said.

The man left the office after accepting the receipt Della Street handed him.

"Well?" Mason asked as the door closed.

Della Street shook her head. "How I'd like to know what he's holding back!"

"He's evidently holding back quite a lot," Mason said. "He's hardly the type who should have three eggs and three pieces of homemade venison sausage for breakfast."

"To say nothing of cereal, toast, orange juice and coffee," Della Street pointed out. "Do you want Paul

(Continued on Page 61)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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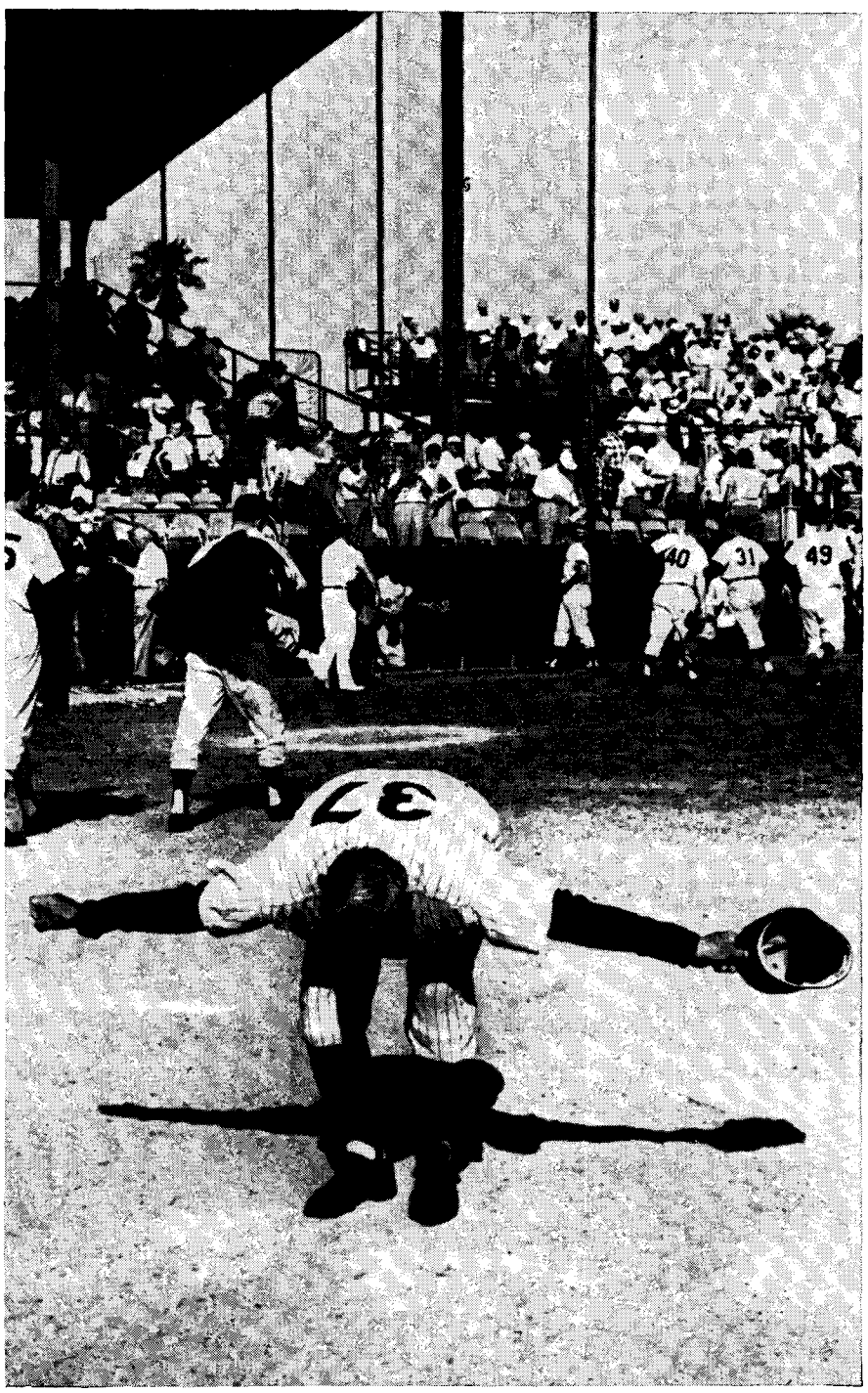
Is Baseball

Some fans claim that modern major-leaguers have become serious to the point of stuffiness—in contrast with the colorful, daffy stars of other eras.

In Milwaukee a radio announcer named Joe Dorsey used to conduct dugout interviews before Braves' games. Normally this is a routine-enough broadcasting chore, but in Dorsey's case it became an unforgettable experience.

The assignment was made memorable for him by the home club's pitching aces—Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette. One time they playfully put Dorsey off the air by disconnecting a cable leading to his microphone. Another time, when he was in the middle of an interview and helpless either to resist or complain, they methodically undressed him right down to his underwear.

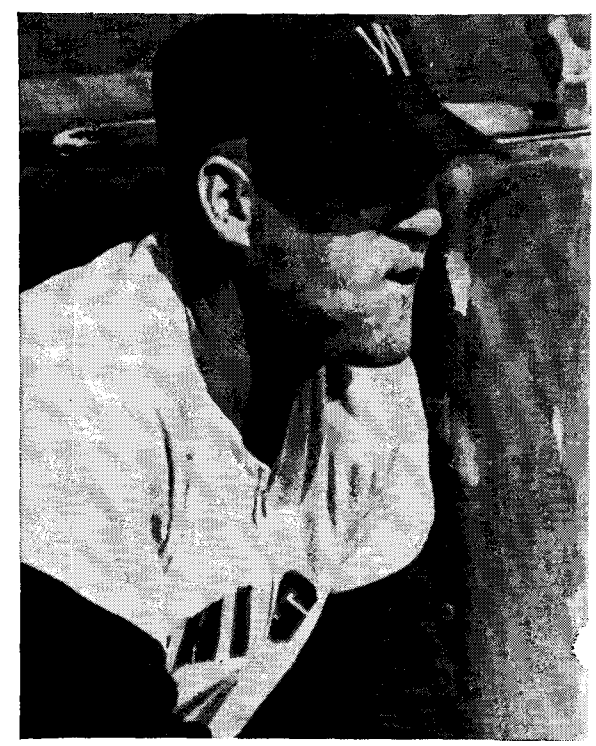
Spahn and Burdette both are all grimness and concentration on the pitching mound, but away from it, they specialize in monkeyshines. They delight in administering the hotfoot to teammates or slipping lighted cigarettes in their pockets—stunts they have pulled even on the bench during games. Once Milwaukee outfielder Wes Covington, a very sharp dresser, boarded the team bus wearing a costly new imported straw hat. Spahn sneaked up and poured lighter fluid over it, and Burdette set it on fire. When Covington subsequently ventured out in another expensive summer straw, Spahn snatched the hat off and bit a large chunk out of it.



For 48 years as a player and manager, Casey Stengel—here bidding a comic farewell to 1959 spring training—has been drawing laughs.

Best known for their pitching, Milwaukee's Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette also are notable practical jokers. Wear and tear on teammates' wardrobes is considerable.

Blithest Yankee, Whitey Ford, has been known to rib even Manager Stengel.



Another fast man with the quips is Rocky Bridges, veteran infielder, now at Detroit.

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Comedy Dead?

By HARRY T. PAXTON

It is an article of faith with baseball old-timers that ballplayers aren't as skillful as they used to be. A corollary premise is that the fun has gone out of the game. The general idea is that modern players have become serious-minded to the point of stuffiness, in contrast to the colorful characters who allegedly once populated the major leagues.

Well, it is true that the fans don't see much clowning on the field any more. The managers today just won't stand for this sort of thing—not even those who were cutups in their own playing days. However, out of sight of the fans, plenty of slapstick still goes on. When it comes to verbal wit, as distinguished from mere wise-cracking, the humor ratio probably is higher now than among the generally less-educated athletes of the past.

One of the most nimble-tongued is infielder Rocky Bridges, currently with Detroit, who has been bouncing around the majors for nearly a decade. Riding to a Florida exhibition game with the Washington Senators a couple of years ago, he saw an old schoolhouse with most of its windows broken out. "Somebody must have flunked chemistry," Bridges observed. It was also Rocky who remarked about Albie Pearson, the little outfielder then with the Senators, "It's restful to warm up with Albie before a game. You're throwing downhill."

Engagingly homely, deceptively meek and mild-voiced, Bridges has a quip for every occasion. When asked which pitchers give him the most trouble, he says, "Let's see, how many pitchers are there?" He professes a special horror of batting against Ryne Duren, the Yankees' strong-armed, weak-eyed speed merchant, who carries an assortment of glasses to help him focus on the strike zone.

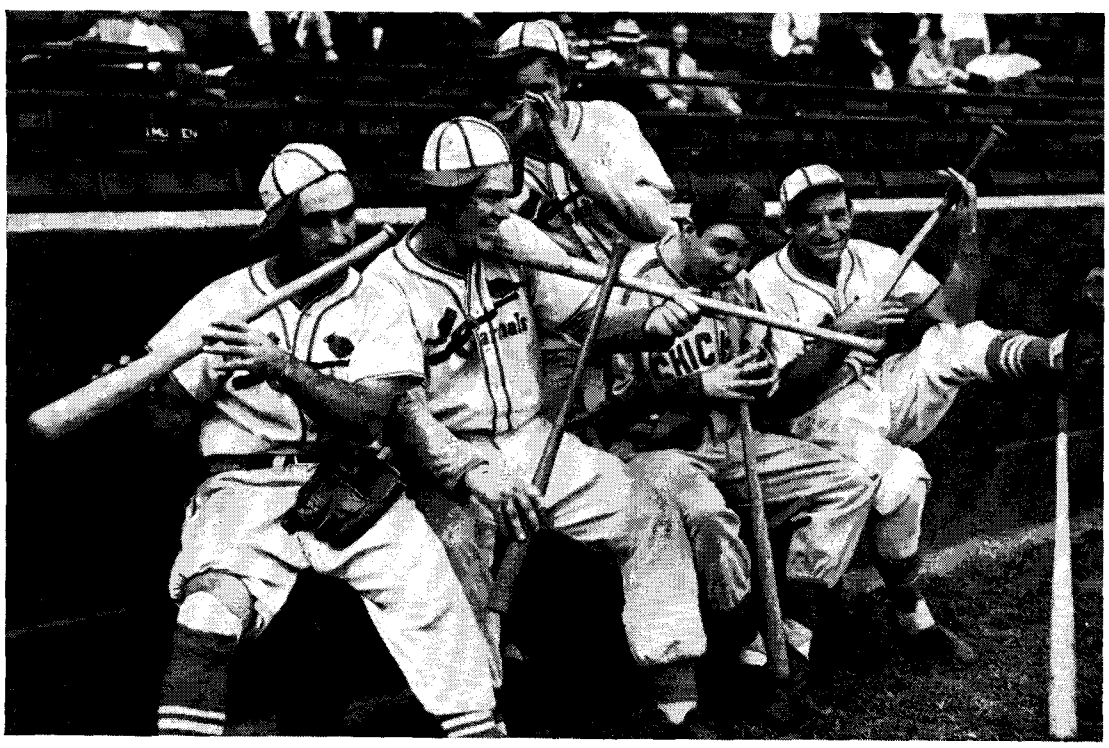
"Sometimes he looks as though he's wearing a couple of plates over his eyes," says Rocky. "One day I said to Yogi Berra behind the bat, 'Are you sure he can see through those things? Can he see home plate? Can he see *me?* Let's go out and check.'

(Continued on Page 85)

Still a part of the national baseball scene as a television broadcaster is Dizzy Dean. He struck this pose before a 1934 World Series game.

1951: Vinegar Bend Mizell, then a rookie, gags it up with another comedian, Bobo Newsom.

Joe Garagiola, former catcher turned announcer, is a ranking baseball wit.



Ex-Gashouser Rip Collins (second from right) today makes his jokes as a baseball-equipment promoter. Others in this 1938 group, from left: Bordagaray, McGee, Weiland, Pepper Martin.

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Post Scripts

Bureau of Motor Vehicles—Attention!

We have learned from the latest published figures that an ever-increasing number of our nation's drivers are women. At the same time, according to law-enforcement officials, many women still do not understand our driving rules.

This situation could be remedied, we think, if the rules were simply rewritten in this way:

1. It isn't chic to make U-turns, darling.
2. To show that one belongs in today's smart driving set, one should signal for left turns, right turns and stops.
3. Obeying speed limits is lots of fun—and practically everybody is doing it.
4. Try to think of your driver's license as another charge plate, sort of, and have it with you just all the time.
5. Pulling away before a traffic light turns green is nothing short of gauche.
6. Don't twiddle too many thingamajigs on the dash panel while driving—making a total wreck of one's car can be so embarrassing!
7. Apply make-up and straighten your seams before leaving the curb.
8. While you're behind the wheel, be courteous to other drivers, forget you're a woman, and—oh, never mind.

GENE HERNDON

Note From My All-for-the-Best File

I'm glad that I don't like rhubarb,
And the reason is simple enough:
To wit, if I liked it, I'd eat it,
And I just can't stand the stuff!

PENNY PENNINGTON

"Nonsense, of course you're welcome. You can help me locate a water moccasin that seems to have got into the cottage."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Maxims I've Been Meaning to Needle-Point

Smile and the World Will Think
You Don't Read the Newspapers.

It's the Little Things That Count—
Small Oil Wells, Tiny Silver Fox Capes, Etc.

People Who Live in Glass Houses
Should Buy Drapes.

Never Put Off Until Tomorrow
What You Can Postpone Indefinitely.

Early to Bed, Early to Rise
Makes a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Boring.

A Dog Is Man's Best Friend, Which Is Fortunate
Since They Are Both in the Doghouse Frequently.

It's Better to Have Loved and Lost—Believe Me!

DICK EMMONS

"Believe me, bringing up eight kids—thanks, dear—really has me pooped."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Testy Turtle

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk, we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—*News Item*)

I found the ancient sea turtle sunning himself on the beach. "How old are you, sir?" I asked, getting out my pad and pencil.

"One hundred and forty years," he told me, blinking slowly.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?"

"A good constitution and mollusks," he said.

"Mollusks?"

"Crustaceans," he said. "Sea food."

"Sound body, sound mind," I wrote, and then, with a little laugh, "And I don't suppose anyone can accuse you of fast living."

"Don't be too sure," he snapped. "There's still plenty of life in this old shell."

He seemed testy, so I changed the subject.

"Is it true that baby turtles never know their parents?"

"Yes," he said. "The mother turtle lays her eggs in the sand, covers them up and walks away. The sun hatches them."

"That's unusual."

"Maybe. But it's one reason turtles live so long. They don't have children tagging around after them like other parents."

"In one hundred and forty years, sir, you must have seen a lot and thought a lot," I said. "My readers would like to know what important things you've learned."

"For one thing," he said, "I've learned not to stick my neck out at the wrong time."

"Sound," I said, writing hastily.

"I've also learned that a house is not a home until it's lived in. But, by the same token, a home that's lived in all the time gets pretty dull."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes," he said. "I get tired of reporters who keep asking me what I've learned by growing old. I've just grown older, son, not wiser. If I had, I'd have figured out some way to avoid this interview."

And turning slowly around he lumbered down to the shore and slid into the surf.

JACK BROWNELL

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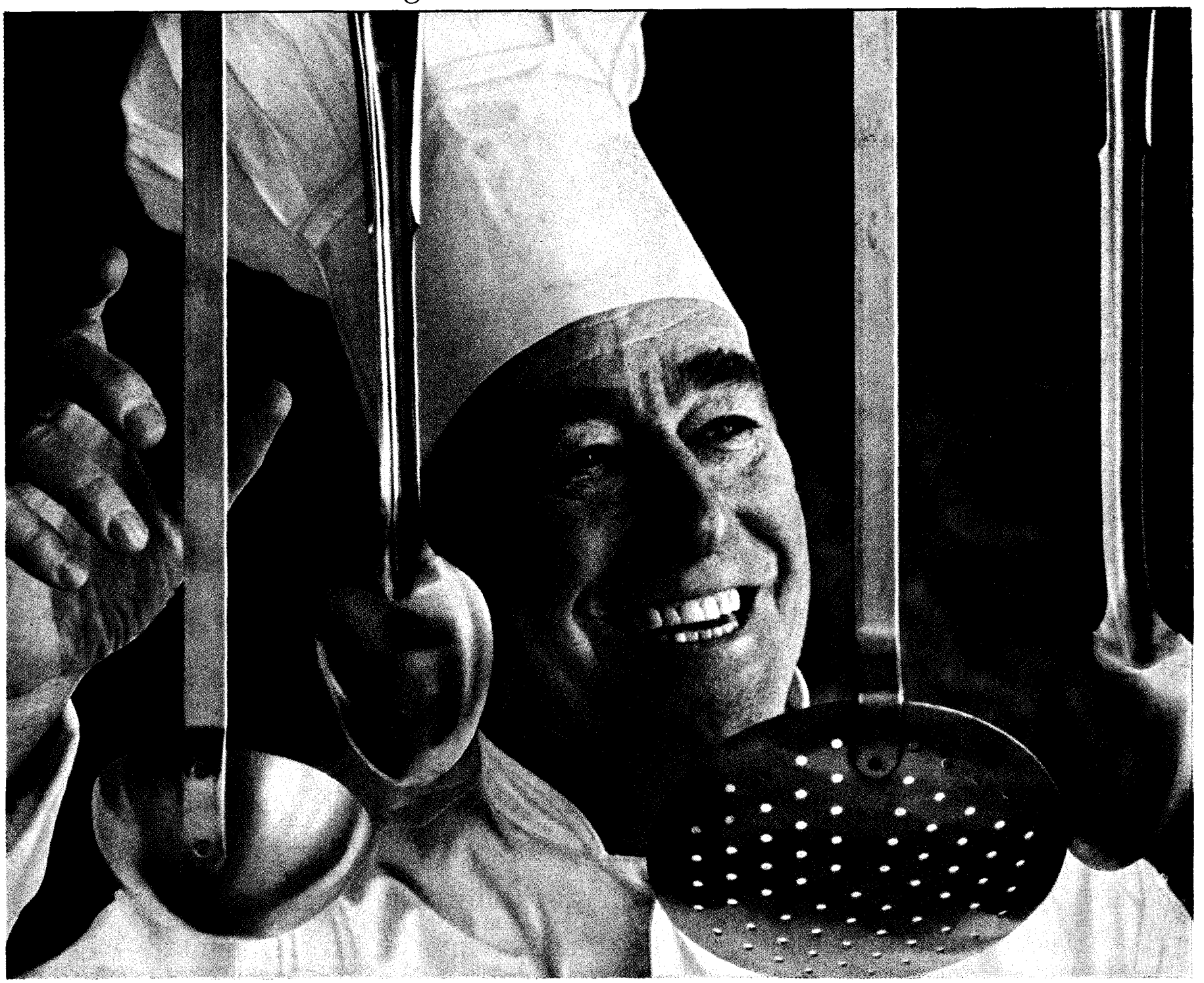
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



The man behind the spoons

Campbell chefs keep working to improve what already tastes good

Those creative men with a spoon, the Campbell chefs, are part of a whole team of experts who are dedicated to being endlessly dissatisfied with the good things that come from the Campbell Kitchens. You see, at Campbell's, there is always the challenge of making good things taste even better.

Practicing perfection

If you've ever taken a recipe and improved it with a little twist of your own you'll understand what we mean. Our chefs, you see, spend thousands of hours cooking various blends of ingredients—always in the hope of discovering a bright new lift in flavor.

It's a tribute to their infinite perseverance that they succeed as often as they do. With help from our other taste and flavor experts and our technologists, they recently put richer body and more flavor in our Chicken Soups, Vegetable Beef and Beef Noodle Soups. And they made other improvements in Franco-American and Swanson products as well.

Creative discontent

You might call our Campbell chefs, and our other taste experts, too, professional fault-finders. Their assignment: to search out finer flavors for you to enjoy in the good things you get from Campbell's.

It may seem strange to you that Campbell pays so many people to be so fussy about perfectly good foods. But we think you'll understand why when you taste the happy results. Actually it's just one of many things we do to live up to our motto: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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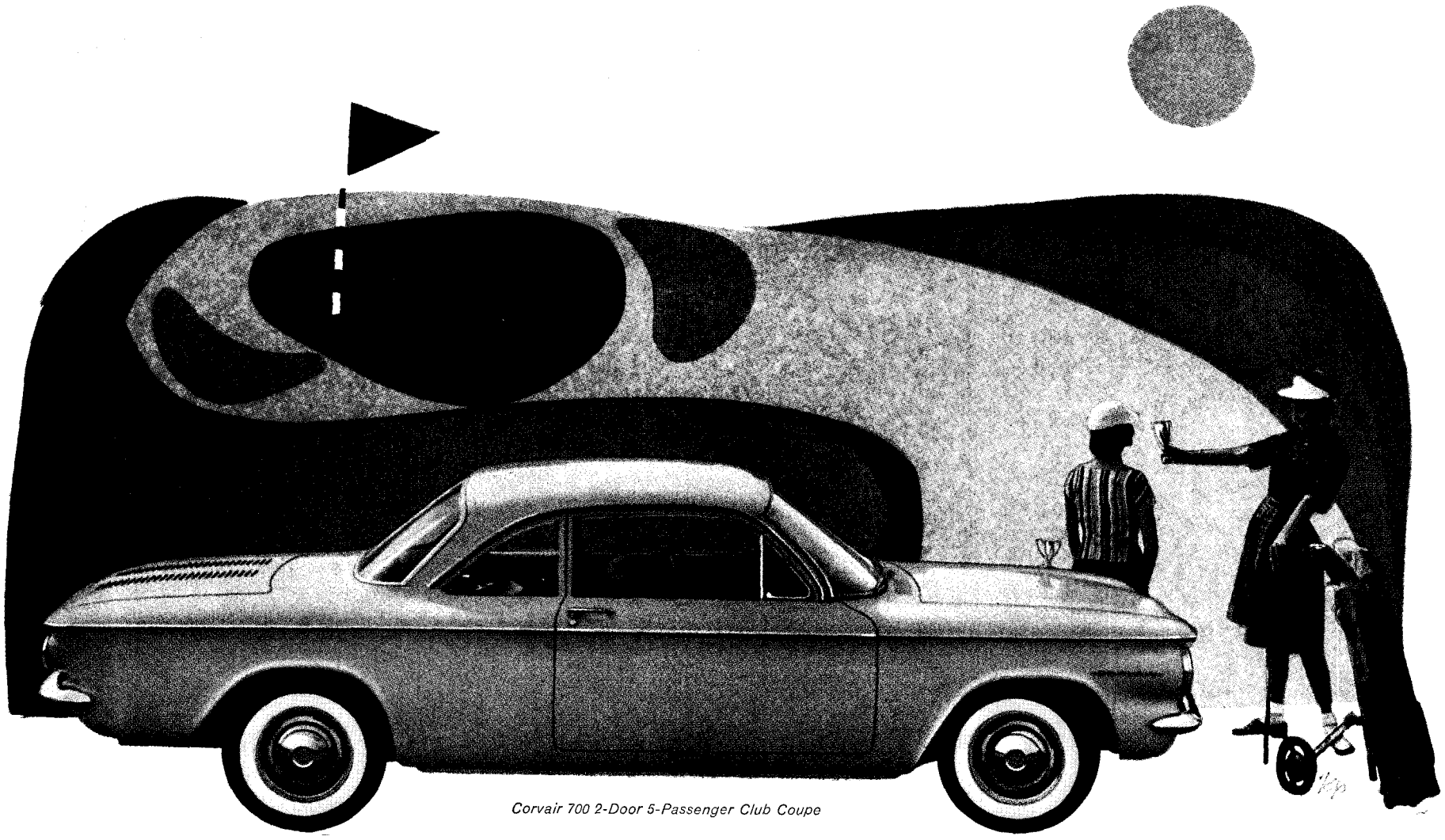


Corvair 700 2-Door 5-Passenger Club Coupe

Experts elect Corvair "Car of the Year"... but that just makes it official!

Anybody who's ever driven this rear-engine marvel could tell you why the editors of Motor Trend unanimously named Corvair "Car of the Year." Just, for instance, look at the way it scoots by filling stations. The lower rates you pay in many cases on insurance and license fees. The savings on tires. And all the while you're enjoying a car that handles like a quarter horse and rides soft as eider down. That's enough right there to firmly establish Corvair as "Car of the Year" in anybody's book. And we haven't even mentioned Corvair's low, low initial cost!

A magician on mileage. *With a professional at the wheel, Corvair rolled up 27.03 m.p.g. in the Mobilgas Economy Run. Try it yourself and see what small wonders this one can do with your gas dollars.*

Engine's in the rear... *where it belongs in a compact car... to give you nimbler handling, greater traction, better 4-wheel braking.*

Independent suspension at all 4 wheels. *Coil springs at each and every wheel take bumps with independent knee-action for a ride that rivals the costliest cars.*

Unipack power team. *Wraps engine, transmission and drive gears into one compact package... takes less room, leaves you more.*

Fold-down rear seat. *Now every Corvair converts into a station sedan with 17.6 cu. ft. of interior storage space behind the front seat.*

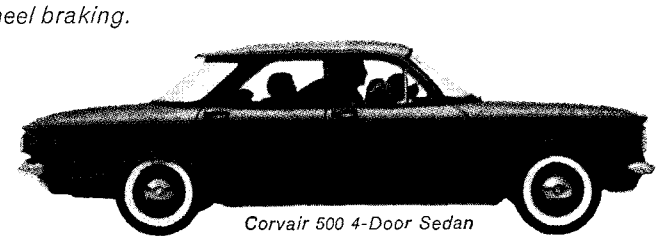
Choice of automatic or manual transmission. *You can have Powerglide* or a smooth-shifting Synchro-Mesh standard transmission.*

**Optional at extra cost.*

Five models. *Four-door or two-door in standard or de luxe versions or sleek new Monza Club Coupe.*

Trunk's up front. *Plenty of luggage space under the hood where it's convenient to get to.*

All at a practical kind of price. *Check your dealer on the short, sweet details.... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.*



Corvair 500 4-Door Sedan

corvair ★

For economical transportation

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Journey Into Danger

Should he let his brother die? There was only a split second left to decide.

By STUART CLOETE

I am as I was," Francina Prinsloo insisted. Fred Carter had failed in his insane attack on the beautiful girl—but only because Harry Bates had risked his life to save her. Francina's great-uncle, *Oom* Willem Prinsloo, could not bring himself to put Carter to death. Instead, the outlaw was beaten and left on the wild veld. In a rage Carter cursed the trekkers.

In the days following, the evil curse seemed almost to take effect. First, many cattle died from eating poisonous weeds. Then *Oom* Willem, the leader of the trek to the north, lost his way. In hopes of finding the route, he took Francina and her grandmother, *Tante* Maria, and left the Boer caravan. Barend Beyers, Francina's fiancé, instructed his brother, Flip, to stay with the Prinsloos. Barend returned to find Flip embracing Francina. Barend could not believe Francina would be deliberately unfaithful; his hatred boiled up against his brother.

VI

Carter staggered away from the encampment without looking back. Trembling with weakness, with pain, with fury, he drove himself on, supported by the staff of his hate. *What fools they were! They should have shot me*, he thought. *Cowards too. Afraid to do the job themselves and leaving it all to God. But it'll take more than that to kill little Freddie Carter.*

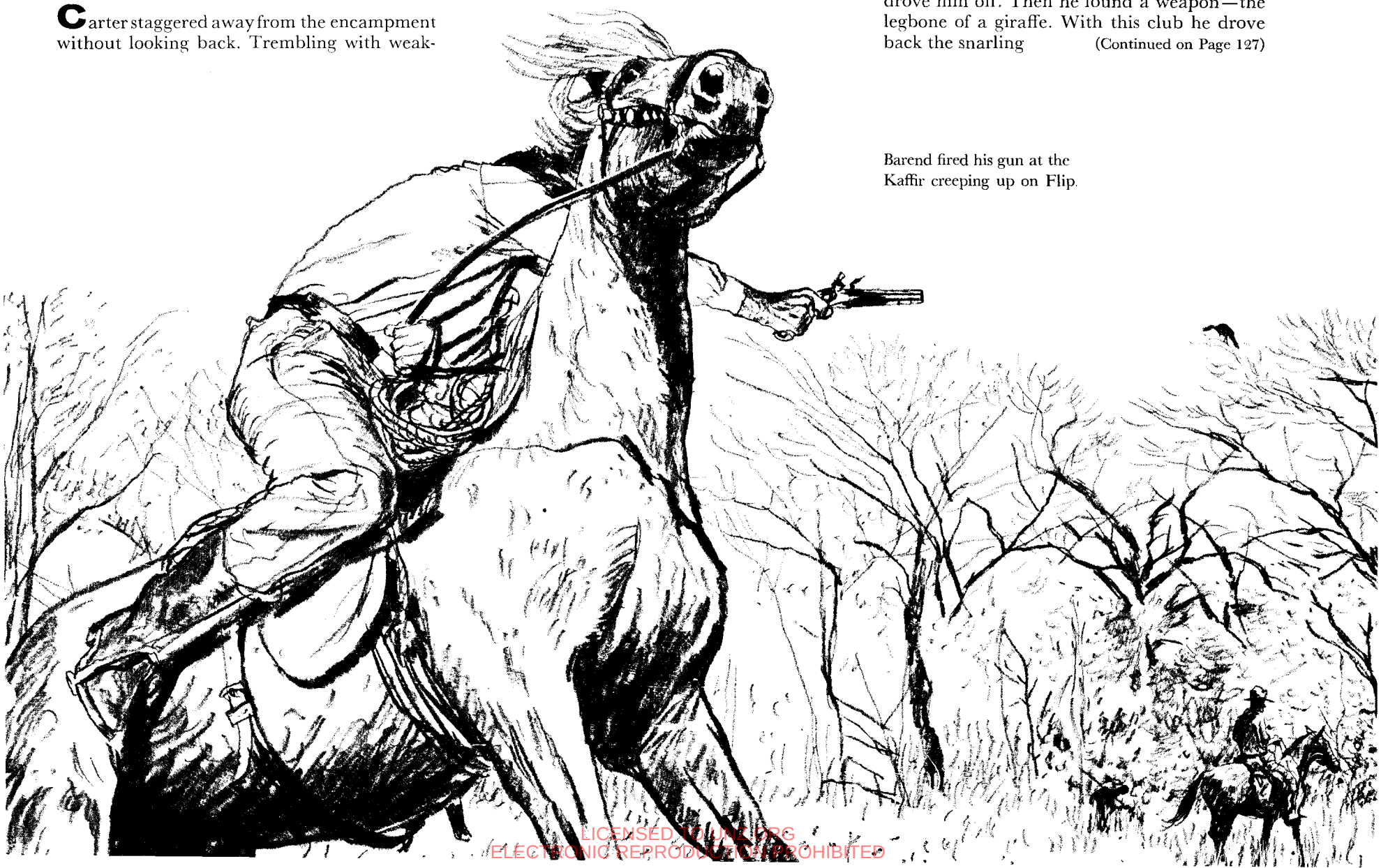
They had given him a blanket, a tinderbox, a water bottle and a small bag of biltong—so he wouldn't starve for a day or two—and a little folding knife.

The veld before him was open rolling country, parklike and dotted with splendid, thick-foliaged trees. To his left there were some light bush and open scrub. Here a herd of zebras, almost invisible in the brilliant sunshine, their bodies fragmented by the black stripes of their hides, stood staring at him, their ears cocked in curiosity. Suddenly the animals ceased to look at him and all turned to face one way. He turned too, and there, walking out of the scrub, came a pair of lions. Nothing ran away. The zebras only watched them. They knew that the lions were full-fed. There would be no more danger till night fell.

Carter stood frozen. The lions passed him by without a look. They were not more than fifty yards away.

He spent the night in the fork of a tree, strapping himself into it with his belt, belly foremost, with his arms about it. He could not lean against it with his sore back. Next day he continued his march to the east. His aim was Portuguese territory and the sea.

So time went by, a blur of staggering, starving days and bitter nights strapped to a tree in the cocoon of his blanket. Then he began to follow the vultures and wait with the hyenas for the lions to leave their kill, striving to cut off a chunk of meat before the scavengers drove him off. Then he found a weapon—the legbone of a giraffe. With this club he drove back the snarling (Continued on Page 127)



Barend fired his gun at the Kaffir creeping up on Flip.

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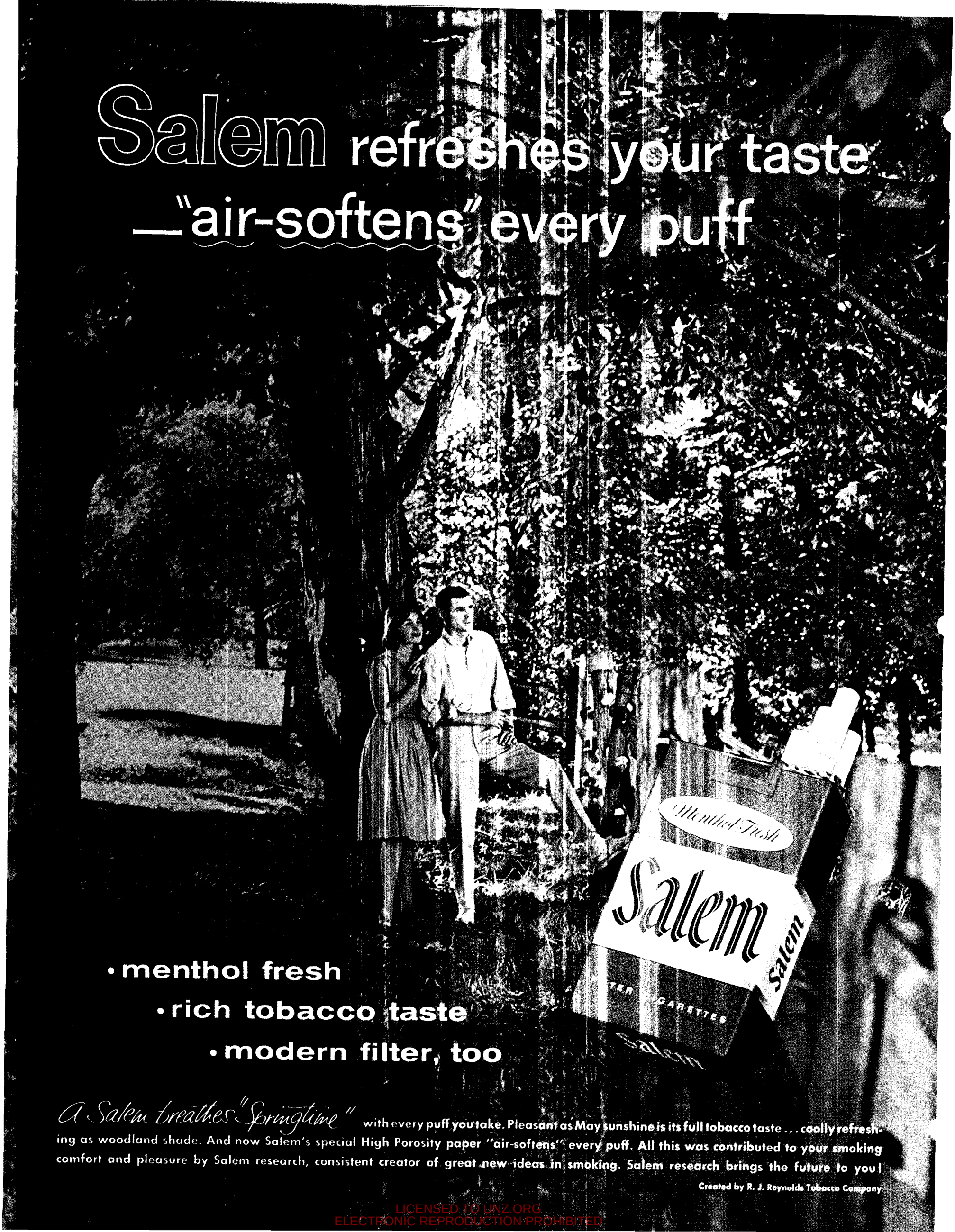
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• rich tobacco taste
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A Salem breathes "Springtime" with every puff you take. Pleasant as May sunshine is its full tobacco taste . . . coolly refreshing as woodland shade. And now Salem's special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. All this was contributed to your smoking comfort and pleasure by Salem research, consistent creator of great new ideas in smoking. Salem research brings the future to you!
Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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The Mystery of the Palatine Light

(Continued from Page 45)

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said:
"There'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more
Along their foam-white curves of shore,
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again, with a shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

"The cruelest poem ever written," laments Maizie Rose, island taxi driver, guide and tireless community booster. "Whittier was a character assassin."

Among the oldest-line inhabitants is Lester Dodge, a spry, rubicund, fun-loving octogenarian, a direct descendant of Block Island's original seventeenth-century Trustrum Dodge. Retired from the dredging business, he occupies a cottage built in 1825, containing a private museum of historical memorabilia. His favorite exhibit is a cannon he retrieved in his boyhood from the brig *Plover*, wrecked on the island en route to West Africa. In exuberant moods he used to fire it—until his neighbors objected to the damage to their windows.

Dodge confesses to a sneaking fondness—on strictly literary grounds—of the Whittier ballad and, after a nip or two of rum, will belt it out from memory with dramatic flourishes, "'Into the teeth of death she sped. . . .' By gosh, they didn't like it a bit! Great stuff, though." But he hastens to add that anybody familiar with island history knows the legend to be nonsensical. "Burn a wreck?" he scoffs. "Why, they'd be as likely to burn the roofs over their own heads. Timber was too damn scarce."

Now, there's nothing like a fine, old "hant" for giving a place distinction, as nobody appreciates better than the Block Islanders. When the summer tourists flock to their shores for the superb fishing, sailing and surf bathing, one of the first things they ask about is the ghost ship. Consequently, while the islanders will brook no theories discreditable to their ancestors, they consider the Palatine light by itself a valuable asset; and romantically inclined foreigners, eager to believe it exists, find no dearth of eyewitnesses ready to oblige them.

Sam Mott, for example, who operates two temperance hotels, attests to three visitations by the fiery specter. (Alert listeners, however, sometimes detect a certain lack of conviction in his recital.) "Each time she came," he recounts, "was on a black winter night. She'd pass the Point moving fast, a regular floating bonfire. Then down she'd sink back into the deep."

Clarence Lewis, who drives a milk route, confirms another phase of the tradition, "First time I seen her, mebbe fifty years ago, I was standin' on our front stoop with my ma and pa. My pa, he hollers, 'That's her, that's the light!' And he tells how she's always followed by a sou'easter. Sure enough, a couple of hours later, the heaviest one I ever recall blows up." According to earlier accounts, the *ignis fatuus* presaged not only a gale from the southeast, but also loss of life. Immediately after its appearance in 1880 four yachtsmen drowned in Newport Harbor.

Next year marks the tercentenary of the island's settlement by sixteen intrepid families from the Massachusetts Bay Colony under the leadership of a lay preacher, Simon Ray. Among the events which have been proposed by way of commemoration is a re-enactment of the true Palatine story. And woe betide any "foreigner" who should so much as hint that the Palatine light symbolizes a heritage of guilt, or that the founding fathers were less than pillars of rectitude!

What fate really befell the *Palatine* and her passengers remained a mystery up to this century. Indeed, the complete story did not come to light until 1939. It was a combination of islanders, determined to exonerate their ancestors, and sympathetic scholars on the mainland who finally established the truth.

Before Reverend Livermore died, around the turn of the century, he pieced together numerous facts by jogging the memories of aged parishioners whose parents were still alive when the doomed ship sailed. In 1925 Miss Elizabeth Dickens, another direct descendant of the valiant sixteen founding families, urged a Rhode Island official to search the state records for clues, and there he discovered the exact date of the shipwreck—December 27, 1738. At about the same time, Howard M. Chapin, librarian of the Rhode Island Historical Society, poring over old Boston newspapers, spotted five corroborating reports. Then, twenty-one years ago, Miss Mary Quinn, keeper of the Rhode Island State Archives, unearthed three depositions sworn to by the ship's officers. From these assorted bits of detective work can be reconstructed the harrowing voyage and its aftermath.

To begin with, no ship named the *Palatine* had ever crossed the Atlantic. The misnomer stemmed from the origin of the passengers—two ancient German districts, the Upper and Lower Palatinates. During the early eighteenth century many Protestant Palatines, persecuted for their faith, sought refuge in the New World. In August, 1738, the *Princess Augusta*—commanded by Capt. George Long—a 220-ton merchantman from Ramsgate, England, with a crew of fourteen and eight cannon, put in at Rotterdam to take aboard 350 Palatine refugees. She was a rich ship, valued, with her cargo, at 20,000 pounds sterling. Her destination was Philadelphia.

Of the *Princess Augusta*'s passengers the records identify only three—Mary Van der Line, a prosperous woman whose baggage enclosed a quantity of gold and silver plate, an exceedingly tall girl named Kattern (a corruption of "Katherine"), and a small one also named Kattern. To distinguish the girls they were dubbed Long Kattern and Short Kattern. Long Kattern later acquired a penchant for fantasy, sorcery and falling into trances.

As the ship cleared Rotterdam, she already carried death in her hold. Some of the drinking water was polluted, having been poured into casks moldy from having previously contained wine. Before many days at sea elapsed, the poison felled 300 people. All but 114 failed to recover, and the bodies of the dead were thrown overboard, among them Captain Long and seven of the crew.

Now commanded by the first mate, Andrew Brook, the ship ran into gale winds that hurled her leagues off course. Three months later, near the start of winter, she was still fighting storms. The food dwindled. Barely a gallon of potable water remained. The frozen, famished, seasick passengers apparently suffered further at the hands of Brook and the crew, who—so several documents indicate—extorted money from them by threatening to withhold the little food left.

The Perfect Squelch

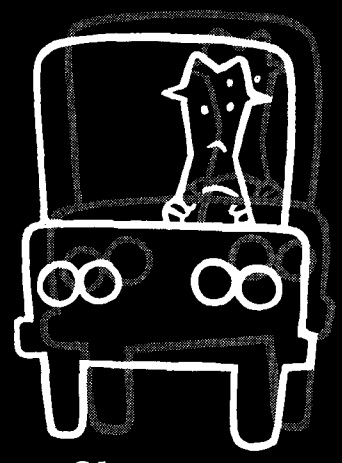
The young lieutenant, although freshly commissioned out of college, liked to give the impression that he was a hardened battle veteran. During tactical exercises he spared himself discomfort by pretending the exercises were "old stuff" and boomed his commands from the side lines.

On a long road march he decided it would be realistic war training for his men to walk in the ditches, especially as the ditches were deep in mud. He himself remained in the middle of the road. During a brief halt he explained that in actual combat his was the most dangerous position.

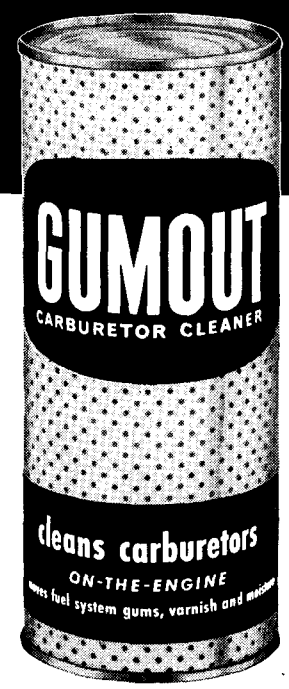
"Please, sir," a muddy private in the background called, "let me be a hero and walk in the road with you."

Jerry McMahon

All "shook up" by a rough running car?



Clean your carburetor with GUMOUT



Ever notice that your car doesn't idle smoothly any more? Maybe it stalls sometimes. Perhaps it's harder to start. Or lacks pep and power. All because your carburetor is dirty . . . clogged with gum and varnish!

GUMOUT CLEANS YOUR CARBURETOR WHILE YOU DRIVE

Just add GUMOUT to your gas tank. It dissolves gum and varnish *completely* . . . restores engine power, stops gasoline waste.

Every car needs GUMOUT! Ask for it at your service station or auto supply store.

GUMOUT DIVISION
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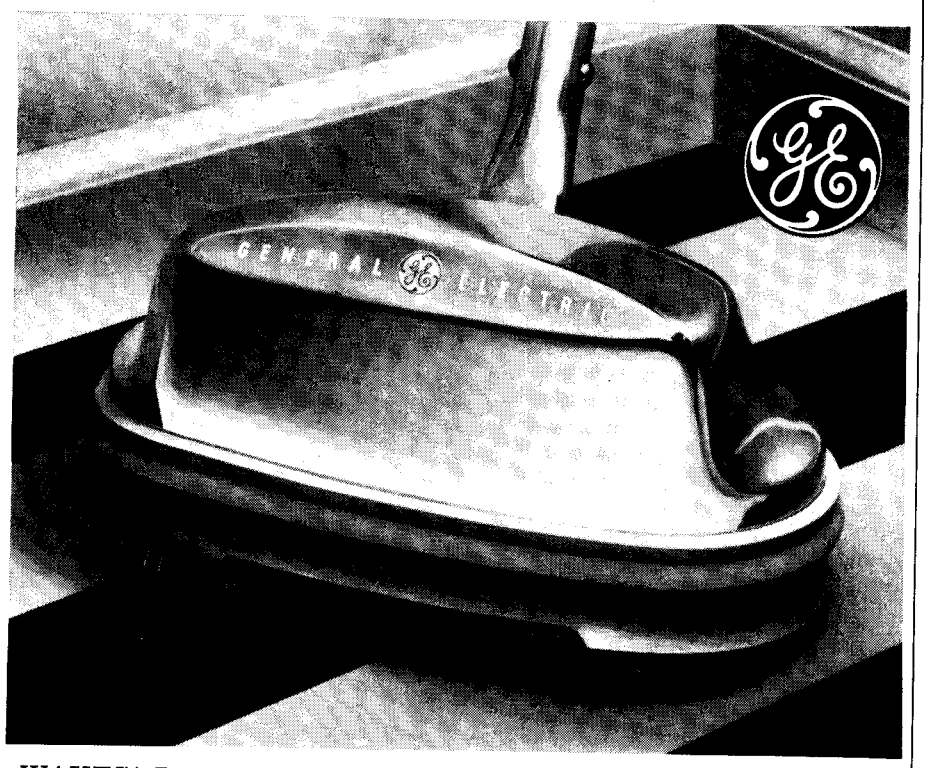
GENERAL ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER



WAXES! POLISHES! SCRUBS! CLEANS RUGS! Comes complete with polishing, scrubbing, rug cleaning brushes. Splash-Guard. Rugged 350-watt motor for years of service.

GET FREE:

YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SIMONIZ WAX*

*For polishing floors in the average home.

NEW SIMONIZ ELECTRIC POLISHER FLOOR WAX. ½ gal. For *all* floors! Buffs to high polish. NEW ANTI-SLIP SIMONIZ PASTE FLOOR WAX. 1 lb. can. Revolutionary new anti-slip formula. Protects wood floors with extra hard, extra bright finish. TONE . . . 6½ oz. can of new Simoniz spray wax that cleans and waxes furniture. SIMONIZ CHROME CLEANER. 8 oz. can. Brings up original beauty of chromium, nickel, copper, brass.

If your dealer can't supply you, send your name and address and that of your dealer, to General Electric Co., Vacuum Cleaner Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn. We'll arrange this offer through your dealer or a nearby dealer. *Offer expires July 15, 1960.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

On December nineteenth Brook sighted what he believed to be a cape on the Maryland coast—but actually he was much farther north—and at six P.M. he anchored in water ten feet deep. Toward midnight, the current bearing too strong, he weighed anchor and for two hours stood southward. Then, as a nor'wester smote the ship like a mallet, he wore to the northeast. The wind pounded so hard that the mizzenmast had to be cut away. The battered merchantman sprang a leak astern.

Christmas came, but in the numbing cold nobody had the heart to celebrate. Next day the *Princess Augusta* limped past the eastern tip of Long Island and, the weather lifting a little, Brook decided to cross Block Island Sound to Rhode Island. Upon sighting the mainland toward midday, he hoisted the ensign as a distress signal and laid to under topsails. No rescuers responded. Brook then called the exhausted crew aft and proposed they try again for Philadelphia. If the wind dropped, he promised, they would head in wherever they could. As they steered south, between Rhode Island and Block Island, snow began falling so thickly they could not see beyond three ships' lengths. During the night the winds nudged them close to Block Island.

On that coast, with its racing, capricious currents, its hidden reefs and choking fogs, better navigators than Brook had met disaster. "Graveyard of the North Atlantic," generations of seafarers have called it, where dead ships by the hundreds lie buried. Between 1870 and the early 1920's, when radio beacons came into common use, some 200 ships foundered there, and even since the '20's, the island has claimed a few victims.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of December twenty-seventh the *Princess Augusta* struck a hummock projecting from Sandy Point. She hung there two hours until the swift tide wrenched her free. Almost instantly she struck again, ripping a plank off her bottom. The frantic Palatines clamored to get ashore, and some started over the sides. But Brook forced them back. Presently he rowed himself ashore in a small boat.

On the snow-blanketed beach the islanders crowded anxiously around him. Simon Ray, who at the age of eighty-five was the chief warden, insisted Brook take him to the ship. The tide was running out, and she lay with her bowsprit over the land.

"She'll float off again at high tide," said Ray.

"No," replied Brook, "a piece of her bottom is drove on shore, and she has a great deal of water in her hold."

"Let go your sheet anchor," the old man demanded, "lest she go off with the passengers' goods."

Only after Ray exerted the full weight of his authority would Brook comply.

At low tide the islanders secured the ship with a cable and began helping the passengers off the ship. Brook took no hand in the operations. He appeared to be concerned only for the cargo. He would not allow the passengers to remove their belongings, and though they were starving, he declined to distribute the bread left in the hold on the pretext that he dared not break bulk. His own sea chest, however, he lugged ashore. Brook, it seems likely, had rifled the cabins and hoped the ship would sink before anybody inspected her.

Lashed by the icy winds, two old women perished on the beach. The others, their hands and feet frostbitten, were carried by the islanders through deep snowdrifts, pickaback or on stretched blankets, to cottages one to five miles distant.

In the morning Brook ordered his crew to unhitch the cable; and at high tide they watched her drift away. The outraged islanders formed a party to sail after her and managed to board her long enough to salvage twenty chests. These they restored to the rightful owners.

The following day, December twenty-ninth, the crippled vessel appeared off the western side of the island. She still carried one passenger—Mary Van der Line. Crazed perhaps by her sufferings, she had refused to be parted from her gold and silver. But why nobody had noticed her before or, having noticed her, had not removed her forcibly, remains inexplicable. She vanished with the ship as it smashed to pieces against a rock. There was no fire.

A court of inquiry, presided over by Simon Ray, taxed Brook and the crew with their heartless behavior, but failed to produce (*Continued on Page 58*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Durkly, if this is about a raise . . ."

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Hurray for Dial!

It's mild! It's pure! It's sure! No drying detergents in Dial—just pure soap with AT-7 added. Dial with AT-7 removes skin bacteria before they can cause perspiration odor. All-over deodorant protection from a pleasant bath with Dial—the soap for people who like people!

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"How I use **Murine** to soothe my eyes and so **relax tension**"

SAM SNEAD
Famous golf star

"Wherever I go, Murine goes, right in my golf bag," says Slammin' Sam. "Sometimes the wind and dust get pretty bad. But I'm always ready to soothe my eyes with Murine." You may not play golf like Sam does, but you'll find Murine is just as comforting to your eyes. Keep Murine handy to soothe your eyes and so relax tension.

Murine is also available in the familiar glass bottle with separate eye dropper.

MURINE for your eyes*

THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from Page 56*) evidence that would warrant action against them. They departed in haste not to be seen thereabouts again.

Of the 350 Palatines, 100 had reached shore. Twenty of these soon died, some from exposure, some from overstuffing their long-empty bellies. The two Katterns settled on the island, and the rest eventually reached Philadelphia. The dead were buried on Simon Ray's farm atop the southwest bluffs. Grass overgrew the graves. But latter-day islanders uncovered them, and in 1947 the Block Island Historical Society erected a memorial marker.

How, then, did the offensive legend originate? The finger of history points to three likely suspects—the sorceress, Long Kattern; a mentally deranged native, Mark Dodge; and an unnamed opium addict. Long Kattern had been carried to safety from the *Princess Augusta* by a Negro slave known as New Port, after the African village of his birth. In gratitude, she married him and bore three children—Thomas Port, Mary Port and Cradle Port. Toward the other islanders, however, she evidently harbored resentment, for out of her eldritch fancies she spun the tale of wrecking, arson and murder. This was later confirmed and embellished by Mark Dodge—who, in a fit of dementia, once burned down a windmill—and by the opium addict. And thus the affair passed beyond the confines of Block Island into New England lore.

The poetic injury inflicted by Whittier was compounded by two other versifiers. Rev. A. D. Palmer of Stonington, Connecticut, in an effusion of stupefying length, *The Phantom Ship*, ran on about "the outlaw, bandit, wrecking crew" with "dark, brutal faces" given to "horrid blasphemies." In his rhyming narrative, *The Buccaneer*, Richard Henry Dana chose Block Island as the lair of his godless, bloody, libertine hero.

As for the awesome irradiation, originally observed in Block Island Sound a year after the shipwreck, it could obviously have had no connection with the *Princess Augusta* because she never really burned. Nevertheless, the first to witness the Palatine light, the skipper of a trading vessel, the *Somerset*, noted in his log, "I was so distressed by the sight that we followed the burning ship to her watery grave, but failed to find any survivors or flotsam."

The phenomenon has since been reported by too many presumably rational observers for it to be dismissed entirely as a figment of fancy, and ingenious attempts to propound a natural explanation abound. In 1811 Dr. Aaron C. Willey, a Block Island resident, wrote to a New York colleague:

> The people here are so familiarized with the sight they never think of giving notice to those who do not happen to be present, or even mentioning it afterwards, unless they hear some particular enquiries have been made. It beams with various magnitudes. Sometimes it is small, resembling the light through a distant window, at others expanding to the highness of a ship with all her canvas spread. The blaze actually emits luminous rays. A gentleman whose house is situated near the sea, informs me that he has known it to illuminate considerably the walls of his room through the windows.
>
> The cause of this "roving brightness" is a curious subject for philosophical speculation. Some, perhaps, will suppose it depends upon a peculiar modification of electricity; others upon the inflammation of phlogogistous (sic) gas.

Seventy-five years later the Reverend Mr. Livermore developed this theory further by postulating petroleum deposits beneath the ocean floor, whence gas escaped and burst into flames upon reaching the surface. What gave him the idea was a visit to a famous geological curiosity near Canandaigua, New York, known as the "Burning Brook." "Flames," deposed the clergyman, "used to play over its rapid surface, as the stream was gliding over a rock from whose fissures the writer saw bubbles of gas rising through the water. He there conversed with those who had applied a match, and as a result they had seen flames dance over the limpid stream as fantastically as did those of 'the blazing wreck of the *Palatine*.' The gas on the Sound may have been ignited by lightning." That possibility was advanced again a few years ago by Walter Johnson, a United States Government geologist.

One September night during the early 1880's a Rhode Island historian, Welcome A. Greene, returned from a fishing expedition with the simplest explanation of all. The quarry had been menhaden, an extremely oily, phosphorescent species, and Greene felt certain that the Palatine light was naught but the glow from large schools of them.

The highest authority on all matters pertaining to Block Island is Elizabeth Dickens. A vigorous, salty woman, despite her advanced years ("The records say I arrived here in 1877," she admits), she lives in a weather-beaten farmhouse on the blufftop meadow once owned by Simon Ray. And through an ancient spyglass inherited from her father, farmer Lovell Dickens, she can glimpse the Palatine graves. At the base of Mohegan Bluffs, a sheer drop of 163 feet, the wild, dark sea covers the skeletons of whalers, freighters, steam packets, yachts. Lovell Dickens was a pioneer in the United States Life Saving Service, which later became a part of the United States Coast Guard. Since his death twenty-two years ago, his daughter has lived alone without electricity or transportation of her own, but she can recall no empty hours. She is an ornithologist of note—or what modesty impels her to call "being in the bird game"—who has taught the science to school children for forty years, an organist, fossil collector and repository of island lore.

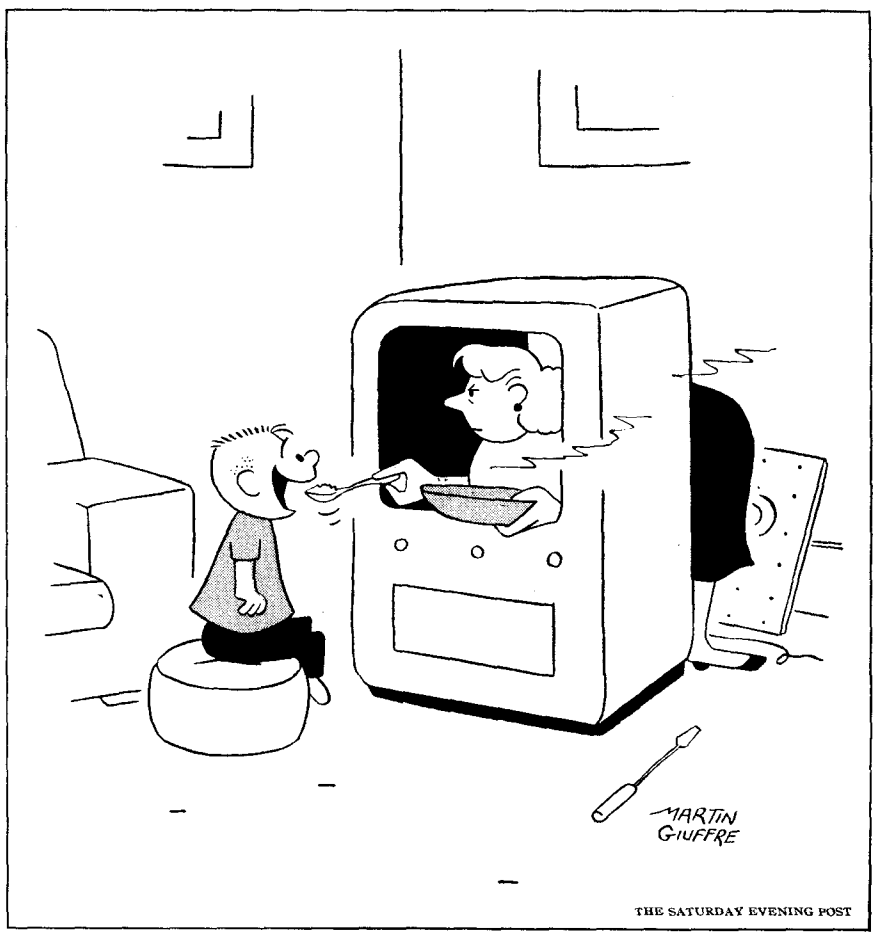
Why the early islanders' unmerited reputation for villainy gained credence even before Whittier perpetuated the slur does not surprise Miss Dickens. She blames a confusion of terminology. The word "wrecking," she points out, also signifies salvage; and in that sense the islanders have always been wreckers, receiving by prearrangement with the shipowners a share of the value recovered. Within Miss Dickens' memory, on the southern coast alone, forty-six ships have piled up. She heard the four blasts signaling distress for the first one when she was five. It was the steamer *Achilles*, and she hurried down to the beach with her father to watch the rescue operations. Enough coal from sunken barges lies near the bluffs to heat all the homes on the island for at least a year. In fact, during the 1920's, one wreck yielded the islanders 20,000 tons of coal. Miss Dickens still has a lump she kept as a souvenir.

To the further detriment of the islanders' good name, wreckers of the criminal kind, as well as pirates, once infested the island coves preparatory to launching forays—but they were "foreigners" all. In 1723 the pirate vessels *Ranger* and *Fortune* were heading back to the island when the cannon of the frigate *Greyhound* stopped them. Twenty-six of the malefactors wound up on the gallows at Newport. Occasionally the early Rhode Island magistrates would consign pirates to a Block Island prison. Thus the label "Block Island pirate" stuck.

Mention of the Palatine light brings a scornful smile to Miss Dickens' lips. "I saw a blazing ship myself one night," she relates, "and that's exactly what it was—a blazing ship. Before long, two bedraggled youths knocked at my door. They were fishermen from Maine who had got ashore after their engine caught fire and they wanted to telephone the Coast Guard. Possibly the mysterious light so many people swear to is the real thing too."

But Miss Dickens also offers a succinct alternative theory—could it be that some of the eyewitnesses were, as she puts it, "overrefreshed?"

THE END



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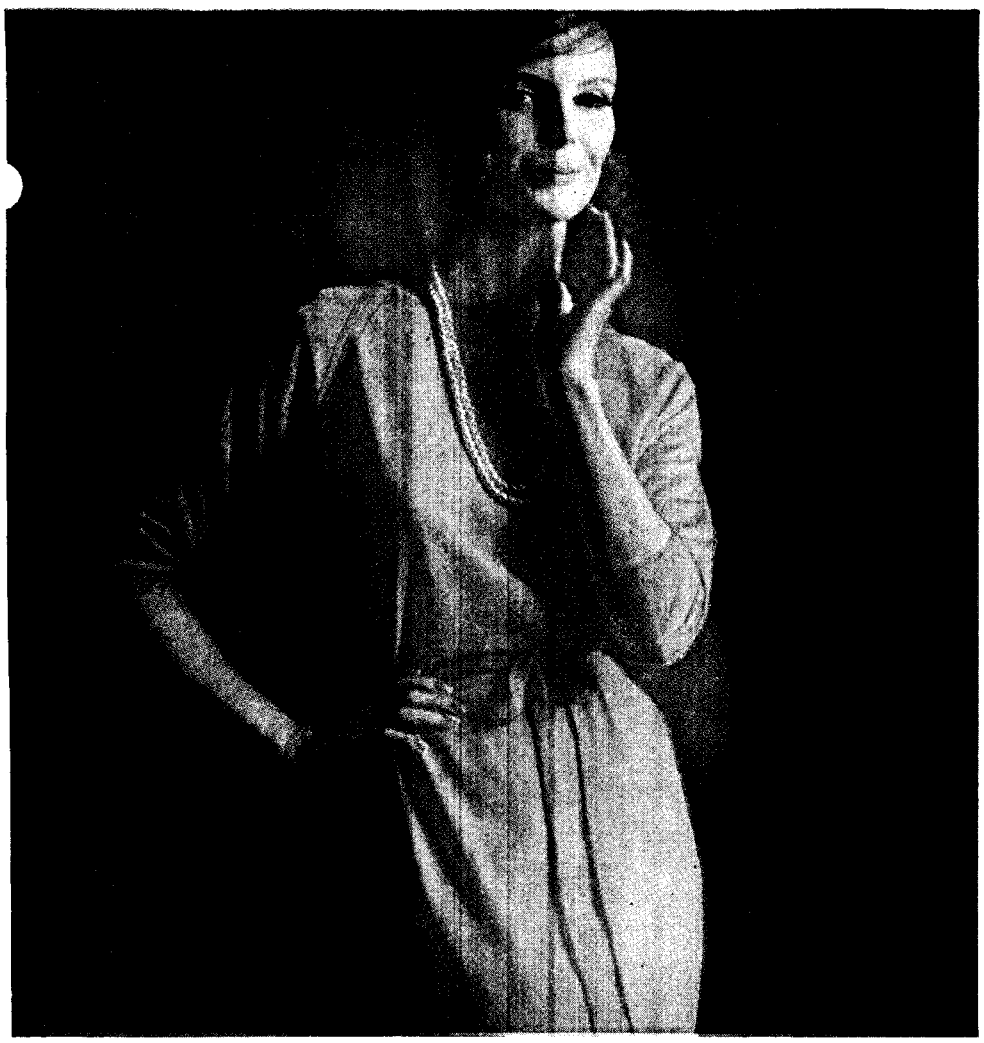

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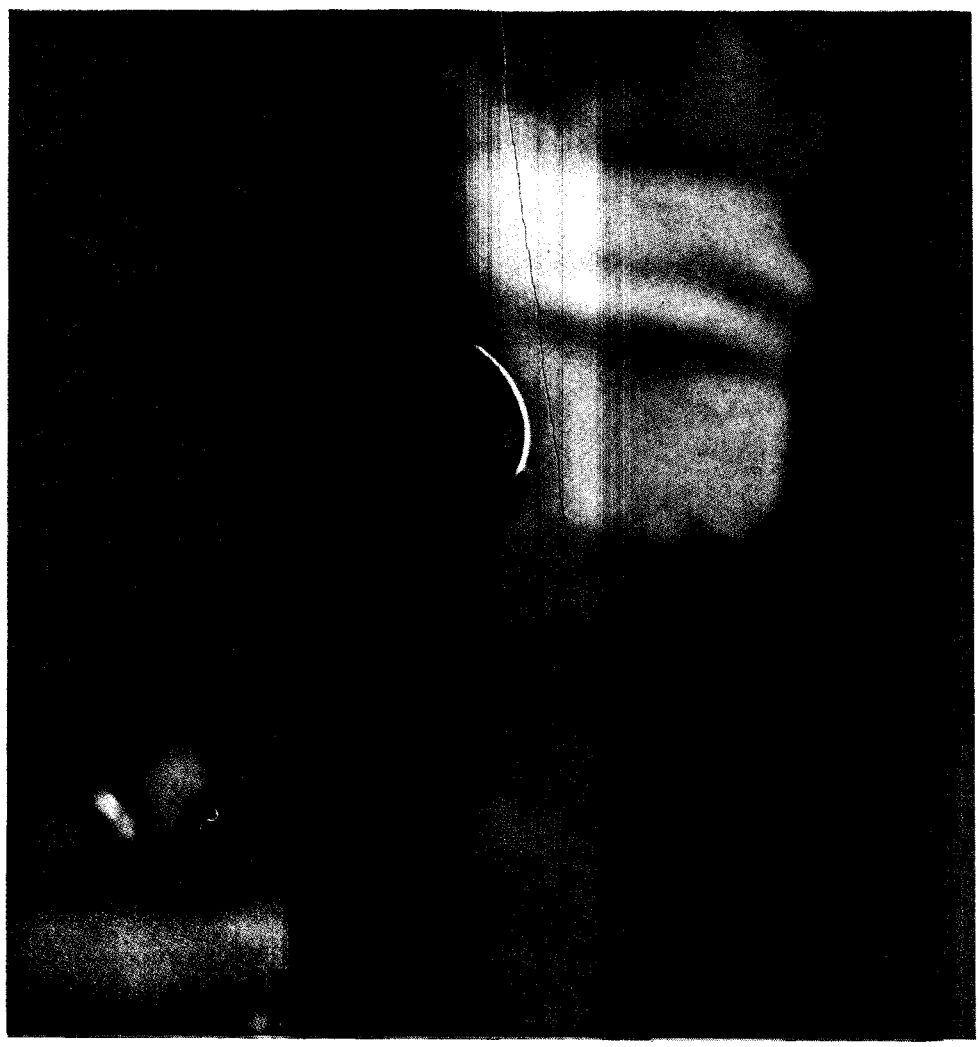

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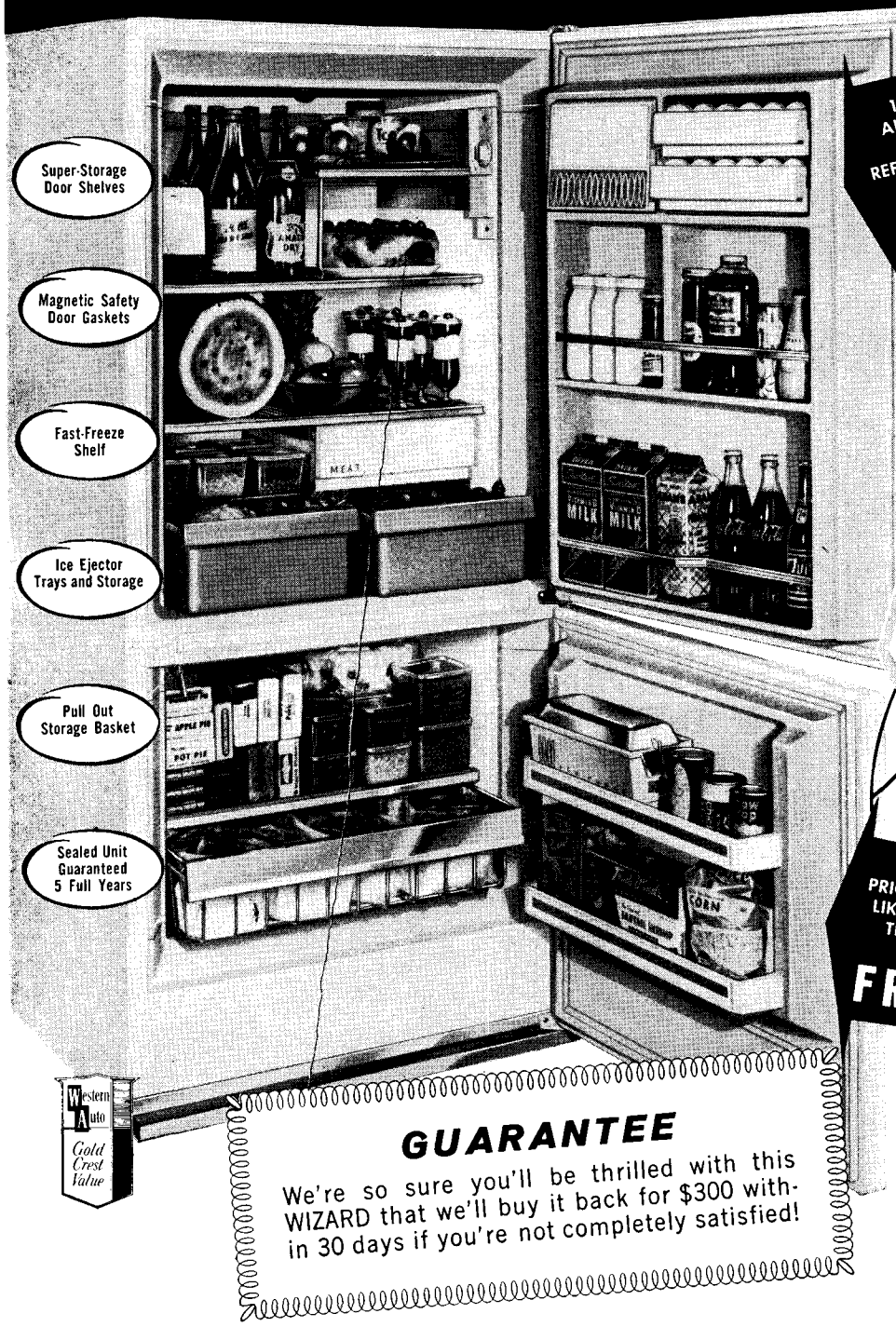
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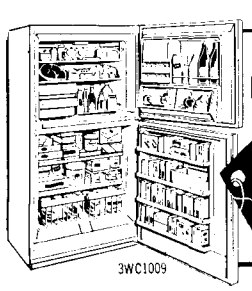

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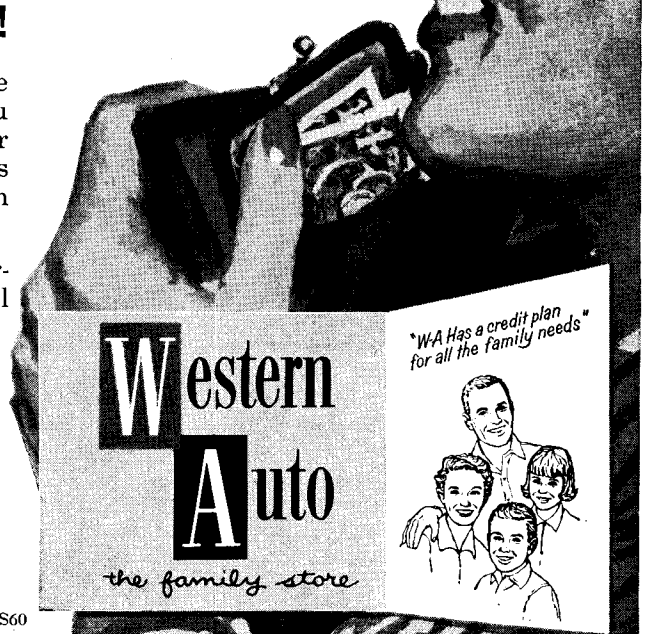

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The Case of the Duplicate Daughter

(Continued from Page 47)

Drake?" she asked. Mason nodded. Della Street rang Drake's phone and relayed the request from Mason.

"May I ask why the bill of sale to the contents of the workshop?" Della Street asked.

Mason grinned. "If that ten thousand dollars lying on the floor of the workshop was money he'd collected with which to pay blackmail, I now have a legitimate excuse to hold it and can't be held for suppressing evidence."

While Della Street was digesting this information, Paul Drake gave his code knock at the side door of the office, and she let him in.

"Another job for you," Mason said.

"Good," Drake said. "I had a bad day at the races. I need a job."

... ...

Two Fishermen

By Herbert Merrill

Gabriel anchors in one
place
And gets a bobber out
and pole;
Then all day long, with
placid face,
He fishes in that hole.

But Michael is a lad to
wish
Himself somewhere that
he is not,
And spends his time
pursuing fish
From spot to spot to spot.

And each is happy in his
way
As any fisherman afloat,
And likely will be till the
day
They try to share one
boat.

... ...

"Don't get too hungry on this one," Mason warned.

"What is it?"

"Nancy Gilman, 6231 Vauxman Avenue. You are to check into her past. She was born in Los Angeles, married a Steve Barlow in San Francisco, has a child named Glamis, rather a young woman by this time—twenty years old. She divorced Steve Barlow, or he divorced her, and she's now married to Carter Gilman, who is, I believe, a free-lance speculator and makes his living out of investments. Steve Barlow lives in Las Vegas, Nevada. Glamis may visit him from time to time. There's another daughter, Muriell Gilman.

"Nancy is being blackmailed by a private detective named Vera M. Martel, who ——"

"Vera, eh?" Drake interrupted.

"You know her?" Mason asked.

"Like a book," Drake said. "She's around fifty, weighs about one hundred pounds soaking wet, has a long, thin mouth, a prominent nose and narrow, close-set gimlet eyes. She talks like a house afire, she's smart as they come and she's hell on wheels."

"Would she stoop to blackmail?"

"She'd blackmail," Drake said. "It wouldn't be stooping; it would be on her normal level. You might even say it would be reaching up."

"How does she keep her license?"

"Blackmail," Drake said.

"How come?"

"No one prefers charges against her. Whenever she fleeces anyone she does it so cleverly, so shrewdly and so thoroughly that they wouldn't think of preferring charges. She looks around carefully before she gets ready to sink her fangs into a victim. She's like a spider sitting back waiting in a corner of his web. He's capable of going for long periods of time without food; then when something gets tangled in his web he comes down, strikes swiftly and drains the victim dry. Vera is the same way."

"You're getting positively poetic, Paul," Mason said. "Nancy Gilman may be a victim, and I've been retained to see that she gets out of the spider's web."

Drake gave a low whistle. "That's going to be a job," he said. "When you deal with Vera Martel you're dealing with dynamite. She's diabolically clever. She won't walk into any of your regular traps and, if she's got something on Nancy Gilman, you can gamble that she's got Nancy all tied up so that Nancy wouldn't dare to give us the slightest co-operation. How did it happen Nancy got nerve enough to come to you?"

"She didn't," Mason said. "It's a long story."

"Well?" Drake asked, lighting a cigarette. "Are you going to tell it?"

"No," Mason said. "Get out, and get busy on Nancy Gilman. Find out everything you can about her past and don't stick me for too big a bill because the traffic may not stand it."

Drake heaved himself out of the big chair. "On my way," he said, "but keep your eyes out for Vera, Perry, and let's hope she doesn't get her hooks in you. If she finds out you're on her back trail she'll dig into *your* past."

"I haven't got any," Mason said.

Paul Drake winked at Della Street and slipped out into the corridor.

Mason said to Della, "Ring up Muriell Gilman and tell her our investigation so far indicates that her father is physically safe. Tell her we can't give her any further details and that she is not to let her father know anything about the call."

It was about ten minutes before three o'clock that afternoon when the telephone rang and Della Street, answering it, said, "This is Miss Street, Mr. Mason's confidential secretary. . . . Who? . . . Can you tell me what it's about? . . . Just a minute, I'll see."

Della Street placed her hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone and said excitedly, "Vera M. Martel is on the line and she wants to talk with you concerning a matter which she says is very personal."

Mason said, "Listen in, Della."

He picked up the telephone on his desk and said, "Hello. This is Mr. Mason talking."

The woman's voice was rather high-pitched. She talked so rapidly that one word seemed to be treading on the heels of the last and made it difficult to understand what she was saying.

"Mr. Mason, I just wanted to warn you that people who butt into business that doesn't concern them quite usually find they have made a big mistake."

"Are you insinuating I'm butting into business that doesn't concern me?" Mason asked.

"Don't be silly," she said. "You've been retained by a man who gave the name of Edward Carter. For your information, that was E. Carter Gilman, the

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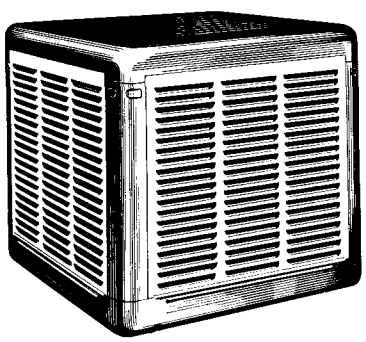

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husband of Nancy Gilman. Don't let him pull the wool over your eyes and don't think that you're going to step in and wave a magic wand and that the Gilman troubles will be over.

"I happen to know what I'm talking about. I just want to warn you that this is too complicated a matter for a simple solution, Mr. Mason. Carter Gilman is a fool. If he knew what he was stirring up he'd be the first to tell you to pocket the seven hundred and fifty dollars and forget the whole thing. I'm afraid poor Mr. Gilman is just a little stupid. He's bringing about the very trouble he's trying to avoid."

Mason glanced significantly at Della Street, who was on the extension phone, her pencil flying over the page of the shorthand book. The lawyer waited until the pencil came to a pause, signifying Della had caught up with the other woman's rapid delivery.

"Did you think that a phone call from you, Miss Martel, would be all that was necessary to make any lawyer at any time quit working for any client you might designate?"

"Of course not," she snapped. "I'm not foolish enough to waste my time or yours. Now, simply ring up Graystone 9-3535 and ask whoever answers the phone to connect you with Edward Carter. Tell him who you are and tell him Vera Martel rang you up and said to tell him, 'Your fingerprints are *over* those of the person you are trying to protect.' Do you understand, Mr. Mason? Simply give him that message. You aren't to tell him any more than that—and the number once more, Mr. Mason, is Graystone 9-3535, although I feel quite certain your very beautiful secretary is either taking this conversation down in shorthand or else it's being recorded on tape. There's no need for any comment, Mr. Mason. Your client is a fool. Good-by!"

The phone slammed at the other end of the line. Mason hung up and Della Street, who had been taking shorthand notes, slowly placed the telephone back in its cradle.

"Well?" Mason asked.

"Good heavens, what a delivery!" Della Street said. "She talked like a house afire."

"Anything else?" Mason asked.

"Miss Martel seems to keep very well informed on what happens with the people whom she decides to blackmail."

"Doesn't she!" Mason said.

"Any idea how she does it?" Della Street asked.

"Not yet."

"And what about the fact that Edward Carter is really Carter Gilman?"

"That's not news, at least to us," Mason said.

"But how in the world could she know? He evidently gave you a name that he felt would throw you off the track just so she wouldn't find out, and here within—within three hours of the time he left the office she calls up to warn you to lay off."

"Well," Mason said, "we'll at least check her information. We owe that much to our client and to ourselves, Della. Call Graystone 9-3535 and ask for Mr. Carter."

"Won't that just be playing into her hands?" Della Street asked.

Mason grinned. "We're leading from the dummy, Della."

Della Street put through the call, asked for Mr. Carter, then nodded to Mason.

The lawyer picked up his phone. A moment later a voice sounding somewhat puzzled said, "Hello, who did you wish to speak with?"

"Mr. Carter?" Mason said. "This is Perry Mason, the lawyer."

"Great heavens! I told you not to try to call me. How in the world did you ever locate me here? What do you want?"

"Miss Martel just rang me up," Mason said. "She told me to call you at this number and say to you, and I quote, 'Your fingerprints are *over* those of the person you are trying to protect.' Now, does that message mean anything to you?"

There was a long period of silence.

"You there?" Mason asked.

The voice at the other end of the phone was shaken, all but inaudible. "I'm here. I'm trying to think. I—what have you done so far, Mr. Mason?"

"I have a detective agency working on the investigation. It has representatives here and in San Francisco digging up information."

The voice at the other end of the line suddenly snapped with decision. "Very well, Mr. Mason, I can see the matter is more serious than I supposed it was when I called on you. I'm going to have to change some of the instructions I gave you."

"Now just a minute," Mason said. "So far you're just a voice over the telephone. I don't accept instructions that way. Can you identify yourself?"

"I am the man who called on you this morning, Mr. Mason. I gave you one five-hundred-dollar bill, two one-hundreds and a fifty. I have your receipt signed by Della Street, your secretary."

"You'll have to do better than that," Mason said. "Is there any other way you can identify yourself?"

"Good heavens, Mason, this is a serious matter. Isn't it enough that I have given you a substantial retainer and that you have accepted it?"

"Since you ask the question," Mason said, "I'll answer it. The answer is: No, that isn't enough. I want definite identification."

"All right," the man said, "I suppose I'll have to come clean. My real name is Carter Gilman. I made the appointment with you as Edward Carter. When I came to your office your secretary sat on your right-hand side at a little desk of her own with a telephone on it and took notes. She handed me the receipt immediately after you and I had shaken hands when I was leaving."

"How were you dressed?" Mason asked.

"I had on a brown suit, a gray-spotted tie and brown-and-white sport shoes. Mr. Mason, the message which you have just given me has come as a distinct shock because it means that persons whom I thought I could trust are arrayed against me. I now admit my identity. I *am* Carter Gilman.

"I am going to give you detailed instructions which are very important and which must be followed to the letter. My daughter, Muriell, I can trust. She is very much upset over the manner in which I left the house this morning. She has driven to my office in the Piedmont Building and is making discreet inquiries of my secretary, Matilda Norman. I am going to telephone her to put her mind at ease and I am going to give her certain specific instructions. She will go at once to your office in carrying out those instructions and tell you just what you are to do.

"I want you to accept Muriell's instructions just as though they came directly from me. She will tell you some things that are so highly confidential I don't dare to discuss them over the telephone. And, Mr. Mason, please do not underestimate Vera Martel. The fact that she knew I could be reached at this number at this particular time is very disturbing. The message which she gave you is one that was designed to get me to run for cover and call this whole thing off. Now that the situation is out in the open, now that she knows I have consulted you, now that she knows we are headed for a showdown, I am going to come out in the open and start fighting.

"I will no longer masquerade as Edward Carter, a friend of the family. If you will wait there at your office you will hear from my daughter, Muriell, within the next ten minutes. It shouldn't take her longer than that to get to your office. Please do everything she says."

"Now just a minute," Mason said. "You're dealing the cards pretty fast here, Gilman. You wanted me to try and find out something about Mrs. Gilman. Now suddenly you're changing all of the instructions and dumping an entirely different case in my lap."

"Well, does it make any difference what I ask you to do, just so I pay you for doing it, Mr. Mason?"

"It may make a whale of a difference," Mason said. "And what you want me to do now may cost a lot more money than what you wanted me to do this morning."

Gilman said, "Very well, Mr. Mason. I will see that you are paid. Remember that I not only gave you a retainer of seven hundred and fifty dollars, but you wanted title to all of the machinery and personal property that was in my workshop. I don't know what put that particular idea in your mind, but I can now tell you, Mr. Mason, that if you will drive out with Muriell to that workshop you will find a large sum of money on the floor. That money should serve as additional compensation until you can hear from me again. Please wait right there until you hear from Muriell."

The telephone connection was severed at the other end. Mason looked quizzically at Della Street.

"Well?" she asked, as she hung up the telephone.

Mason said, "This could be a beautifully engineered trap. A man comes in and tells me he's a friend of the family and he wants a routine investigation made. Prior to that time his daughter has been in touch with me and has me go out to the house, where I pick up ten thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills. Then, having inveigled me into that situation up to my neck, so to speak, they suddenly change the instructions and tell me what else to do."

"And what *are* you going to do?" Della Street asked.

"I don't know," Mason said. "It depends on what Muriell has in mind when she shows up. If this is some elaborate scheme that she and her father have entered into, I think I can break Muriell down. But I certainly hate to pick on her. I'd much rather have had Carter Gilman come in here and give me a chance to probe his mind."

"Which is undoubtedly why Carter Gilman has no intention of coming in," Della Street said.

"I guess there's no doubt about that being Gilman," Mason said.

"No doubt on earth," Della Street assured him. "I listened carefully to the voice. That's the voice of the man who was in here this morning."

Mason regarded her thoughtfully. "And just how do we know that man is Carter Gilman?" he asked.

"You have his photograph," Della Street said. "You had his photograph before he came in."

"That's right," Mason said, "I have his photograph. And where did I get his photograph?"

"From his daughter."

"That's right," Mason said. "Out at his house. Muriell opens a drawer in the darkroom. Very conveniently there is a photograph of her father there. She tells me that this is a photograph of her father, that her father has mysteriously disappeared. She ushers me into a room where there is ten thousand dollars on the floor. I pick up the ten thousand dollars and come back here to the office. The man whose photograph I have seen comes walking in and tells me he is a friend of the family. I walk right into the trap and pull the cat-and-mouse act with him and he's probably getting quite a kick out of it. The whole thing has no doubt been rehearsed with him and his daughter.

"Now he lets me locate him on the phone after having a telephone conversation with a woman who says she is Vera Martel. How the devil do I know that was Vera Martel I was talking with? How do I know that I'm not being swept along in a stream of events where Muriell gives me a picture and says that's her father, where her father rings me up and tells me to do exactly what Muriell says, and where some other person rings me up and says she is Vera Martel and gives me one of these mysterious, thoroughly cockeyed messages to pass on to Carter Gilman? So far, about all I have are voices over the telephone and a photograph handed me by Muriell."

"I would say a great deal depends on Muriell," Della Street said thoughtfully.

Mason said, "All right, Della. Vera Martel is a (*Continued on Page 64*)

"Frankly, I've never been able to do much for the common cold."

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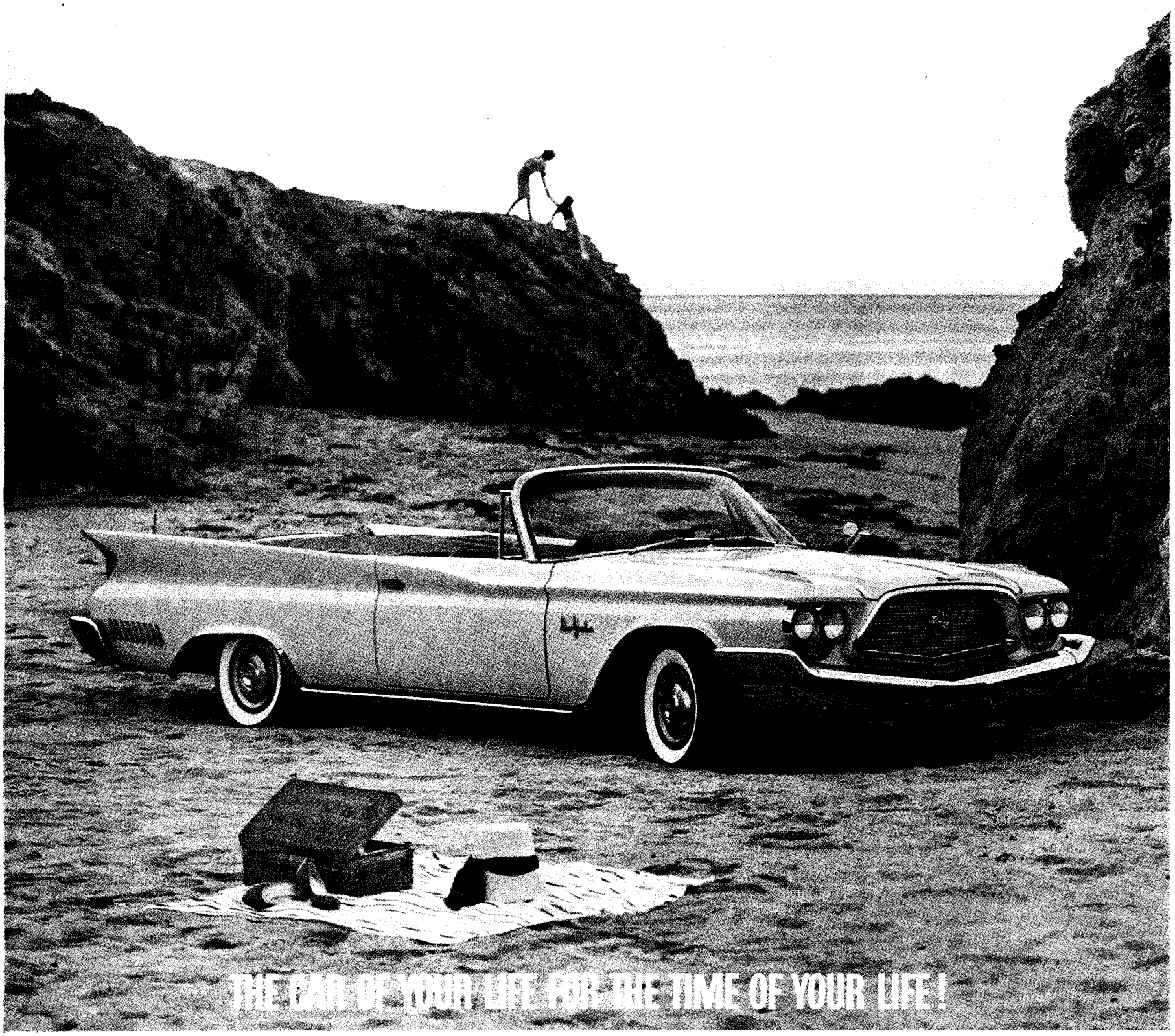

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(*Continued from Page 62*) private detective who has offices here and in Las Vegas. Get her on the phone."

"What will we do when we get her, chief?"

"I'll ask her what the hell she meant by ringing up my office and telling me something about fingerprints."

"And suppose she denies the conversation?"

"We'll have a chance to listen to her voice," Mason said. "You have a good ear for voices. You can identify them quite accurately over the telephone."

"I'm quite certain I can identify Vera Martel's voice," Della Street said. "At least the woman who said she was Vera Martel."

"All right," Mason said, "get busy. Call Vera Martel. If she can be reached anywhere in the country by telephone I want her."

Mason started pacing the floor while Della Street went out to the outer office to put the calls through the office switchboard.

Fifteen minutes later Della Street returned. "Vera Martel's office doesn't know where she is. Apparently they would like very much to find out. They gave me the number of her Las Vegas office. I called there. There was no answer."

"No secretary there?" Mason asked.

"Apparently not. The secretary here seems very much disturbed. Vera Martel was working on an important case and she seems to have disappeared."

"Makes it quite a day for disappearances, doesn't it?" Mason said.

"It does indeed."

The phone on Della Street's desk rang and Della Street picked up the instrument and said, "Yes, Gertie, what is it?"

Della turned to Perry Mason and said, "Muriell Gilman is in the office."

"Tell her to come right in," Mason said grimly.

Muriell entered the office and said, almost as soon as Della Street had ushered her through the door, "Oh, Mr. Mason, I'm so relieved. I've heard from daddy and he had to leave this morning on a very delicate, difficult matter. He's in some sort of trouble and he needs my help and he wants me to work with you."

"Did you tell him you had called me earlier in the day?" Mason asked.

"No," she said. "You told me not to, and when daddy reached me on the telephone he said he only had time to give me a few very brief instructions."

"All right," Mason said. "First let's have the instructions."

"I was at daddy's office trying to locate him or failing in that, to talk with Tillie Norman, his secretary."

"Describe her," Mason said. "Young, attractive, curvaceous or ——"

"Heavens, no! She's very young-looking for her age and very competent, but I know she's well past fifty and she's not at all curvaceous. She's rather the beanpole type."

"All right," Mason said, "pardon me if I interrupt you with questions from time to time, but you're talking to a lawyer and I have to have a clear picture in my mind. Go on and tell me the rest of it."

"Daddy called in almost as soon as Tillie came in—she'd been out on a shopping trip. He learned I was there and told Tillie to have me put on the phone without letting anyone in the office know he had called in.

"Something had happened which upset daddy very much indeed, something in connection with a telephone message which he told me you would know all about. He said that he's in a very precarious position. He said I was to come here just as fast as I could and that you were to accompany me out to the house; that I was to give you his briefcase—he had left it home—which had documents in it; that you were to go direct to his office and surrender those documents to Roger C. Calhoun, his business associate, and accept Mr. Calhoun's receipt for the documents."

"Did he describe the documents?"

"Simply the agreements that were in the green Bristol-board folder in his briefcase. He said that you were also to tell Mr. Calhoun that you were acting as daddy's attorney and that Mr. Calhoun was to go ahead and complete negotiations on the agreements and execute them."

"Was I supposed to read the agreements?" Mason asked.

"Daddy didn't mention that."

Mason said, "Look, Muriell, I don't like to be brought into a situation where I'm groping in the dark. I'm a lawyer. If your father wants me to represent him in a business transaction, that's fine. If he wants me to try and head off blackmail, that's fine. If he wants me to protect your interests, that's fine.

"But I want to know what it is I'm supposed to do and I want to work out my own plan of campaign. I don't want to be a legal messenger boy who tries to do the things that your father thinks

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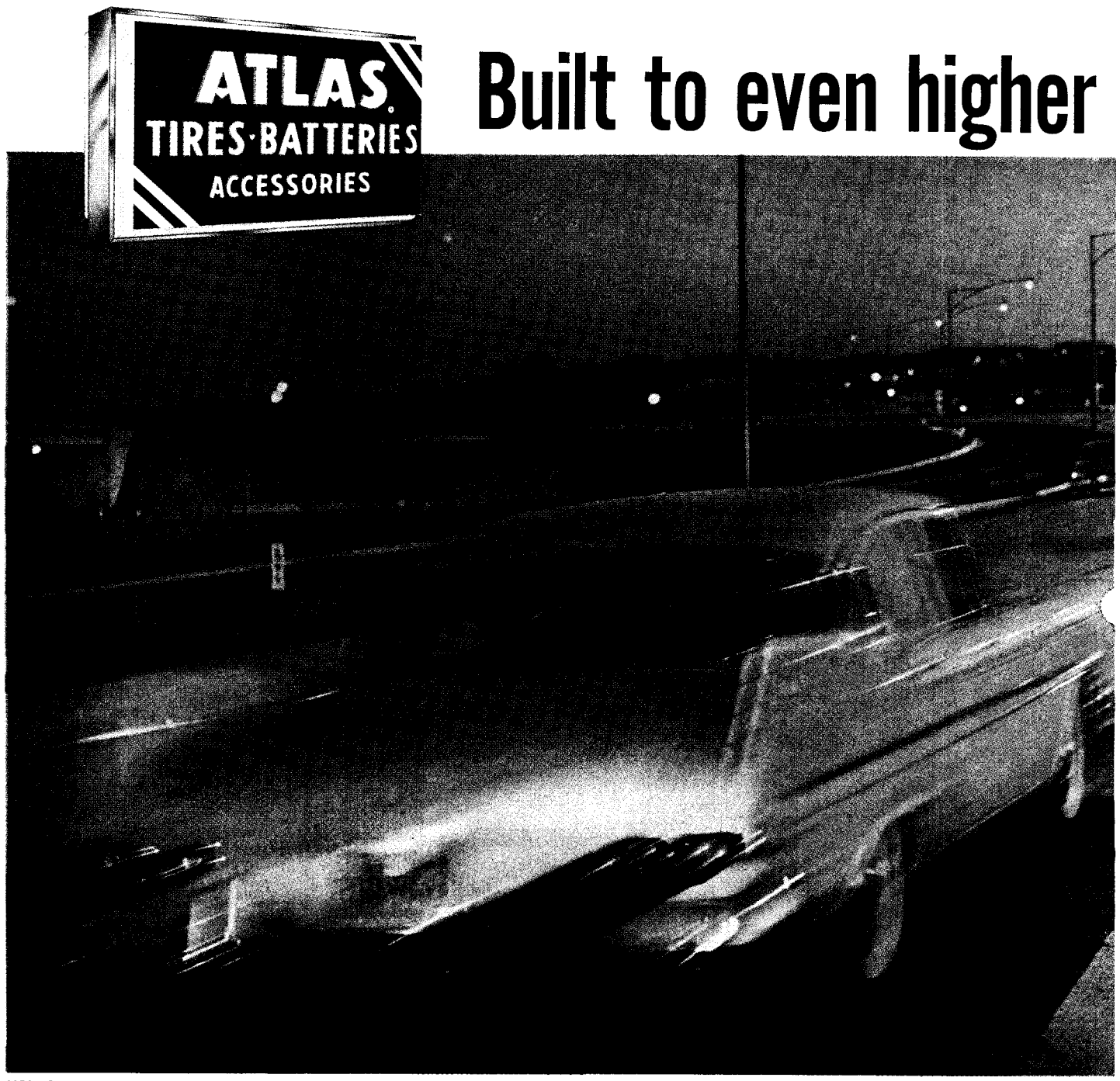

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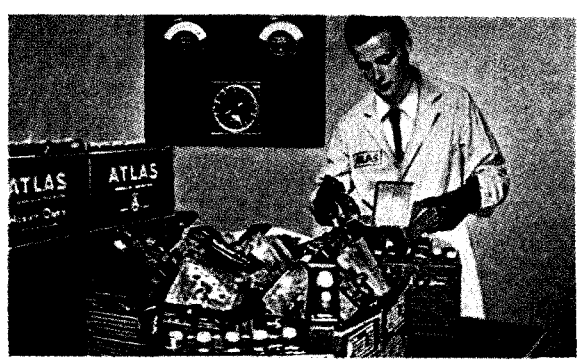

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should be done. If he'll come to me with the problem I'll work out a solution of the problem with him. But I don't want to be sent around doing this and doing that in accordance with some plan he's worked out. Do you understand that?"

"I can appreciate your position," she said, her eyes clouding and seemingly close to tears, "but, Mr. Mason, my daddy would never want you to do anything that was the least bit wrong, and he's in some sort of serious trouble."

"Will you get hold of him and tell him that I want to have some cards put on the table before I go running around here doing a lot of things that ——"

"Mr. Mason, please," she said. "There won't be time. Daddy told Tillie to make an appointment with Mr. Calhoun. He's going to wait for you. We'll just about have time to run out and get those papers in the briefcase and then deliver them to Mr. Calhoun and take his receipt—and there's a lot that I'm to tell you about Mr. Calhoun. Daddy said I was to tell you everything. I'll have to do that while we're driving out to the house."

"Where's your father's office?"

"In the Piedmont Building."

"That's only a couple of blocks from here," Mason said. She nodded.

"Where's your car?"

"I parked it in the parking lot downstairs, next to this building."

"All right," Mason said abruptly. "I'll go this far with you. I'll go down and get my car. I'll drive you out to the house and then you can ride back with me and pick up your car. You can tell me what it's all about while we're going out to the house. I'm going to ask you lots of questions, Muriell. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Daddy said I was to tell you everything."

Mason glanced at Della Street and said, "You stay on the job until I get back, Della. I'll probably go directly to the Piedmont Building and see Mr. Calhoun before I get back to the office."

Mason opened the exit door of his private office. "Come on," he said to Muriell, "let's go."

Perry Mason, driving his car through traffic, said, "Muriell, I'm going to have to keep my eyes pretty much on the road—do you understand?"

"Why, yes, of course, Mr. Mason."

"But," the lawyer said, "my ears are going to be concentrated on you, listening to your words, your tone of voice and waiting to detect any false note."

"Why should there be a false note, Mr. Mason?"

"I don't know," the lawyer said. "I just want to tell you that I've cross-examined a lot of witnesses. My ears are trained to detect false notes. Now then, I want to know, are you acting in good faith in this thing?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Mason?"

"Were you lying to me this morning?"

"Not at all. I was telling you the absolute truth."

"You didn't have anything fixed up with your father that you were to call me or ——"

"Of course not, Mr. Mason. I was terribly concerned when I couldn't find daddy—I know that things have been bothering him the last few days, and my father told me that no matter what happened he didn't want to have anything to do with the police. I told you all that, and it's the truth."

"Did he tell you why?"

"No, he just said that."

"And did you ask him why he said it?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"That's all tied in with some of the things I'm supposed to tell you."

"All right," Mason said, "tell me everything."

"Well, daddy makes investments of his own and he also acts as an investment counsel for other people, and there are some pools of money that daddy is empowered to invest—that is, daddy's company. It's a corporation. He had it incorporated so that in case he should die suddenly in an accident of some sort or anything like that, the trust funds wouldn't be all mixed up with his estate."

"It's a corporation?"

"Yes. Gilman Associates Investment Pool."

"All right. What else?"

"Roger C. Calhoun is the business manager. My daddy is president."

"So what?" Mason asked.

"Well, of late daddy has felt that Roger Calhoun is secretly trying to undermine him with some of the big investors, some of the people who put up money in the pools. You see, the corporation gets a percentage of the profits it makes. It's rather a small percentage, but where the investments are big it amounts to quite a sum of money."

"Is your father in danger of losing control of the corporation?"

"No, no, nothing like that. He wouldn't lose control of the corporation. He has that all tied up. But he might lose the investors—that is, some of the big ones."

"And just who are the big ones?"

"Oh, heavens, I don't know all the names, but there are lots of big ones. There's a big lumberman up in the northern part of the state who lets daddy handle nearly all of his investments, and there's a widow down in the Imperial Valley who has more than half a million dollars daddy is managing, and—well, there are just lots of people."

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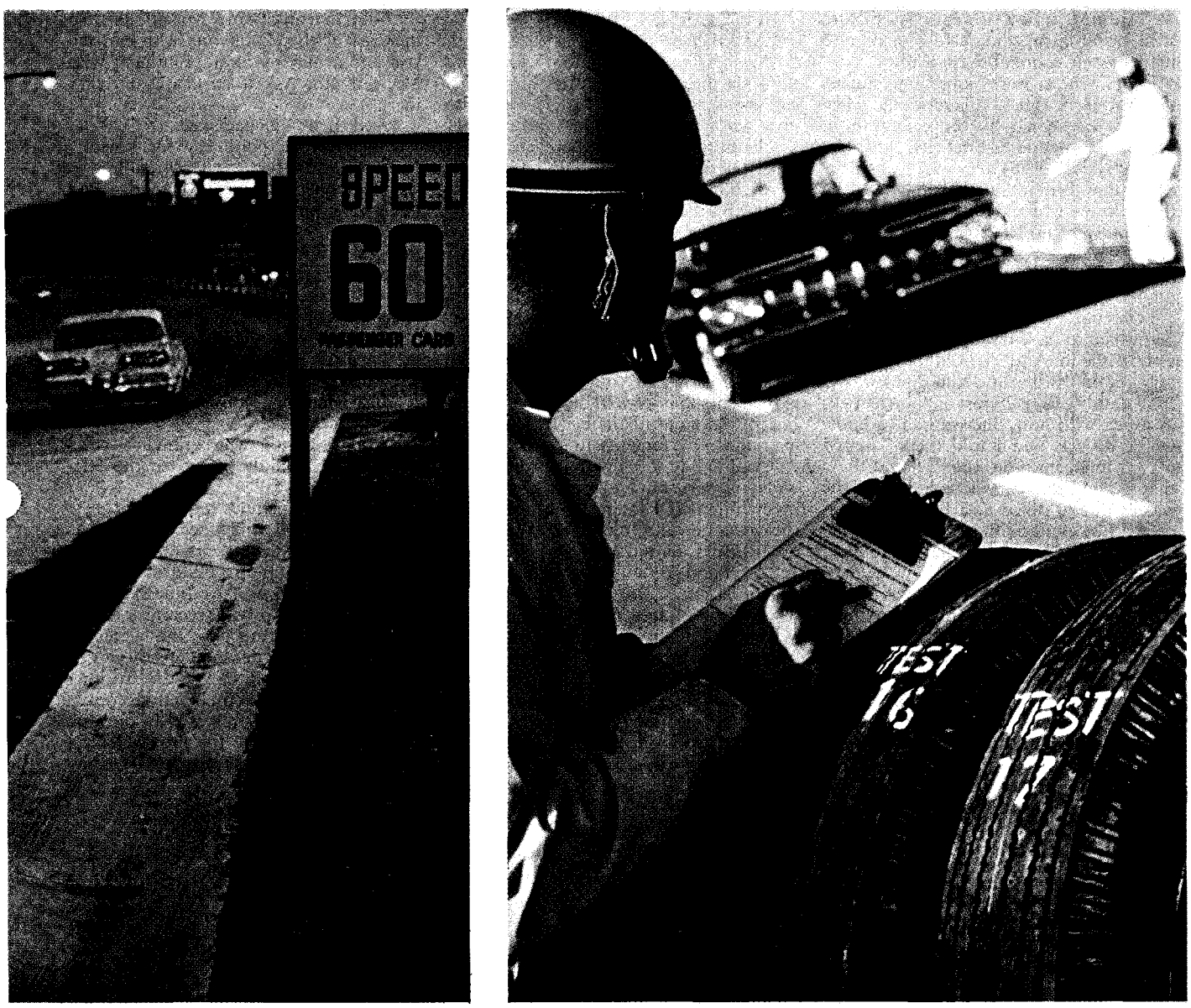

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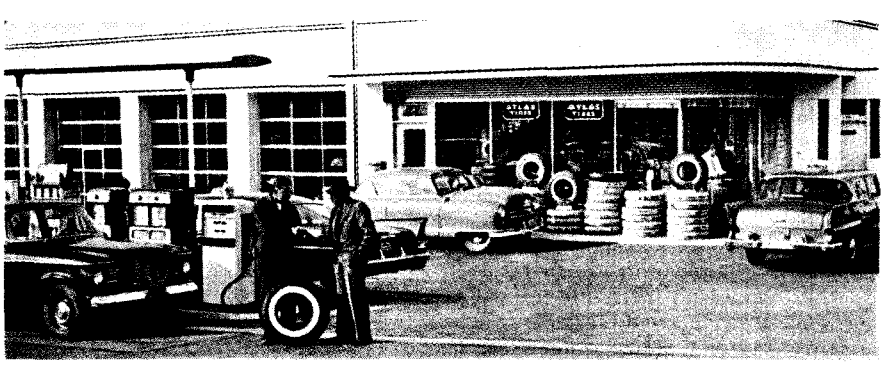

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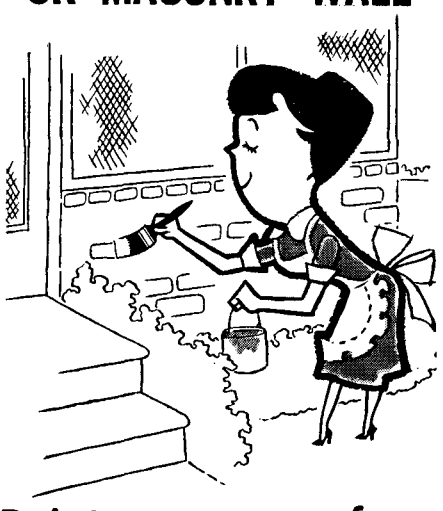

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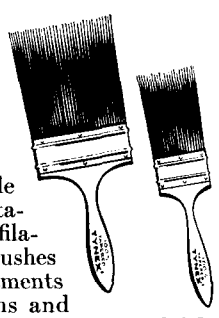

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

"Tell me a little more about Calhoun," Mason said.

"Well, he's young—that is, daddy always calls him young. I think he's old—that is, he's much older than I am."

"How old is he?"

"Thirty-four, I think. But he's a very bright man. He makes a study of the market and—well, he's really bright."

Mason said abruptly, "Is your father counting calories?"

"In a way, yes, but what in the world ——"

Mason interrupted. "After a breakfast that was loaded with calories, he sent you back to the kitchen to cook up still another egg and some more sausage. He did, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't that rather a peculiar thing for him to do?"

"When you think about the calories, I guess it was."

"I'm just trying to get the picture straight," Mason said. "Now go on and tell me some more about Calhoun."

"Well, there were some agreements that had to be signed this morning. They were to be signed by the corporation. They were in daddy's brief case, and Mr. Calhoun is naturally very much upset because they weren't in the office and he didn't know where daddy was."

"You went up to the office?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you call on the telephone?"

"Oh, but I did call on the telephone and asked to have daddy call me as soon as he came in. And Mr. Calhoun's secretary got on the line and said that I was to have daddy call them just as soon as I got in touch with him. She wanted to know where he was and I told them—well, I played innocent, you know. I told them that I had no idea where he was if he wasn't at the office and that I had expected he would be there."

"You think they suspected anything?" Mason asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "I was careful not to let them know that there was anything out of the ordinary."

"Can you control your voice that well?"

"Oh, I think so. I was an actress in nearly all of the high-school plays and I did some work in college. They say I'm pretty darn good. I think probably I could have gone on professionally, only daddy didn't want me to."

"You gave up your career for him?"

"It wasn't a career, Mr. Mason. It might have led to a career, I don't know. I guess every girl gets sort of stage-struck at one time or another if she has any natural aptitude, and they told me I had natural aptitude."

"Who told you?"

"Oh, everyone—the dramatic coaches, the—I have quite a scrapbook, Mr. Mason. I know you're altogether too busy to read it, but I'm inordinately proud of it. I've got some really rave notices."

"Now, when you went to the office," Mason said, "why did you go there? Did you think someone was holding out on you over the telephone?"

"No. I wanted to talk with Tillie."

"That's your father's secretary?"

"Yes. Tillie Norman."

"Did you talk with her at that time?"

"No, she wasn't there. But she called up while I was there and told the switchboard operator that she wouldn't be in for about half an hour. She'd gone out on a coffee break and—well, she's daddy's personal secretary and when he isn't there, there isn't much for her to do. So she did a little shopping and called the operator to find out if daddy was in and to tell her she would be out for a while longer if daddy wasn't there."

"And the operator told her you were there?"

"Yes."

"So then what happened?"

"Well, I told the operator as soon as I heard her mention Tillie's name that I wanted to speak with her—the operator knew I was looking for Tillie."

"So what did you do?"

"I told Tillie that I was anxious to get in touch with daddy, and she said that she was, too; that he hadn't been in all day."

"So then what?"

"Well, Tillie asked me if anything was wrong, and I was a little guarded. I told her no, nothing in particular, but that I wanted to get in touch with him."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, Tillie said that she would come right up to the office and that if I'd wait there she'd postpone her shopping trip and talk with me."

"So you waited?"

"Yes."

"And then what?"

"Well, Tillie came in and it was a good thing she did, for shortly afterward daddy called and asked for Tillie. He wanted to give her some confidential instructions and Tillie told him I was there; and daddy said, 'Oh, good,' that he had been trying to reach me at the house and told Tillie to put me on the phone without letting anyone know he was calling."

"And then what?"

"Then daddy told me that I was to go to your office, to get you and take you out to the house and give you his briefcase, that you were to take the entire briefcase and keep it in your office until he sent for it, that you were to take the agreements that were in the green Bristol-board folder out of the briefcase and deliver those agreements to Mr. Calhoun.

"And daddy told me that I was to talk with you going out and tell you absolutely everything that I knew about daddy and the business and the background and about Mr. Calhoun and everything."

"Anything about your stepmother?" Mason asked.

"No, he didn't mention her name. Why? Is there anything about her?"

"I'm just trying to get your father's instructions," Mason said.

"Well, that's the whole story, Mr. Mason, as nearly as I can tell you. Of course, there are lots of little things—if you'll ask me questions I'll try to answer them."

Mason said, "Well, let me think this over for a while."

He drove the automobile for some ten minutes in thoughtful silence. Then, just before they turned into Vauxman Avenue, Mason said, "Just a minute; I have one phone call to make."

The lawyer stopped the car in front of a telephone booth at the curb by a service station, got out and called his office. "Let me talk with Della, Gertie," he said when he had the office on the line.

Della Street's voice, cool and competent, came over the wire. "Yes, chief, what is it? I have a notebook and pencil here."

Mason said, "It's rather simple, Della. Call up the office of Gilman Associates Investment Pool in the Piedmont Building. Ask to talk to Mr. Gilman personally. Tell him you're a widow with some funds to invest and you'd like to know something about their investment service."

"Then what?" Della Street asked.

"Gilman won't be in," Mason said, "so then ask if there's anyone who can tell you about making an appointment with Mr. Gilman. Ask if he has a secretary there."

"And then?" Della asked.

"You have a good ear for voices," Mason said. "When you get Mr. Gilman's secretary on the line get her name, find out who is talking. If it's Miss Norman, give her a fictitious name and address, then go on and give her a song and dance about having some funds to invest and ask the secretary to describe the investment service."

"And then what?"

"Then tell her you'll think it over and hang up," Mason said.

"Just what is it you want to know?" she asked.

"I want to know what Gilman's secretary's voice sounds like over the telephone."

"So I can remember it again?"

"I think you'll remember it as soon as you hear it," Mason said. "Unless I'm chasing something up a blind alley, you'll find that the voice of Matilda Norman, Carter Gilman's private secretary, is the voice that assured us over the telephone she was Vera Martel, the detective."

"Oh-oh," Della Street said. "In other words, you've smoked something out?"

"There's a lot of smoke," Mason said. "I don't know where the fire is just yet and I want to be careful I don't get my fingers burned."

TO BE CONTINUED

"Look, you lead your life of silent desperation, and I'll lead mine."

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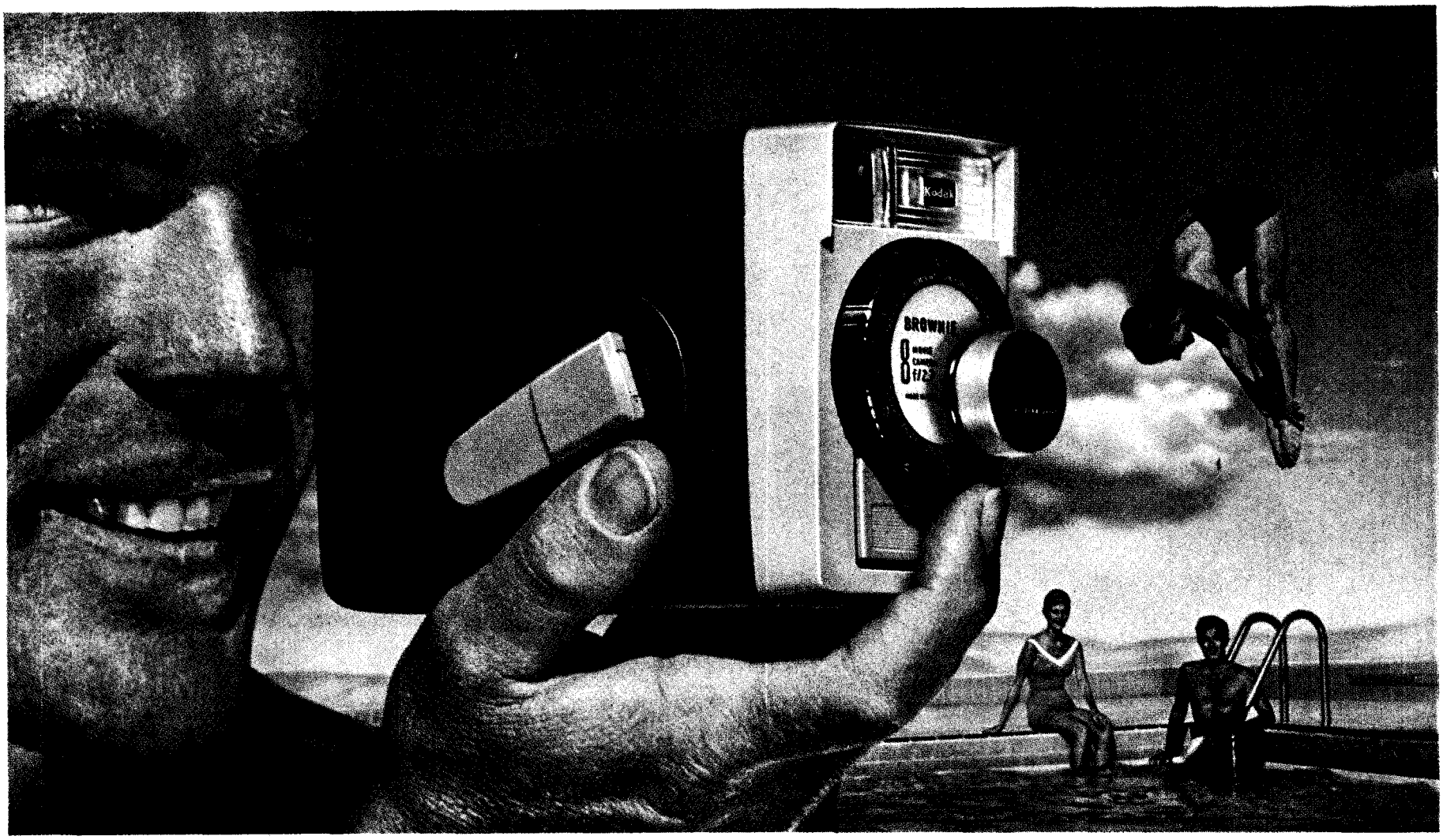

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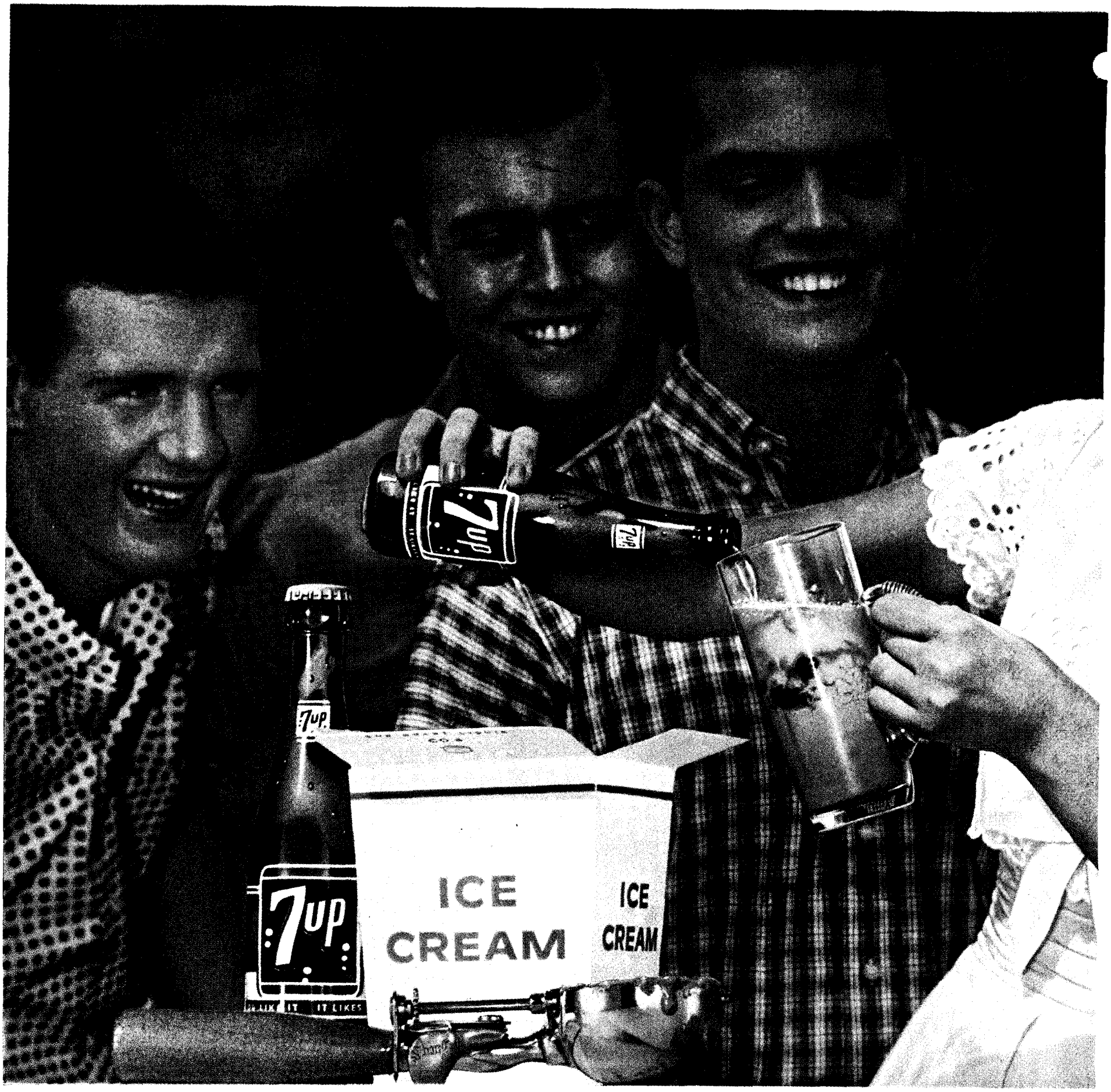

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"You know, help him wash the car or rake the lawn —things like that. But when Father's Day comes along, I figure that a fellow can get a little bit mushy.

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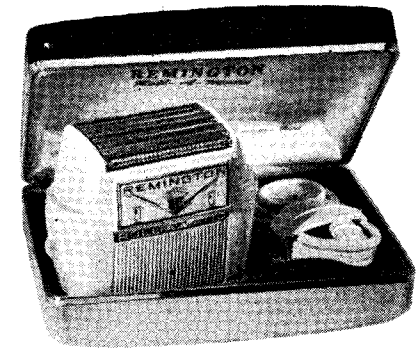

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I Call on Laurence Harvey

(Continued from Page 33)

I played in *Room at the Top*," he went on. "Of course, *Room* was in complete contrast to *Bongo* in that it was a very serious film. Actually I would say that it is comparable with that American classic, *An American Tragedy*, filmed under the title *A Place in the Sun*. In both cases the lead was a young opportunist who came from nowhere, was a nobody, and tried to make his way in the world by sheer, hard-panting running."

"Your ponce in *Expresso Bongo* did remind me of Sammy Glick in *What Makes Sammy Run?*" I said.

"I'll allow you that," he said, "if you'll grant that my ponce was a somewhat nicer person than Sammy Glick, and that I gave him a fraction more warmth and humanity. Sammy was all ruthless and brutal, and I don't think people are all really fundamentally that way, even the worst people."

"Nevertheless," I said, "you had some of the drive that made Sammy run and gave him his compulsion to get ahead, even if it meant running with his feet stomping on other people's faces."

... ...

Waking

By Ames Rowe Quentin

Born of the incandescent
sun
The morning rises. In its
turn
The lake grows smooth;
birches reflected run
Across its surface. Hills burr
Gold on the shell-green sky;
delight
Wells like a lost spring risen
against the night.

... ...

"That may well be true," Harvey told me, "but if you're honest with yourself, you must admit that most people have a compulsion and drive to get somewhere, regardless of the consequences to others, even if they think they're being nice while doing it. I'm sure you must write interviews which you think are kind and gentle, but which, in point of fact, cut people into small bits."

Offhand I could think of nothing to say about that.

"Don't feel guilty about it," Harvey advised me. "If you go on the theory that society is composed of nice people, of whom you are determined to be one, you'll find yourself surrounded by persons far more ruthless and clever than yourself, who will slice your feet out from under you at the slightest provocation. Don't fool yourself. They may not all be spivs and ponces. They may even sit in Parliament or Congress or on boards of directors, but no matter where they are, they can cut you up. They may not do it until they have charmed you and slapped you on the back and called you 'dear boy,' but if you try to take something away from them they want, you'll find you've been guillotined."

I tried to bring the conversation around to the entertainment field again. "Back in the 1930's and the '40's," I remarked, "the good people and the bad people portrayed on stage and screen were clearly and distinctly either black or white. They were never, never gray. But now we have what we call 'a more adult and intellectual approach to character,' so we're making the villains on our stage and screen gray. Me, I liked it when you knew where you stood with a villain."

"What's wrong with gray?" Harvey asked. "I've met people who seemed to me the worst s.o.b.'s in the world, but when I've got to know them I've realized they suffer from the same human weaknesses I suffer from. Even the worst of them have some saving grace."

"I'm afraid I can't be as philosophical about it as you," I said. "Gangsters, hoodlums and mobsters who are 'wonderful to their mothers,' who are 'real family men,' but who will razor your heart out if you move in on their territory, are not merely weary old clichés to me; they're also despicable."

"The fact that *you* think they are despicable doesn't change the color of their souls," Harvey insisted, "and make them all black or all white. As an actor, I feel that combining of colors in a man's personality makes a character less one-dimensional."

"I'd like to see you play Sammy Glick and make him anything less than evil," I said.

"I don't want you to think I'm egotistic," Harvey insisted, "but if I *did* play Sammy Glick, I'm sure that I could give him more than a single dimension. It is at this particular point that some writers and some actors fail. Take you, for example. You've read *What Makes Sammy Run?* and you see him only as the personification of evil. It isn't that simple, you know. Somewhere, even in Sammy Glick, there are a number of other Sammy Glicks. It's the same way with the character I played in *Room at the Top*."

I sat back in my chair and said, "O.K., tell me what you mean so that even I can understand it."

He bent his head forward a little and looked at me from under his straight line of short, cropped hair. "I'll spell it out for you," he said. "*Room at the Top* is the story of a boy who comes out of the armed forces after the war, after having been in a POW camp and having come originally from a very poor and very humble family in one of the big industrial areas of England. While he was in the POW camp he had studied accountancy. He saw that skill as a chance to take a huge step upward out of the class into which he had been born. Another way of putting it is this: He thought it would give him the opportunity to mix with a class of people he normally wouldn't have met. In England, you know, there is still great class consciousness in the sooty industrial areas."

A phrase echoed in the back of my mind. I had heard it or read it somewhere, and I had tagged it as being typically British. I said, "People who know their place and stay in it."

Harvey was alert; he was immediately aware of the meaning behind my remark. "The same thing is true in America, too," he reminded me, "although what confronts you in your country is perhaps more a money consciousness than a class consciousness. But who is to say which is the least desirable? Anyhow," he went on, "the kid in *Room at the Top* came back from his POW camp determined to get on. He wanted desperately to be somebody. Certainly he wanted more money than he was born with. He landed in a big town—although by New York or London standards it was really parochial and had a small-town flavor—and he got a job in the town hall in the accountancy (*Continued on Page 75*)

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We'd rather lose a few

By J.W. Keener, President, The B.F.Goodrich Co.

IF YOU'VE BEEN reading the newspapers lately, you've seen some tire advertisements trumpeting a nylon cord tire for $12.95 or less in big, black type.

The tire, whatever the make, is described in the most glowing terms—"super-strong," "turnpike-proved," "stronger than the tires on new cars," "top-quality nylon," "extra-safe," "premium-quality."

What the ads do not say is that these tires are third-line quality. Third-line means that the tire is not as good as a second-line. And a second-line is not as good as a first-line, the grade of tire all auto makers demand for their new cars.

Car no safer than its tires

These men know that a car is no safer than its tires. They put all kinds and grades of tires through rigid tests. All accept only first-line-quality tires for their cars. They know that many new-car buyers will be driving at high speeds on superhighways . . . and that one tire failure is one too many.

Tire needs differ

The plain fact is that different people use their cars in different ways. A man who uses his car for cross-country business makes long trips, week after week, at turnpike speeds. The family "chauffeur" makes dozens of short trips around town—shopping, taking Jimmy to kindergarten, going to the garden-club meeting.

Your doctor depends on his car day and night, fair weather and foul, good roads and bad. A railroad commuter uses his

lose

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quick sales

station car only twice a day, for just a few minutes each way.

A Texas oil engineer drives 100 miles a day. A New York City driver travels 30 miles to the beach on weekends.

Does it make sense that one grade of tire fills the bill for all these drivers? Does it make sense that each of them gets the safety he needs for the same price?

3 kinds of tires for 3 kinds of driving

You get just what you pay for in tires, as in meat, clothing and furniture. Tire prices were recently forced up 3 per cent by rising labor and material costs. No tire maker has the secret magic to produce cheaper tires without cheapening quality.

Our advice is to buy the grade of tire that fits *your* kind of driving. The low-priced, economy-type tire is fine for people who do *light* driving on around-town errands. We make two excellent economy-type tires and sell a lot of them to drivers like these. The all-purpose family car, used for *normal* driving, should really have first-quality, new-car tires. People who use their cars for *heavy* driving should pay a few extra dollars for the extra safety of premium-quality tires. Actually these tires cost less in the long run—mile for mile, dollar for dollar—because of superior design and materials.

The B.F.Goodrich pledge

Why, then, are some tire makers using their biggest guns to sell their lowest-priced nylon tires to all buyers of replacement tires? Do they think a man values a few dollars above all else?

I promise you this. B.F.Goodrich tire advertising will continue to be honest. We will not trade on words like "speedway-proved" and "stronger than new-car tires" to confuse third-line with first-line tires. Furthermore, our 30,000 B.F.Goodrich dealers are trained to sell you the right tire for your kind of driving, at not a dollar more *or a dollar less* than you need to pay. We would rather lose a sale than have you lose your life.

The B.F.Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio

than have you your life

BFG
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Classic Thunderbird elegance...spirited performance!

The classic Thunderbird elegance of every 1960 Ford has become the hallmark of success . . . the distinctive styling that has made the 1960 Fords America's best-selling cars.

In the Galaxie, you find this classic Thunderbird look beautifully complemented by spacious new interiors definitely built for luxury-loving people . . . new Thunderbird V-8 power for the most spirited performance of the year. This is the stuff that success—and every 1960 Ford—is made of.

Ford's sales success is an occasion for celebration. Right now, your Ford Dealer is passing the savings from sales success on to you at his Ford Trading Fair . . . with the best values, the best trades on the best sellers. He's in a very generous mood. See him soon!

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

Prize package of the Ford Trading Fair

NOW GOING ON AT YOUR FORD DEALER'S

FORD—*The Finest Fords of a Lifetime* FALCON—*The New-Size Ford* THUNDERBIRD—*The World's Most Wanted Car*

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(*Continued from Page 71*) department. It was from this launching pad that he blasted off in trying to get somewhere.

"I don't know how many millions of people have seen the film," Harvey went on, "but the story is marvelously written, and the direction was masterly. What the director has done and what the script has done is to give the audience a rearview peek behind the class-conscious society in that little-big town. You don't see the proper, pleasant faces people present to the local society. It is as if you are peeping through a keyhole. The defenses they have erected against an outsider are high and almost impossible to climb, and everywhere Joe Lampton, the boy I played, tried to go he was buffeted and thrown out.

"He found only one loophole unguarded, a local amateur theatrical group. Instinctively he seemed to know that the theater is one of the few institutions which have no class consciousness. It is a complete democracy. When you walk out on a stage, no one cares where you come from. You are assessed solely on the basis of your talent."

I was impressed, and I told him so. "That is a wonderful thing to be able to say about an institution."

"It is true," he said. "That's why I like actors. In fact, I love them. They are a wonderful people."

"I've noticed that all actors seem to love each other," I said, "except when they're upstaging each other or stepping on each other's lines. There's only one other craft I can think of which is as frankly sentimental about its fellow practitioners. Newspaper people love other newspaper people."

He ignored my remark about newspaper people and returned to actors. "It is perhaps because we are a very small group," he said. "A minute minority."

"You don't go so far as to say that you are an oppressed minority, do you?" I asked him.

"We *have* been oppressed," he said. "For years agents and producers and directors have treated us like idiots, dolts and puppets. But the actor gradually is coming back into his own. He is returning to the station he held in the older theatrical days, when his standing as an actor-director or an actor-producer was important and great."

I agreed, "That's happening in California right now. The Burt Lancasters, the Kirk Douglases and the Frank Sinatras have all become independent producers."

"And a fine thing too," Harvey told me. "There was a time when the producer's job was merely to get up the money. He couldn't have cared less what was going on on the set. He didn't even join the actors for lunch. He'd have a far better luncheon in the executives' dining room, then come waddling out on a set to see how things were going. If the shooting was behind schedule, he'd lash the actors with a whip. In point of fact, that sort of thing is not too far back in the past. It has happened to me and I'm only thirty-one. Mind you," he went on, "I don't say all producers were like that. The good ones weren't. The good ones were with you all the time, pulling for you, trying to smooth your way."

"Let's get back to the story of *Room at the Top*," I said. "I liked the way you were breaking the plot down. Let's take the two women in it—the older, middle-aged woman, played by Simone Signoret, and the young girl, the daughter of the local industrial magnate."

"We left off with the young man joining an amateur theatrical group," Harvey said. "When he joined it, he was introduced to a young girl, the daughter of a big industrialist in town. Meeting her, he felt suddenly, 'This is what I want. The way she lives is the way I'd like to live, in her wonderful big house and driving her expensive sports car.' The trouble was she already had a boy friend, an ex-RAF type who was frightfully—how shall I say it?"

"Terribly Battle of Britain?" I suggested.

"Exactly," Harvey told me. "And when the former POW young man in our story came face to face with the RAF type, there was an instinctive and corrosive animosity between them. The older woman, played by Simone Signoret, whom our hero met, was upper middle class. She was unhappily married to a man who was playing around with lots of women. Our hero, Joe Lampton, didn't fall for her right away. First of all he used her as his confidante. He told her, 'I'm simply mad about this young girl I've met, but I'll never have her because she's too wonderful for me.'

"In the film Simone Signoret began to like me (Joe Lampton) for myself. The result was that soon we two had a very large emotional affair going in spite of the difference in our ages; then—for the benefit of those who haven't seen the film—I made the mistake of seducing the daughter of the industrialist; it was put to me grimly that I would have to marry her. But first I felt that I should go back and tell Simone Signoret what I was going to do, and she became so unhappy that she killed herself deliberately in an automobile accident.

"At the end of the film," he concluded, lapsing into present tense, "I marry the wealthy young girl, and the audience sees me driving away from the church with her; then, suddenly remembering Simone Signoret, I burst into tears. My bride looks at me and says, 'Oh, Joe, you *are* sentimental after all, aren't you?'

"It was," Harvey said thoughtfully, "a very sharp and biting touch."

I asked him if he had been surprised when he was nominated for an Academy Award for his acting in this picture.

"I was shattered," he told me. "I never believed it would happen. I have tried to school myself to be a fatalist and to tell myself that things which happen are going to happen anyhow. There is only one exception to this. If the good things don't happen, one can try to make them happen by hard work."

He smiled and said, "Although as I told you, I am only thirty-one, I guess I am already work-happy."

A bit cynically, perhaps, I remembered all the men and women I had interviewed who deliberately misrepresented their ages. "You're not old enough to be cagey about your age, are you?" I asked Harvey.

"*That's* not what worries me," he told me. "Being too young has always been the hardest thing for me to overcome. There have been times when I wished I looked thirty-five or forty. However, I didn't get to bed until six-thirty this morning, and I may look thirty-five or forty now." He shook his head regretfully. "I'm afraid I rather overdid things at the party last night."

"You must have got a pretty early start at being an actor," I said. "I've read that you made your first visit to Beverly Hills in 1952."

"Your research is right," he told me. "In 1952 I did a season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon; then I was brought to Hollywood to be tested by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Fox. One test was for *Ivanhoe*—I was supposed to be the boy who found the Holy Grail—the other was for Caligula in *The Robe*. I passed both tests, but never did the films. Instead, I returned to England and was offered the part of Romeo in the English-speaking Italian production of *Romeo and Juliet*—a film, oddly enough, made in Italy with an Italian director."

I told him that I had seen that one and that I had thought it terrific. "It was also shown here in America on television," he said. "After that I seemed to be going back and forth across the Atlantic most of the time. I've done three plays in New York. The most successful thing I've done in this country was the six-month tour I made with the Old Vic Company last season. And now I've been asked to go to Russia next year with the Old Vic for an eight-week tour."

"Where will you get your audiences in Russia?" I asked. "After all, how many English-speaking people are there in Russia? Let's face it, if the Russians sent a company to New York and Philadelphia and Washington to do Shakespeare in Russian, I don't think they'd be booked solid for eight weeks."

He said, "All I know is that when the Moscow Art Theater came to London two years ago they did a tremendous business." He changed the subject. "You haven't asked if I like to play comedy more than tragedy." Then without waiting he answered his own question. "The truth is that satirical comedy is far more difficult than drama, and for that reason I like it."

"Comedy is harder to write, too," I told him.

"It figures," he said. "Which is probably the reason why there's a great lack of comedians and comedy writers."

I said, "For my money there are too many imitation Tennessee Williamses. It becomes harder and harder these days to find a play which gives you even one good laugh. The last time I sat through a comedy I laughed so hard people turned around and looked at me as if they were shocked."

"I won't bother to mention or outline the story line of *Expresso Bongo* for you," he resumed. "But I'll say this much; it's a satirical comedy, and my role in it has already brought me the award for being the best actor of the year, given by the Variety Club of Great Britain, an organization consisting of producers, directors, actors, exhibitors and other people connected with the cinema and the legitimate theater. If I may be a bit immodest, I'd like to add that it was quite an honor."

He went on, "In England *Expresso Bongo* has already done as much business as *Room at the Top*. It cost a half million dollars to make, and it has paid back its cost in England, so anything it makes in this country will be extra. I'm very thrilled about it. Not because I'm greedy, but because everyone connected with *Bongo* put his own money into it. For example, I deferred my salary, as did the director and the writer. If it hadn't been a success, my work would have been for nothing.

"The story of *Bongo* is a complete departure from the conventional film. It is a bitter exposé of life in Soho, which is the section of London where the rock-'n'-roll business, the recording business, the strip-tease business and the Teddy-boy business are all conducted. *Expresso Bongo* wraps all of these into one package, then makes them look ludicrous. The film is about an English Elvis Presley type, but the thing about it that appeals to me is that it is completely uninhibited; shockingly honest. I have always thought that it's no good pulling your punches and glossing over a story with phony nonsense and pretense. After all, Shakespeare didn't pretty things up."

"Speaking of prettying things up," I said, "what is it like to work with Elizabeth Taylor in *Butterfield 8*?"

"She is wildly professional," Harvey told me. "Wildly" was another word in the English entertainment field I was having to get used to. "She's so wonderful to work with, I absolutely love her."

I suggested, "How about giving it to me without the superlatives?"

"When she comes onto a set, she gets on with her job and does it in the most extraordinarily professional way," he said. "There's a special sort of thing which goes on between (*Continued on Page 77*)

WHO INVITED HIM?
Tom Hudson
BIRD WATCHERS CLUB
"Hey! we'd better be heading for home. My wife's having squab for dinner tonight!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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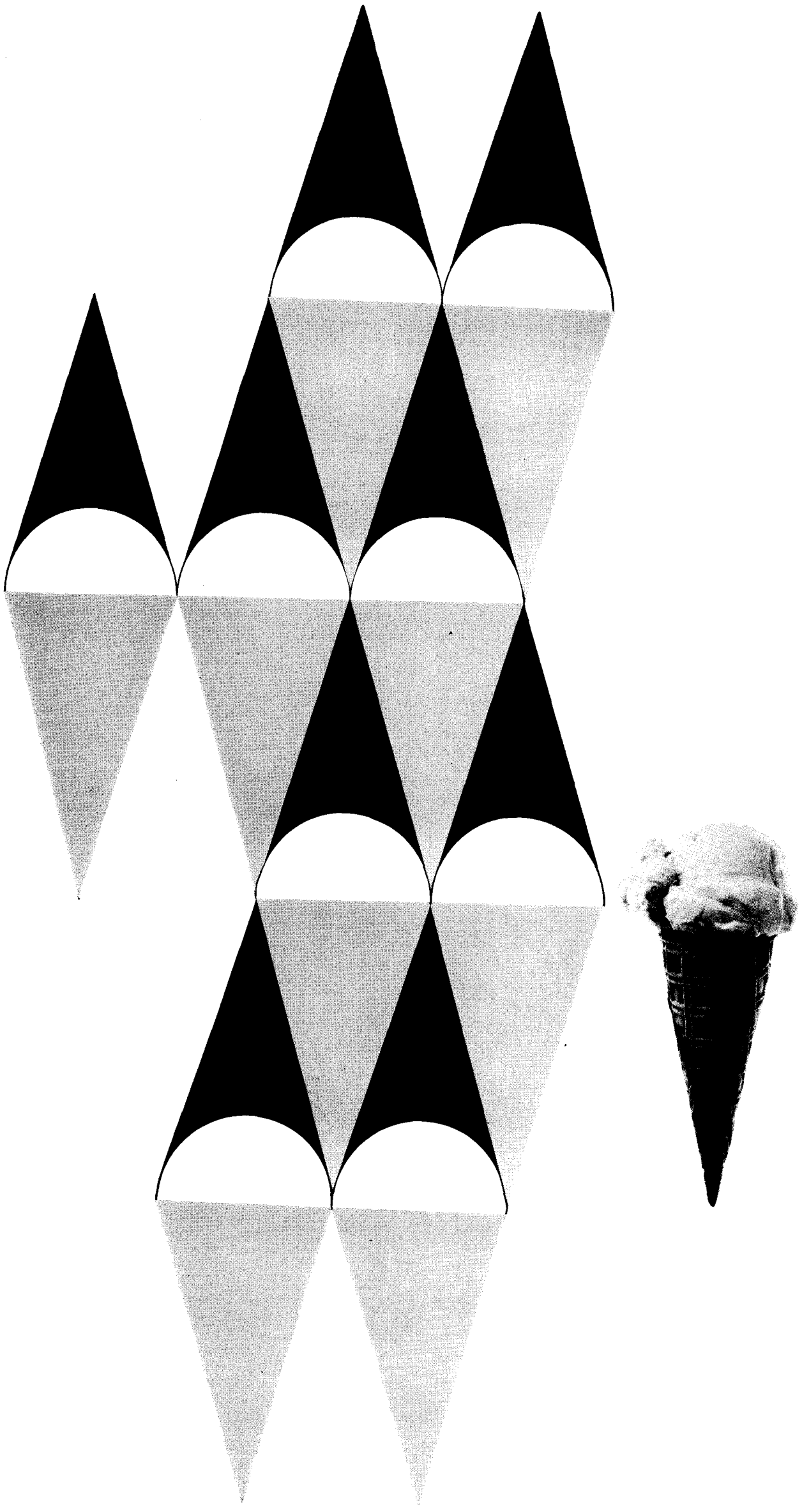

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The Saturday Evening POST

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The Influentials' Magazine

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(*Continued from Page 75*) her and the camera. She is no automaton doing what the director tells her to do. She *thinks*. She is imaginative. She starts little things going which help her interpretation of her role. With her there is never a lot of phony theatrics and clutching at herself to portray emotion. Nor does she need soft music to get into the proper mood before a shot. If you don't mind another superlative, I find her most enchanting to work with."

I told him, "I have no intention of making this a story of your life, but maybe we'd better get a few of the vital statistics on the record. You seem the quintessence of Britishness to me, yet I'm told you were born in Hungary or Austria or somewhere."

"Lithuania," he corrected me. "In a village called Joniskis. My real name is Larushka Mischa Skikne."

"Not very old school tie," I said.

"It isn't," he said bleakly. "Not by the wildest stretch of anybody's imagination. In 1934, when I was five and a half, my parents emigrated to South Africa. I went to school there until I was fourteen. Then I ran away from home."

"Any special reason?" I asked.

"Two," he said. "I was dissatisfied with my surroundings, and I had a gnawing curiosity about life, the world, the people in it. I ran away from Johannesburg to Cape Town and joined the South African Navy. I wrote a letter to my parents telling them that I was all right and not to worry. However, they had already put my photograph in the papers and had sent out what amounted to a search warrant for me—all of which caused quite a stir. Eventually I was found out, although I had joined up under the name of Larry Hopkins and had lied about my age.

"My mother came to Cape Town and took me back to Johannesburg, where I studied architecture for a while and worked with an amateur theatrical group. Then I got fed up with home again, and this time I ran away for good. I joined the infantry and was sent to North Africa and Italy. In 1945 I became a member of the South African Army Entertainment Unit, which is an all-army, all-soldier show, not like your USO. I danced and sang and did sketches. When I was demobbed I applied for admission to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. I was admitted in 1946. I stayed there only three months because it was mutually agreed that we weren't helping each other.

"As a result of the graduation show put on by the Royal Academy at the end of that season, two things happened to me. I was offered a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers in Hollywood by Sophie Rosenstein, a Warner Brothers talent scout; if I had accepted, I would have attended the Warner Brothers School of Acting in Hollywood. At the same time I was approached by Mr. André Van Gyseghan, who headed a thing called the Intimate Theater in Manchester.

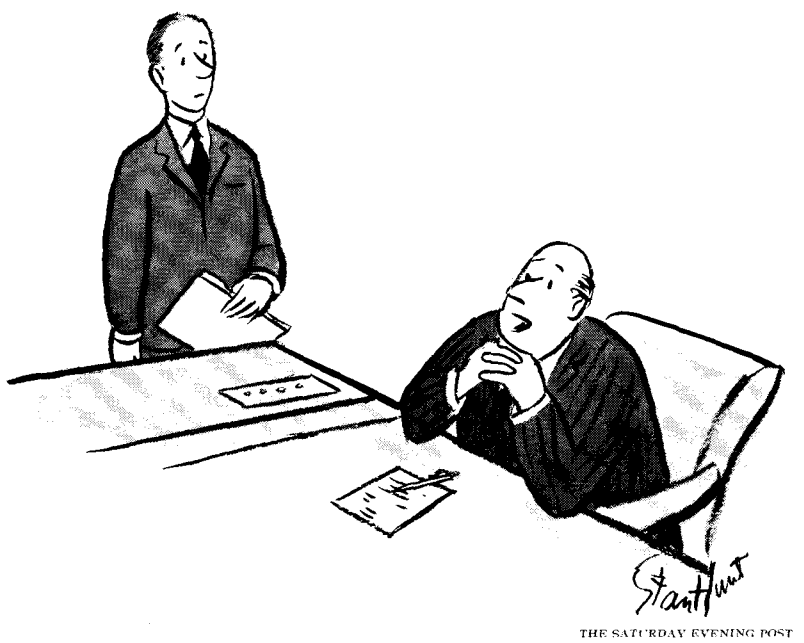
"I decided to accept Mr. Gyseghan's offer, because I wanted to get on with the practical application of what acting I had already learned.

"After one season at the Intimate Theater, which took me through to August, 1947, I was offered a contract by the J. Arthur Rank Organization. That would have meant my going to the Rank charm school, where I would have learned posture by carrying glasses of water and balancing a book on my head while treading a chalked line. I turned down the Rank offer too; it drove me mad that everyone seemed to want to make me a male mannequin. Instead of signing with the Rank Organization, I signed up with one of the small, young, independent companies mushrooming at the time—International Pictures—and made *House of Darkness* and *Man From Yesterday* for them.

"All this time I had been living on seven dollars a week, which was my army grant-in-aid. It was like your GI Bill, only in our case we had to pay it back. When I had arrived in England wearing my army uniform and my service medals, someone stamped on my papers: 'Permitted to land at Southampton on condition that the owner of this certificate does not enter any employment, paid or unpaid.' It had never occurred to me that, as far as England was concerned, I was an alien; but I was, since my parents had never bothered to become naturalized in South Africa.

"My next step was to borrow money from International Pictures, fly to South Africa, get my parents naturalized; then, on December 17, 1947, I became a South African national and a British subject. This time when I arrived in England I was able to work, and from December, 1947, to 1952 I made picture after picture.

"I think I've told you about my 1952 season at Stratford," he went on. "Well, in 1954 I did another Stratford season. After that I worked for the Royal Court



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ah-h, I wish I were young like you, Harkness—with more on the ball, of course."

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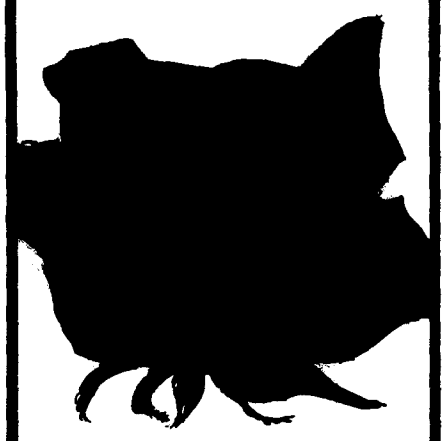

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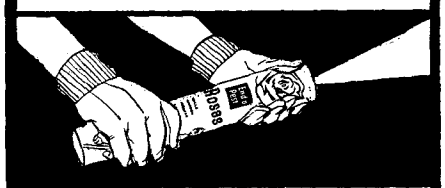

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Theater in London, appearing mostly in the classics. I chose them deliberately because they are the most difficult roles to play. They make you master the language and develop style and realism.

"I am now under contract to John and James Woolf, who *are* Romulus Films," he continued. "Woolf was responsible for productions like *African Queen*, *Moulin Rouge*, *I Am a Camera* and *Room at the Top*. The thing I like most about working for Romulus is that they lend me out to do films for other people if I so desire. I can also work in the theater when I feel like it."

He thought of something more. "It was during my 1952 season at Stratford," he said, "that I met my wife, Margaret Leighton. She is a wonderful actress who is now appearing in London in a play which is an enormous success."

"You're lucky to be married to her," I told him. "She's a remarkable person with a remarkable talent."

He gave me his long, level look again. He didn't say, "You're talking like a blithering idiot, or a drooling sentimentalist." He did say, "I don't know whether I'm lucky or she's lucky. Let's say it's a combination."

I tried to take his frankness for granted. Maybe that was the way honest young people in the British theater talked. Maybe it was just Lithuanian. "It doesn't fit my idea of married life," I mentioned to him, "you being here while she's in London."

"It doesn't fit mine particularly either," he said. "But if you're separated from someone you love, to use an old and dreary phrase, it tends to make the heart grow fonder."

That, I thought, *is more like it*. "It's like being in the navy or being a lighthouse keeper," I suggested.

"People go to jail, too," he told me, "and that separates them. When both of you are in the theater and both working in two different countries, it is like doing time."

He said it casually, and I couldn't help thinking that here was a young man who wouldn't be easily upset by anything. He had lost the coveted Academy Award for the best male performance of 1959 to Charlton Heston, but I'd gamble that he'd taken it in stride.

After all, with *Expresso Bongo* already released here, with *The Alamo* coming shortly afterward and with two other films, *The Long, the Short and the Tall* and *Summer and Smoke* due to reach the theaters before long, plus a new picture he has contracted to make for Hal Wallis in England—there seems to be no reason why Laurence Harvey should be worried about his future. After all, at thirty-one, he still has plenty of time to pick up an Oscar; maybe two. Thinking back over my conversation with him, the words "room at the top" echoed in my mind, and not as the title of a film.

Return From Nowhere

(Continued from Page 37)

gave me a pass at the main gate, and then someone drove me down here in one of those funny little square motorcars."

Willis admitted her, closed the door and turned on the lights.

"Commander Blake's not here, Miz Blake," he said seriously. "They's waitin' for high tide so's they can get the ship in——" he clapped a hand over his mouth. "I got your place all fixed up, Miz Blake. Little brown house, down the beach a piece. You want, I'll call Security and a guard will drive you down."

She hesitated. "I think not," she said finally. "Mr. Blake told me to be sure to meet him here." Her teeth had stopped chattering. She removed the suède jacket. Again she looked at him curiously. "You are a Negro, are you not?" she asked politely.

Willis nodded. "I'm Willis—handy man around the base."

She extended a hand. Very seriously she said, "I have never met one of you before. I am very pleased to know you, Willis."

He touched the hand gingerly, bowed a little and then said, "While you is waitin' for the commander, I can brew up a little pot o' tea."

"You know how to make tea?" She sounded surprised.

He chuckled. "I been steward, chef, mess boy and handy man for lots o' limeys, Miz Blake—'Never take the kettle to the teapot, always take the pot to the kettle.'"

He was busily pouring boiling water into a teapot when he heard loud thumps on the door and a cheerful voice shouting, "Yo! Anybody home? Is my bride aboard? Yo!"

Willis dropped the kettle. He ran so fast he stumbled. Just before he turned off the lights he caught a glimpse of her standing near the door. Her arms were rigid, fists clenched and her eyes were shining.

"Commander Blake?" Willis asked, opening the door a crack.

"None other. Are you Willis?" Commander Blake, bathed in raw moonlight, was tall, lean, wind-burned and salty and he wore a grin as wide as the peak of his hat. "Ann," he called softly.

"Darling," she murmured. "Here, right over here."

Willis closed the door. He neglected to turn on the lights.

"Oh, darling, darling," she was saying. "It has been a hundred years. I—Briny, when I'm with you I don't breathe quite right." There was a long silence, and then the commander spoke hoarsely. "Well, let me have a look at you. And stop crying. You're getting more salt on me."

Willis' thumb flicked a light switch, and he quickly retired to the kitchen. When he returned some five minutes later he was carrying a tray of steaming tea, a pitcher of cream, a bowl of sugar and some warmed biscuits. The biscuits had been lavishly buttered. The commander and his bride were sitting on a sofa in the lounge, holding hands and talking softly.

"How was the trip out of Liverpool?" he wanted to know.

She couldn't take her eyes off him. "Not bad really. We were blacked out all the way across, of course. Had a few frights. The trip down here from New York was a bit wearying. Coaches were jammed. But the soldiers, sailors and marines were sweet to me."

"Naturally," he said, his deepwater-blue eyes absorbing her hungrily. He sighed. "Gosh, it's hard to believe, Ann. Married a—what do you call it—fortnight ago in Liverpool. And three hours after I said 'I do,' Uncle had me in a Flying Fortress, statesbound."

"But now," she said eagerly, almost desperately, "Now it won't happen again, will it, Briny? They won't transfer you again?"

"In the Navy, darling, we do what the man says."

The determined chin jutted. "Where you go, Briny, I go too—always and forever."

"We'll see," he said gently. "I have a hunch we're stuck here for a while. Krauts are ganging up in these waters, playing ticktacktoe with tankers and merchantmen. I'm skipper of a tin can now, Ann, and we ——" He glanced up and saw Willis patiently holding the tray. "Oh, fine!" he said. "Wonderful! Willis, you're an ace."

They sipped tea, but they were so busy talking they forgot all about the biscuits. Willis finished his waxing and polishing. As he picked up the tray he said, "Commander, sir, they briefed me on your arrival. Gave me three days to fix up the little brown house for you an' Miz Blake. You want, I can get a staff car and drive you down there now."

Commander Blake stood up. "I'd better check in with the base exec," he said. "I don't even know the score, yet, Ann, and I ——"

Willis handed him an envelope. "Executive officer told me to give you this, sir," Willis said smiling. "He say he don't want to talk business with you for forty-eight hours. He say you're long overdue for relaxation. Told me to drop you off at the little brown house and to see that nobody disturbs you."

The wide grin was creeping back on the commander's face. "Well I'll be clobbered," he said. "They really trust you around here, don't they, Willis?"

Willis looked proud. "I was here long 'fore the Navy, commander. But since the Navy come, I been with 'em."

"You're the pilot, Willis," the commander said cheerfully.

The moon had vanished. The base was as black as a bottomless pit. Willis drove without lights, but obviously he knew every twist and turn, every bump and washout in the oyster-shell-packed road leading to the little house. At the gate he swung out of the car, hauled a cluster of keys from a hip pocket and opened the padlock.

Using a flashlight covered with a black sock, he led them across brick paving, up some recently painted steps and onto a wooden threshold. He opened a door and carefully closed it before he switched on the lights.

"Welcome home, Commander and Miz' Blake," Willis said happily.

"Oh-h-h!" Ann said, glancing around.

Fat pine logs were glowing in an open fireplace. The house had been completely refurbished. Even the furniture smelled new, but looked comfortable. Tasteful wall-to-wall carpeting had been installed. The blackout drapes bore gaily colored designs.

"Compliments o' the base commander, sir," Willis said respectfully. "He sure has had me hoppin' to see you get a bridal suite first class."

Commander Blake removed his hat. He ran a hand through his closely cropped hair. "Willis, (*Continued on Page 80*)

The one time most adults take a keen interest in neighborhood baseball is when it is being played too near their picture window.

VESTA M. KELLY

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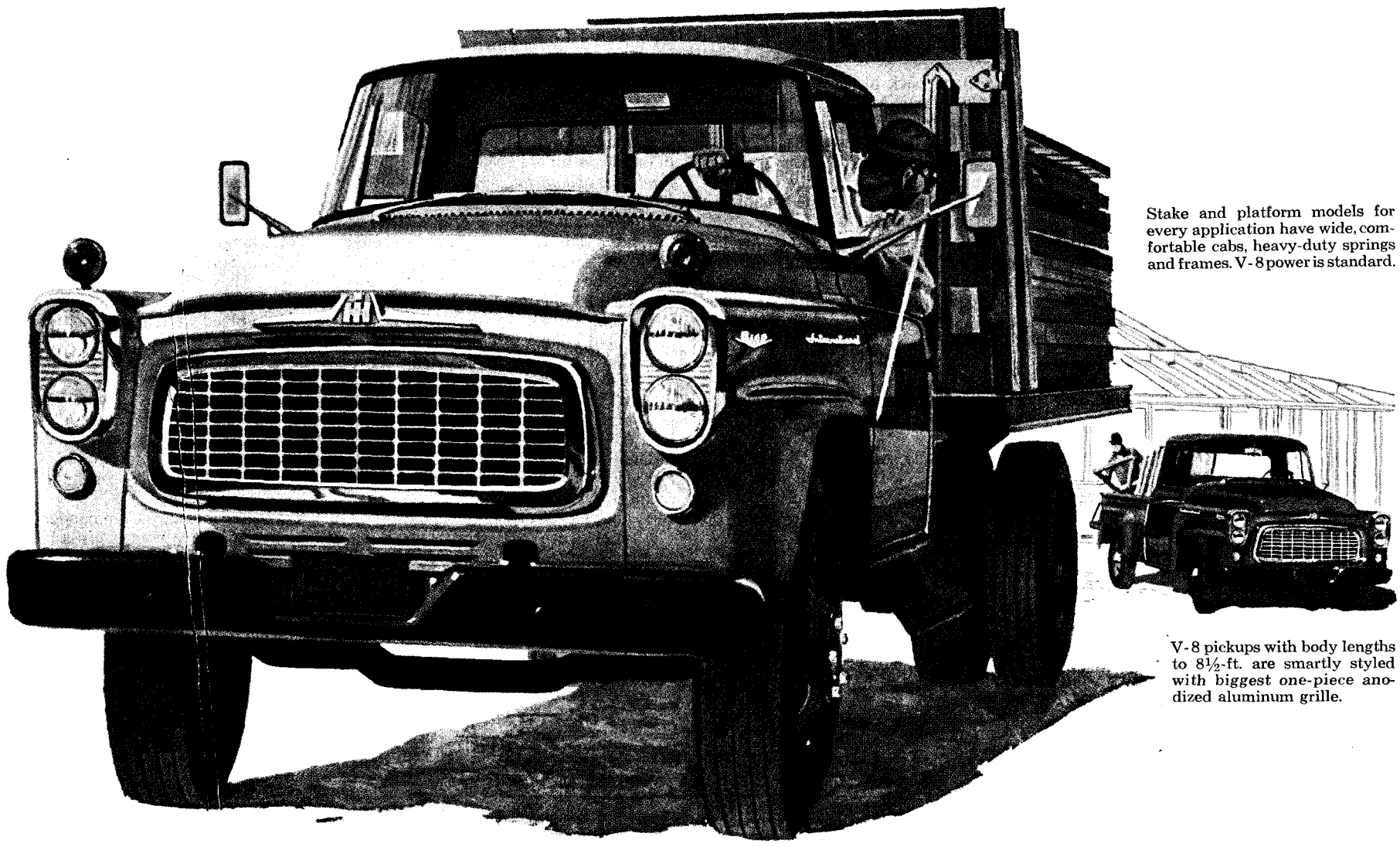

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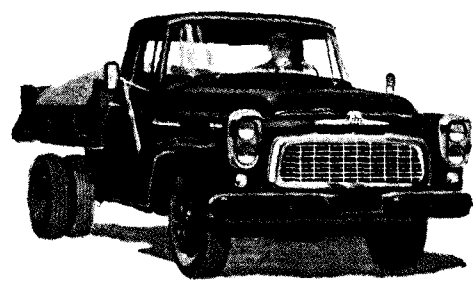

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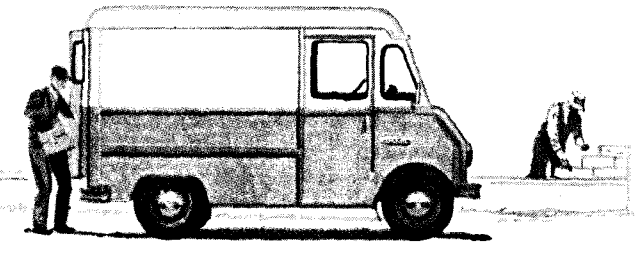

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(*Continued from Page 78*) I—" he seemed to choke up a little "—we never had it so good. Thank you, Willis. I will convey my thanks to the base commander."

Happily, proudly Willis showed them around. There were two telephones. A tiny red light was glowing over one of them.

"Emergency only," Willis said, tapping it. "Direct line to Operations at the base."

The bedroom was upstairs, compact, neat and equipped with two oscillating fans. Again Willis snapped out the lights with a master switch and opened the blackout curtains. There was a door leading to a spacious balcony that had been built ingeniously into the roof. It overlooked the rolling, rumbling ocean, and they could see foaming breakers to the north and south and whitecaps far out at sea.

"Man who built the house," Willis explained, "was a retired merchant mariner. Used to call this"—he chuckled—"his widow's walk. Said he was going to invite all the widows in Jacksonville Beach to walk it with him. But he went out with a convoy—didn't come back."

None of them spoke for a while. Then Ann said cheerfully, "Well, I'm renaming it. From now on, it's the bride's balcony."

They returned to the living room and the warm, soothing hearth. Willis vanished. He returned shortly, carrying a tray and carefully balancing a tall, chilled bottle of imported champagne and two thin-stemmed glasses. Expertly he poured the sparkling white wine and handed glasses to the commander and his bride.

Commander Blake spoke softly. "Bless you, Willis. You're a gentleman, a psychologist and a buddy. Won't you join us?"

Willis shook his head vigorously. "Only one thing I can think of you need now," he said. The commander raised his eyebrows. "To be left alone," Willis said. His voice was as warm as the hearth. "Lord bless you both." Then he was gone.

So they were actually alone for the first time—because after the wedding in Liverpool there had been a reception; and before they could leave the party, Commander Blake had received an urgent summons.

Now he stood in front of the hearth, hitched up his trousers, tightened his belt a notch, straightened his necktie and said awkwardly, "Those sacks looked awfully comfortable, didn't they?"

Ann took another sip of champagne. She giggled.

"Ann!" Commander Blake said. "You all right?"

She giggled again. "I've been so excited I forgot to eat—all day."

He grinned, relaxed and said, "Come to think of it, so did I."

They went out to the kitchen. They consumed enormous platters of bacon, scrambled eggs and toast. Between them they emptied a quart pot of coffee.

Sometime during the night they were awakened by an ominous rumbling. The walls shook. Some plaster fell. She wrapped her arms around him, and when she spoke her voice had the quality of a small and lonely child.

"Don't leave me again, Briny. Please don't ever leave me."

"Darling," he said softly. "It's just a storm, a bad storm. Snuggle down and go to sleep."

It is a storm, all right, he thought. *A violent storm that is sweeping the world and may last for years.*

She sighed and then, with a cheek pressed hard against his shoulder, went back to sleep.

He was up at the crack of dawn. His sleeping habits had become disorganized. The damp Florida cold had penetrated the room, and he pulled a blanket over her shoulders before he went downstairs. He brewed a pot of strong coffee and started frying a thick slice of ham and four eggs.

There was an oil heater in the living room, but he wasn't sure how it operated, so he walked outside and found a spot where Willis had stacked a pile of pine logs. He was busily igniting the logs when he heard the kitchen door open; and she said, "Soup's on. And don't you ever do this again. This is my job."

They ate leisurely and comfortably in front of the hearth, and then they donned sweaters, found some canvas chairs and took them out to the balcony. The ocean looked calm, peaceful and very blue. The sun was warming up. The shrimp fleet, gleaming white and graceful, busily trawled directly in front of their little home.

Ann was holding his left hand and humming. Now and then she sang the words, low and huskily.

And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin.
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay,

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. "This is Mayport, Florida, darling. And the sun is rising in the east—a far, far cry from Galway."

"I know," Ann said soberly. "I was born near Galway. Father was a shipbuilder. When I was quite young we moved to Liverpool."

Commander Blake looked at her strangely. "There are so many things I don't know about you."

She continued humming and occasionally singing.

And if there's going to be a life hereafter,
And faith! I'm sure there's going to be ——

"It's a lovely song," he said. "Lovely voice." He leaned over and kissed her throat. "So many things," he repeated, "I don't know. For example, have you thought about a family?"

"Of course," she said promptly. "Five—three boys and two girls. Don't you think that would be nice?"

"Whew! I'll have to check that out with BuPers."

They sat in happy silence. They watched the shrimp fleet at work. The telephone rang, and Commander Blake sensed it was the emergency phone because the ring had an urgent quality.

"I knew it," he said, rising. "An eight-hour honeymoon. Oh, well, lots of guys have been far less lucky."

She trailed him down the stairway, the color draining from her face. He had a good connection, and she could hear the voice at the other end, crisp and crackling.

"Commander, I hate myself for this. But *The Duchess* is up to her girdle in river mud."

Commander Blake spoke crisply too. "Wait for high tide, lieutenant. Tell the engine room to feed her a couple of vitamin pills. At full ahead she'll pull out."

"Yes, sir. I realize that. But in twelve hours it'll be low tide again, and we're scheduled for night patrol. When they dredged this basin they must have been thinking of Noah's ark of gopherwood."

Commander Blake glanced at his wrist watch. "O.K.," he said resignedly. "Send over a driver. I'll be ready in ten minutes. At high tide we'll move her out to the river channel."

"Aye, sir."

Ann, who had regained her color, asked curiously, "*The Duchess?*"

Commander Blake chuckled. "Couple of lines from an old English limerick, *Her rumblings abdominal, are simply abominable. The Duchess* is my—our can, our ship. Matter of fact, she's the only one we've got here right now. Others are being deployed. This has become a rough spot."

Again he glanced at his watch. "Got to change. I'll be home for lunch, darling. Late lunch."

Willis, driving a staff car, met them at the gate. He shook his head unhappily, but as he handed the morning newspaper to Ann he said cheerfully, "U.S. bombers blast bridge in Burma; Eisenhower to lead Allies in North Africa."

They—Commander Blake and Ann—were to learn that Willis made a habit of memorizing happy headlines. The bad ones he tried to forget.

As they drove away from Ann, Willis lost his happy front and said, "It ain't right, commander—breakin' up your honeymoon."

The commander glanced at him shrewdly. "Tell me, Willis. Did they have a rumble"—he gestured seaward—"early this morning?"

"Are you in any hurry for this?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Willis nodded. "Yes, sir. A Liberty ship and a tanker gone."

"Survivors?"

"Not many, sir. Coast Guard picked up a few floatin' in the wreckage. Sir, after you've checked in with your Exec, Captain Reynolds would like to see you in his office." Captain Reynolds was the base commander.

"Very good, Willis."

Captain Reynolds wore a double set of bags beneath his scorched eyeballs. His face was gray. But he greeted Commander Blake with great warmth and ordered steaming mugs of coffee. He was brutally frank.

"It's rough," he said wearily. "I can cover the whole situation here in one word—inadequacy. We were not prepared for this. Manpower is inadequate So's radar. We've got one ship—yours. One borrowed plane—a B-Twenty-four Liberator, the *Lady Be Good.* And she takes off for Bengasi in a week or two."

The captain stood up and looked seaward. "They've got three subs sitting on the bottom out there. Waiting—waiting like maritime vultures. The skippers are probably singing in their steins. Score thus far—three tankers, five Liberties and a minesweeper."

Captain Reynolds paused, then added bitterly, "Mayport—one of America's oldest fishing communities. So right. Fishing has been swell—for the other side."

For nearly two hours Captain Reynolds and Commander Blake studied Coast and Geodetic Survey maps chicken-tracked in red. They discussed strategy. They consumed mug after mug of coffee, but barely nibbled at the doughnuts which Willis provided.

"Men and matériel will be pouring in here within the next two weeks," Captain Reynolds said hoarsely. "Meanwhile, the port of Jacksonville is jammed. We've got to get some of that stuff across the drink—and the only way we can do it now is to sneak 'em out, one by one, on black nights."

On one of the maps Commander Blake traced a tentative route across shallow waters, north toward Fernandina. "No strain, no pain," he said. "I was born in Jacksonville, captain. Fished these waters for years." He grinned. "Maybe that's why they transferred me. We'll work it out somehow."

They shook hands warmly, and Captain Reynolds said, "Sorry to break up the honeymoon, Briny."

Commander Blake smiled. "Not a breakup, sir. Just a little interruption. Ann understands. She's real Navy."

But Navy life, Ann learned quickly, can be corrosive. During the next week she could see and actually feel the tensions building up in Briny Blake. His moods were as transient as Florida weather—about which Willis had commented, "If you don't like it, just wait a few minutes."

Normally—although nothing could remain normal for long—Willis drove Commander Blake home about nine o'clock each morning. Ann knew just about what to expect by glancing at the deepening lines in Briny's face as he walked up the steps.

Willis always walked up to the door with the commander and handed Ann the morning paper. Invariably he quoted happy headlines.

"Japs on Guadalcanal trapped by Americans in flanking movement," Willis would say, beaming. "President Roosevelt promises blows at Tokyo. Mr. Gandhi—he not doing so well. That man better start eatin' again."

Some mornings Briny would be greasy, grimy, utterly (*Continued on Page 83*)

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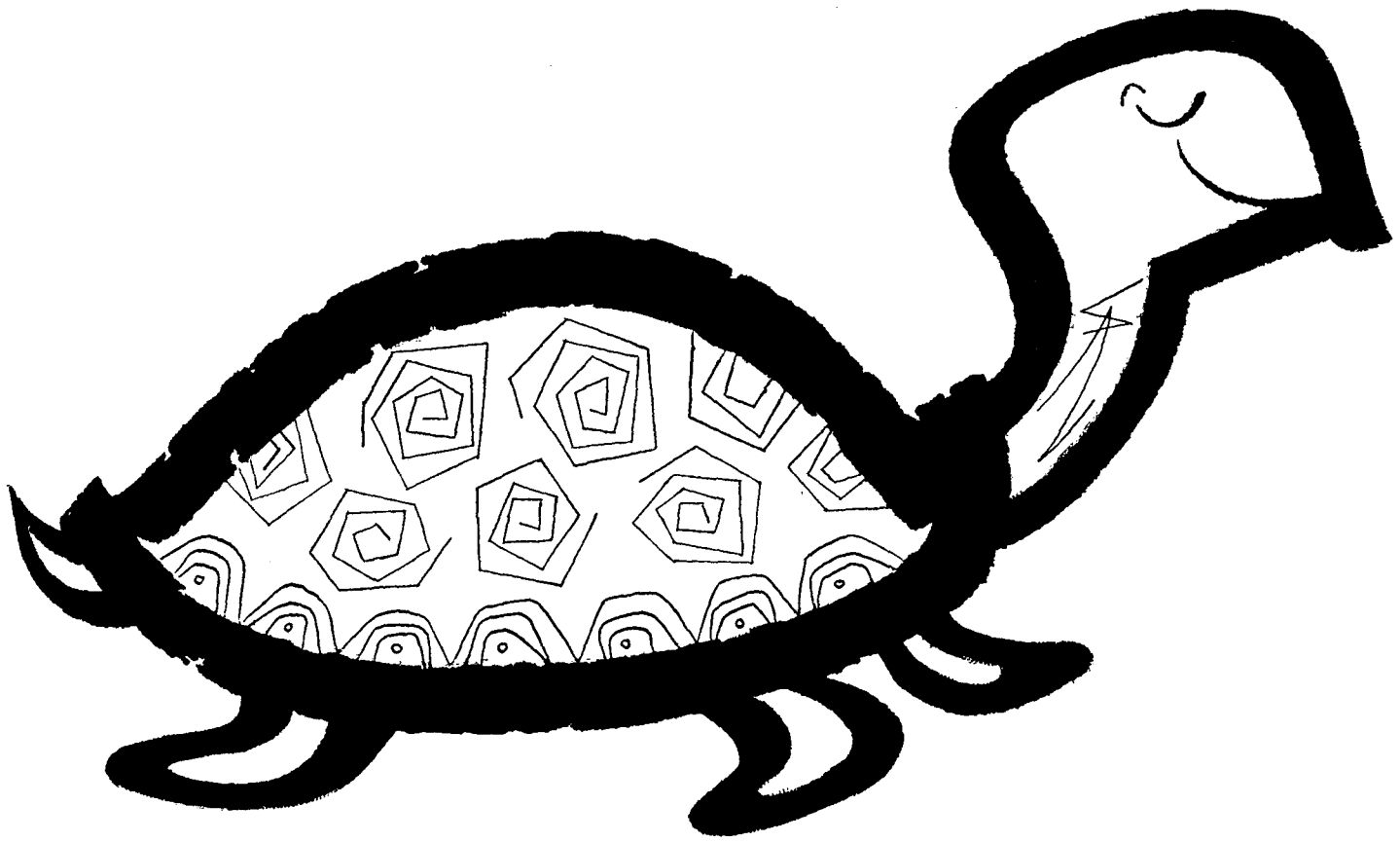

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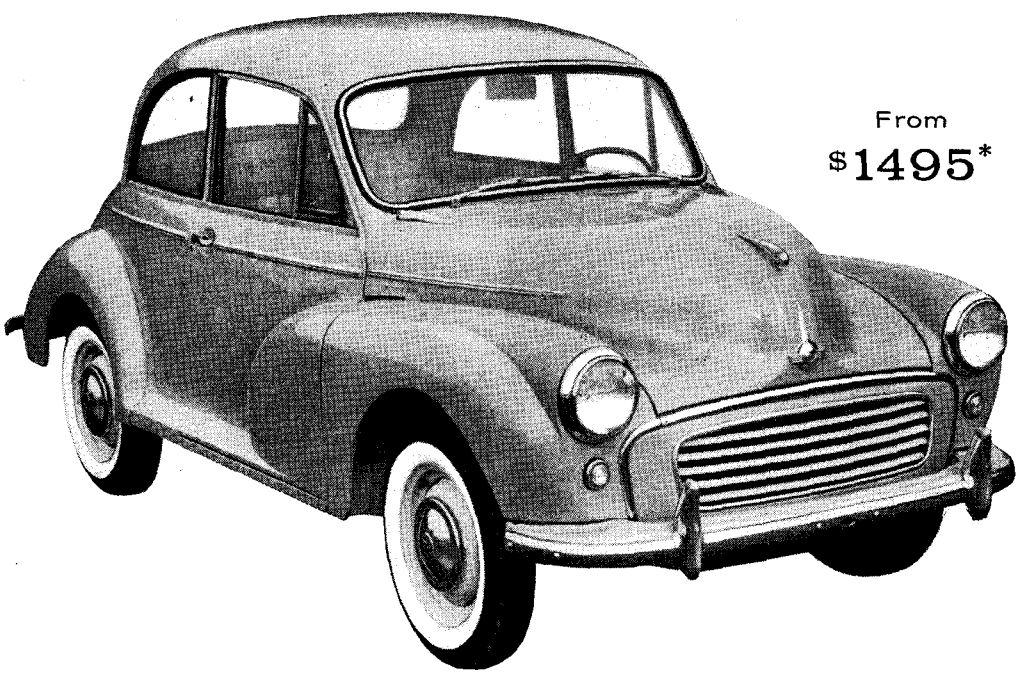

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(*Continued from Page 80*) worn out and terribly dejected, and the odor of burned powder would be on his clothes. Once in a while he would appear excited and even elated. He rarely talked about his missions, but on one of these happier mornings he raised his right hand and gave the *V*-for-Victory gesture.

"Snuck three of 'em past the ba—bandits this morning," he said enthusiastically. "If only this cloud bank sticks around."

Routinely, upon arriving home, the commander would shower, shave and don khaki shorts. They usually ate breakfast on the balcony, and it was a blessed hour that Ann lived for—day by day.

By night she maintained vigil on her "bride's balcony," staring out into a gray-black nothingness until her eyes refused to function. On three occasions she saw what resembled bolts of red and yellow lightning tear out of the ocean. She learned to brace herself for the rumblings and the wind which rattled doors and windows. On those nights she couldn't sleep at all.

Nearly every evening Willis would drop in. He would brew a pot of coffee and serve it on the balcony. She sensed his motive—protection from lonesomeness, from dread—and his presence was comforting even though they exchanged few words.

"Miz Blake," Willis said one evening, "things are livenin' up aplenty at the base. Why don't you come on over to the officers' club and meet some o' the other wives?"

Without taking her eyes off the ocean she said quietly, "Thank you, Willis. But when I'm here on the balcony I—I sort of feel as though I'm with him on the bridge. And I want to be with him, every hour, every minute, every second. You do understand, don't you?"

He nodded, but he looked worried. "Reckon I do. I jest don't like all this aloneness you got."

One jubilant morning Briny hugged her tightly, kissed her warmly and said, "Tonight we go ape. Got a night off. Dinner at the Andrew Jackson Hotel. There's a good show in town—Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca*."

She returned the hug and the kiss, but looked bewildered.

"We scratched one bandit this morning, darling. Two to go." After breakfast, which was the happiest one of all, he asked her, "Do you know what 'classified' means?—Navy classified?"

She started to answer but hesitated.

"Well, you know what 'top secret' means. Follow me."

They strolled down the beach opposite the little house. The beach was strewn with debris—oil-soaked life rafts, battered black drums, gobs of tar, planks and splinters. They reached what appeared to be a newly installed bulkhead which, at low tide, was barely lapped by the waves.

"You're determined to be a night watchdog," Commander Blake said, smiling. "So we're going to put you to work—but not on the payroll. Captain Reynolds says positively no nepotism. Here, look at this."

Artfully and securely concealed behind a portion of the bulkhead, several feet above high-water mark, was a master switch.

"Should I," Commander Blake said, "take time out some night to wink at you—three times—toddle on down here and pull this switch. It pulls down—like this." He demonstrated without touching the handle. "You'll brighten our spirits considerably."

She studied his face. "Wink at me?" she asked, bewildered.

He gestured toward the ocean. "From way out there. A large, yellowish-white wink—three times. Pull the switch and then get back to the house, quick like a bunny."

"Aye, sir," Ann said, saluting.

He rumpled her hair and then he picked her up, carried her into the surf and dropped her. The water felt good, and they rollicked for fifteen minutes, got themselves hopelessly smeared with tar and spent the next two hours rubbing each other with spirits of turpentine.

The night of February 23, 1943, will ever be remembered by veteran residents of the Jacksonville beaches. Ominously, at dusk, a heavy gray-black bank of sea fog crept inland. An evil, sulphurous odor hung in the bank. It made skins itch, and eyes water, and some even became ill from the fumes.

Shortly after midnight a thunderous "boom" shook the coast. An unoccupied brick house atop the dunes at Atlantic Beach disintegrated. Hurricane-force drafts whipped in from the ocean, smashing plate-glass windows, ripping roofs apart and toppling flagpoles. More "booms" were heard and, as the earth quivered and gaping fissures appeared in the sea walls at Atlantic, Neptune and Jacksonville beaches, local police and the sheriff's office were deluged with frantic calls. Then the power failed and A.R.P. wardens forsook their blackout beats.

At twenty-four hundred—a few minutes before the big "boom"—Willis Reed was in the temporary radio-radar shack

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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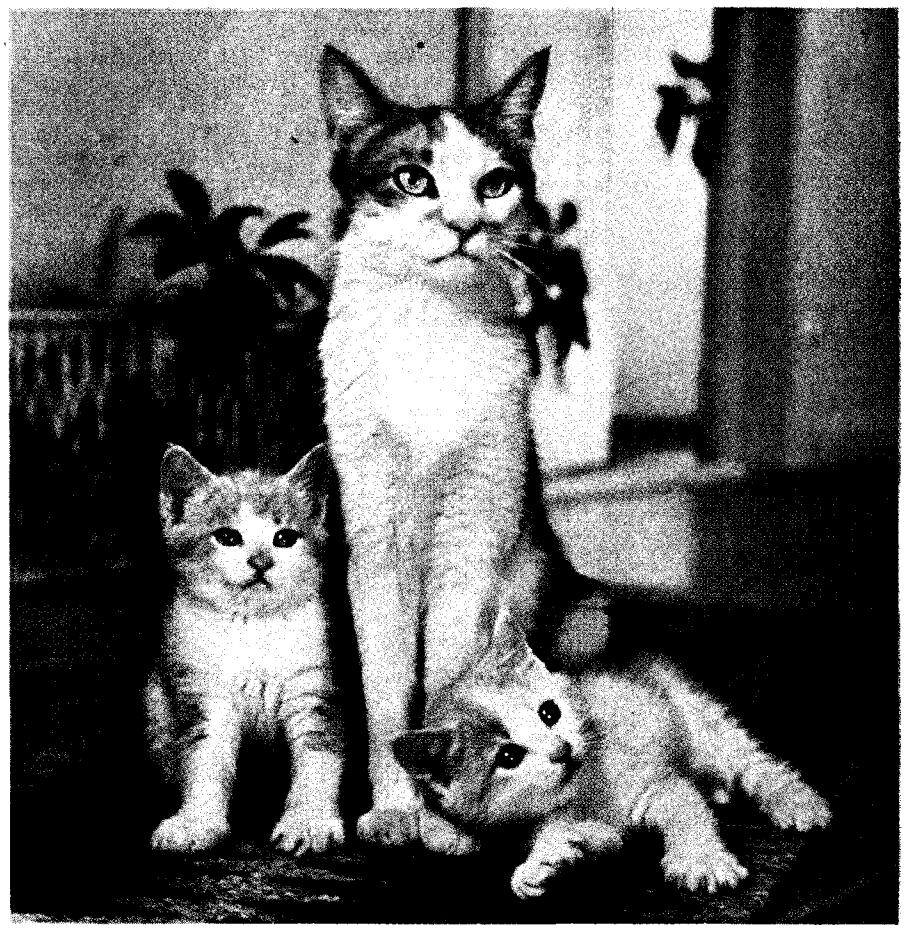

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TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY

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Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Illinois

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at Mayport Base, watching a screen and listening to terse, static-punctured reports from *The Duchess.*

A voice said, "Slow propeller noises on bearing two-two-five and diminishing."

Then came Commander Blake's crisp order. "Full speed ahead. Make ready. Five... four... three... two... one... zero!"

Minutes passed. Then Briny Blake said grimly, "We've scratched bandit Number Two. But the third sub is bearing down on *Little Nell.*"

Little Nell was a munitions ship, outward bound. There was more deadly silence. Then came the voice of Commander Blake saying chokingly, "There goes *Little Nell.*"

Then another voice, "Bandit Three has surfaced, sir. Heading for the Mayport jetties."

Commander Blake then spoke, "This is *Duchess* calling M-B. We're chasing bandit Number Three into shallow waters. Alert *Lady Be Good.* Our position is ——"

The concussion from the exploding munitions ship shattered windows in the radio shack. The radar screen toppled, crashed. Reams of paper swirled around the room and out the windows. The radioman, working frantically, occasionally picked up Commander Blake's voice—"Right full rudder, now hard left; full ahead!"

Willis ran madly out of the radioshack, hopped into a staff car and tore away from the base. Five minutes later he reached the little brown house and raced up the stairs to the balcony.

A portion of his tape-recorded interview with Captain Reynolds goes like this: *Captain Reynolds speaks:* "About what time did you reach Commander Blake's home, Willis?"

"It were pretty close to half past twelve, sir."

"And was Mrs. Blake on the balcony?"

"Yes, sir. She jest standin', lookin' out to sea, white as a ghost. She say to me, 'Willis, I feel all hollow inside. Briny's in trouble.' She was shakin' so hard I could feel the floor tremble."

"Describe weather conditions, Willis."

"Funny thing, Captain Reynolds. When *Little Nell* blew up, that big boom must o' cleared the air. Fog was driftin' away. We could see a fire way out in the ocean."

"What else did you see, Willis?"

"Captain, plain as day I seen three slow yellow blinks—or winks—maybe three, four mile offshore."

"Yes, Willis."

"Miz Blake say, 'That Briny. He's winkin' at me.'"

"And then, Willis?"

"A big orange flash, captain. Torpedo, I reckon. An' for maybe two seconds—could o' been three—we seen *The Duchess* with her bow high up an' her bridge all tore up, sinkin' fast."

Captain Reynolds speaks hoarsely: "Go on, Willis."

"Miz Blake she run down the stairs sobbin'. She almost fell out the front door. I yell, 'Miz Blake, Miz Blake—you come back here. You stay off that beach, you hear?'"

"She didn't listen to you?"

"She paid me no mind at all, sir. She run down to the bulkhead. I run after her. She yank at somethin'—I don't know jest what. Then they's a splutterin' an' a roarin' back in the dunes, an' these fireworks go off. Must of been dozens of 'em—straight up, then out. They explode, and parachutes come out. Then it's brighter'n high noon on the beach."

"And after the flares ignited, then what, Willis?"

"Oh, Lord, captain! We could see the sub. Only two, three hundred yards offshore. Long and black—like somethin' jest crawled out o' hell. I yell, 'Miz Blake! Please come back here!' But she jest stood there shakin' her fists at that submarine. Then I see these flyin' white pokers comin' across the water. Miz Blake she make a little moan, an' I see her crumple like a busted paper sack."

"Did you run then, Willis?"

"Yes, I run toward her, sir. One of those flyin' white pokers hit me in the shoulder. Jest as I fell down, I see the plane—the *Lady Be Good.* Then *whoosh!—bloom!* The submarine bust like one of them explodin' cigars. That's just all I remember till I wake up in sick bay. Captain, how's Miz Blake an' the commander?"

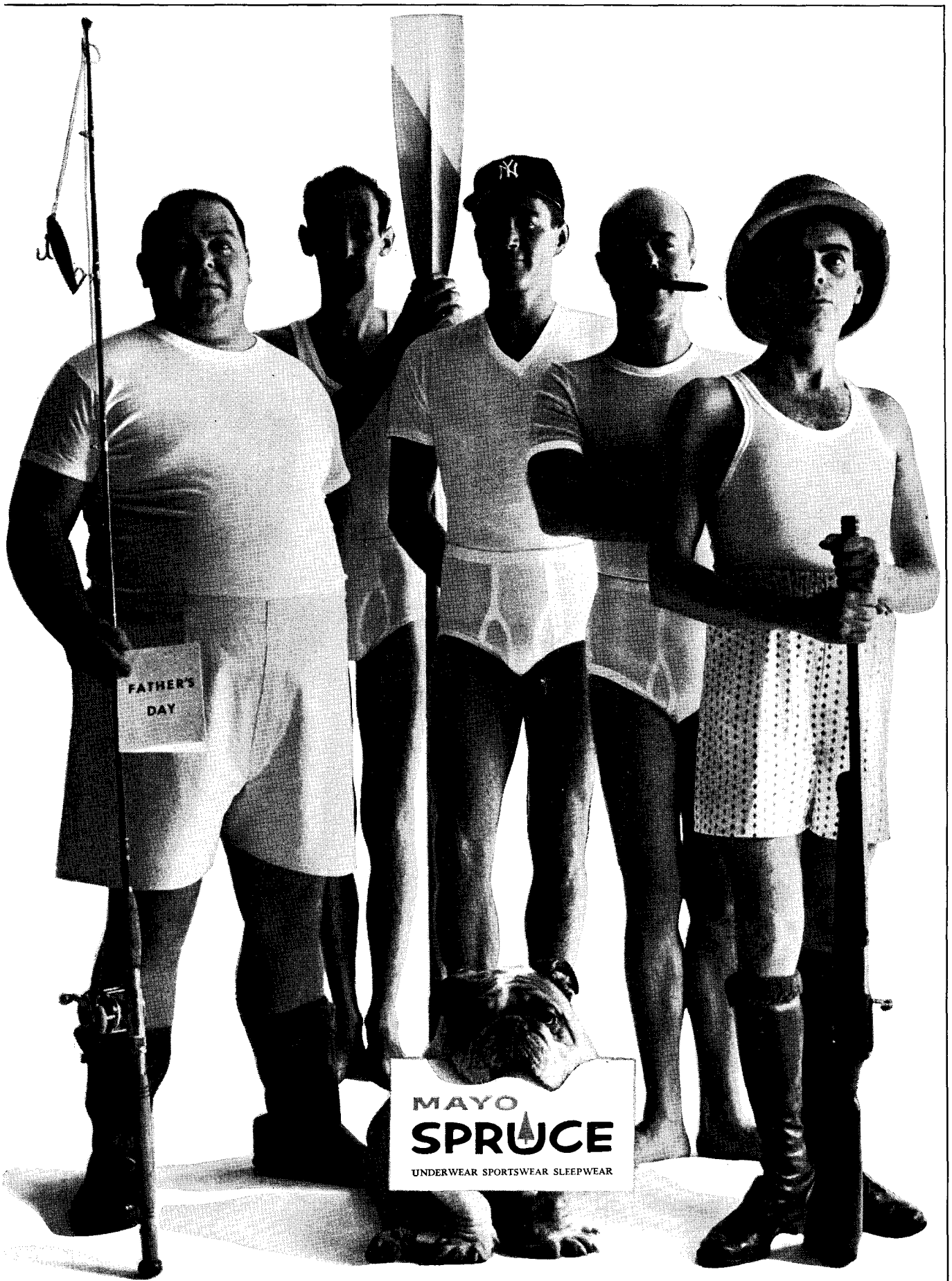
Captain Reynolds then says gruffly: "They—I have every reason to believe they're together, Willis. But no longer with us."

Scuttlebutt now reports that dedication ceremonies will be held at the little brown house on December 7, 1960. Chief Monty Bryant of Public Information will neither confirm this nor deny it at this point.

But on a metal filing cabinet beside his desk in the public-information office is a small bronze plaque, neatly and simply inscribed:

TO ANN AND BRINY BLAKE
WHO WERE IN LOVE
AND TO ALL THE OTHER
ANNS AND BRINYS
OF
THE UNITED STATES NAVY

THE END



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Is Baseball Comedy Dead?

(Continued from Page 49)

"I'm used to having pitchers get me out. I just don't want one of them to kill me. Duren likes me, though. All the pitchers do. When they get into town, they phone up and ask how I am. They want to be sure I'm well enough to play. They offer to stop by and take me out to the ball park."

In actual fact, Bridges invariably shows up at the park hours before game time. Underneath that light manner he is a fellow with a tremendous zest for baseball. If asked why he goes out so early, however, he'll say something like, "It's easier to spit on the floor in the clubhouse than in your hotel room or living room. My wife is funny about those things."

Rocky's roommate at Detroit, third baseman Eddie Yost, generally accompanies him to the park. "I don't know why Yost comes out so early," Bridges says. "He's better established than I am. Maybe he wants to practice taking pitches in front of the clubhouse mirror." (Yost always is an American League leader in drawing bases on balls.) "He really bears down on that stuff. Why, he even takes pitches in pepper games."

In his ability to find humor in baseball, Bridges is by no means an isolated case. Even on the New York Yankees, the club which did more than any other to foster the concept of the no-nonsense, businessman ballplayer, manager Casey Stengel isn't the only one to make jokes. The Yankees have other blithe spirits, including Whitey Ford, the talented southpaw pitcher, who once named a pet dog Casey.

Ford is at his most relaxed during the early stages of spring training. When his pal Mickey Mantle was holding out for more money last March—and getting widely quoted on the subject in the newspapers—Whitey sent Mickey a telegram based on the pretense that the Yankees were trying to unload Mantle. Ford wired,

STOP TALKING TO REPORTERS. YOU'RE LOUSING UP OUR DEAL FOR ALBIE PEARSON.

One morning at Miller Huggins Field in St. Petersburg this year Manager Stengel held a base-running drill in which the object was to make the sharpest possible turn around first base. One by one, runners took off from home plate and rounded the bag, with Stengel standing nearby to see how closely they cut the corner.

Ford wasn't supposed to take part in this exercise, but he slipped into the line of players. When his chance came, he jogged down to first and then took an exaggeratedly wide arc that carried him out to the grass. "Is that the way to do it, Casey?" he called. Stengel just stared at him speechlessly.

Another morning, Yogi Berra was getting a special workout at third base. A coach hit grounders to him, and Yogi kept scooping the ball up and tossing it over to Bill Skowron at first.

Ford came along and launched into a running line of chatter. "Come on, Yog, let's see you gun it! You throw like you think every hitter is Sherman Lollar"—one of the league's slowest runners. "Next time pretend the hitter is Aparicio." Berra threw again. "Uh-oh. I guess when Aparicio hits down there, you'd better throw the ball to second, huh, Yogi?"

Whitey Ford has a mischievous gleam in his eye, as your grandmother might have phrased it, and his penchant for comedy comes as no great surprise to anybody. However, some other baseball wits are the very fellows who outwardly appear stolid and humorless.

Dodger veteran Gil Hodges, an undemonstrative and poker-faced ballplayer, is quite a deadpan kidder. Several years ago the team happened to be making a plane trip at dinnertime on a Friday. Steak was the main course, but Hodges, a Catholic, confined himself to the vegetables and salad.

Road secretary Harold Parrott—now the club's ticket manager—said to him, "Why, Gil, it's all right for you to eat meat when you're traveling in line of duty and nothing else is being served."

Hodges appeared to ponder this. "How high up are we?" he asked.

"Oh, about twenty-five thousand feet."

"Too close to headquarters," Gil said, turning back to his salad.

• •

Tantrum

By Ethel Jacobson

Bursting with portent
Old Thunderhead bulks
On the mountain's
shoulders.
It scowls and sulks
While murky sulphurous
Rays illume
Its monstrous wrath,
Its Gargantuan gloom.
It glowers and threatens
To black the skies out,
Then flings itself down
And bawls its eyes out.

Hodges' manager, Walter Alston, seemed the most inarticulate of men when he first took over the Dodgers half a dozen years ago. Now that he has acquired more poise and assurance, Alston on occasion displays an unexpected verbal deftness.

A year ago, when Alston was still being second-guessed over the Dodgers' disappointing seventh-place finish of 1958, he addressed 800 members of the Greater Los Angeles Traffic Club. Questions came thick and fast from the floor.

After an hour or so of grilling on why he did this and didn't do that, Alston said, "Now, I want to ask you a question. Supposing the score is nothing-nothing in the ninth inning, and Demeter singles with nobody out. Hodges, Repulski and Pignatano are coming up next. How many of you would play safe and let Hodges bunt?"

About a third of the group raised their hands.

"How many of you," continued Alston "would try to advance the man and avoid the double play by calling a hit and run?"

Another third raised their hands.

"How many of you would let Hodges hit away for the screen?"

The remaining third of the hands went up.

"Now do you see what managing is like?" said Alston. "No matter what I do, I'm in wrong with two-thirds of you!"

In times gone by, certain ball clubs became famous for their collections of zany individuals—the swashbuckling Gashouse Gang of St. Louis in the 1930's, the hapless old Brooklyn Dodgers, who, under Uncle Wilbert Robinson in the 1920's and Casey Stengel in the 1930's, developed a long-lasting reputation as the Daffiness Boys. There is at least one present-day team that could come close to matching

(Continued on Page 88)

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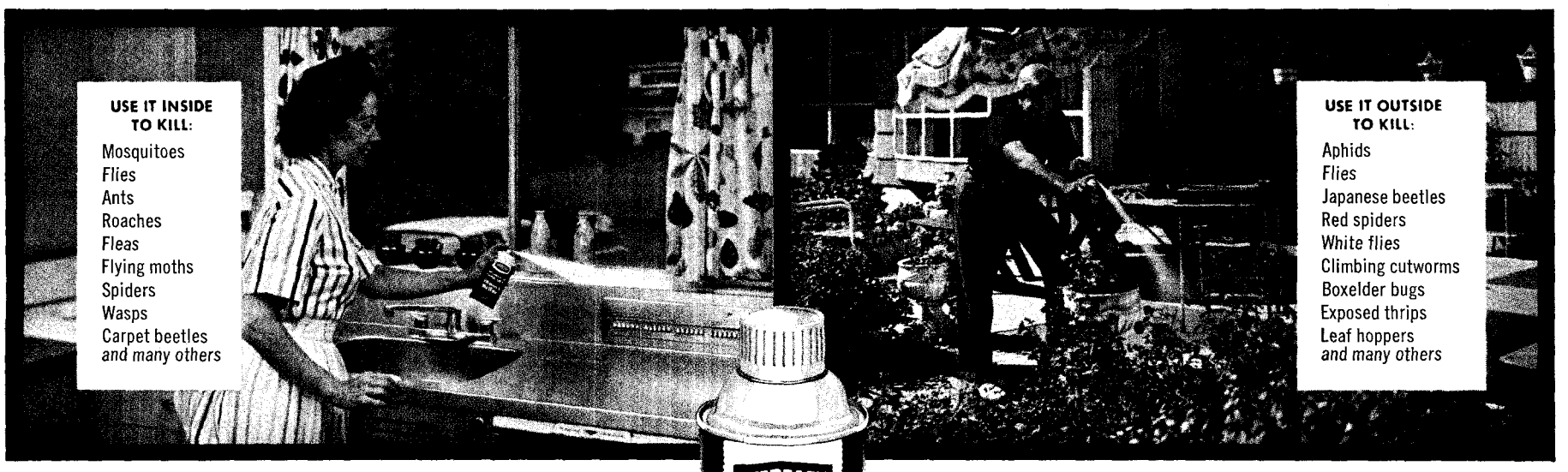

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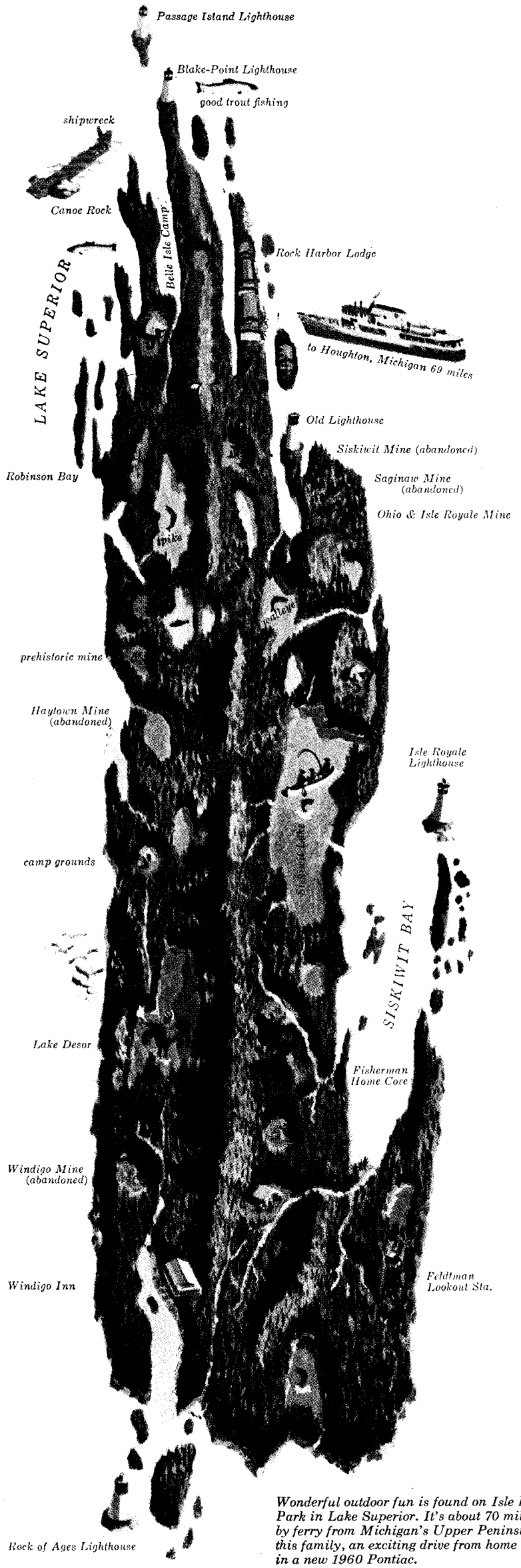
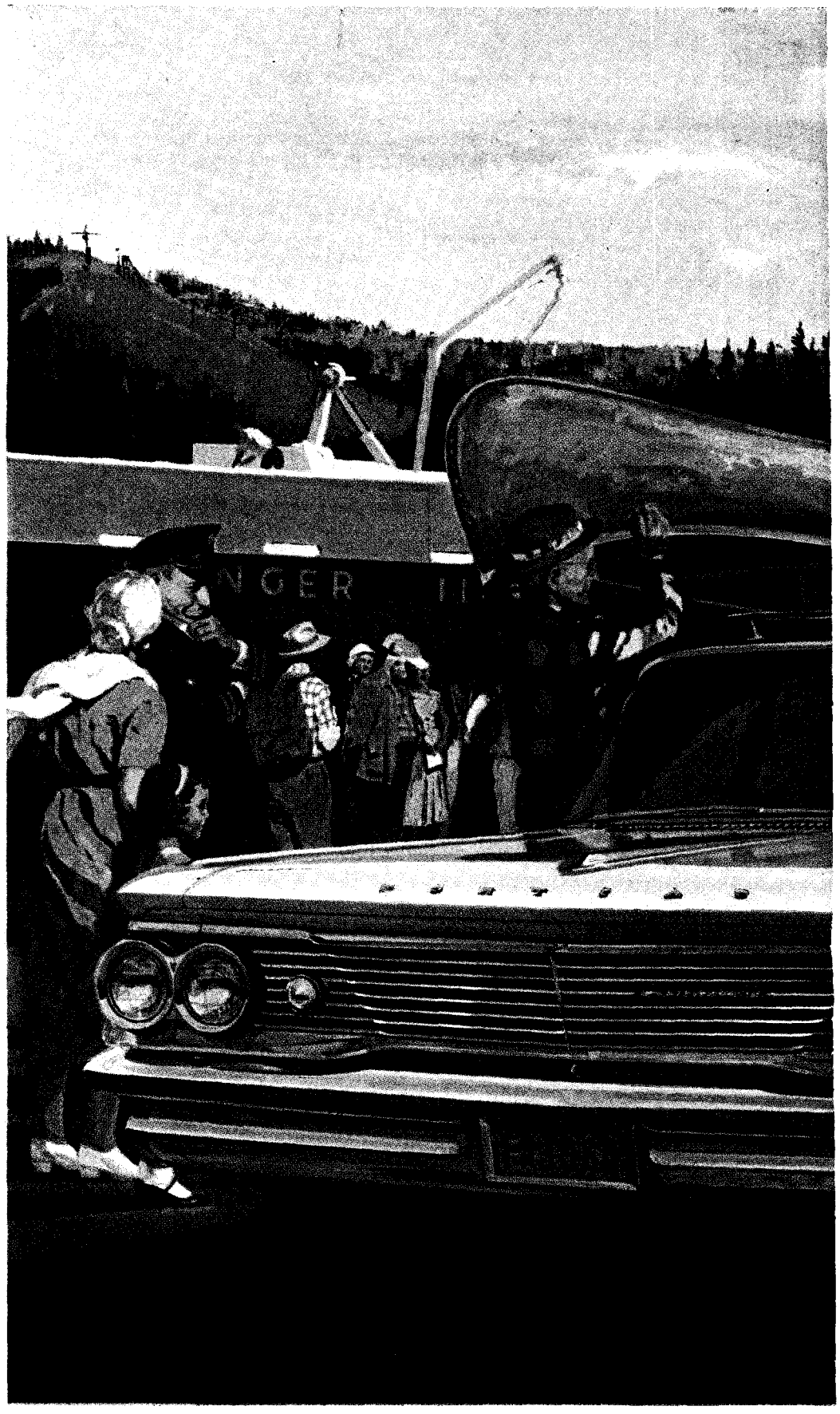


Wonderful outdoor fun is found on Isle Royale National Park in Lake Superior. It's about 70 miles by ferry from Michigan's Upper Peninsula—plus, for this family, an exciting drive from home in a new 1960 Pontiac.



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A new car is sheer excitement on wheels—a nice new break from the old routine—even sitting in the driveway it does something for you. All the '60 models will liven your life—though, frankly, we feel our own GM cars for '60 offer more zest than the rest.

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What a thrilling trip—in a new 1960 Pontiac Bonneville Custom Safari.

NEW CAR TO PUT NEW ZEST IN THE LIFE YOU LEAD

About this word "zest"—the dictionary says . . . keen enjoyment . . . exciting quality. In terms of a family with a new car, it means, "What are we waiting for? Let's see all those places we've read about, heard about, talked about!"

Now is the time to include a new car in your vacation planning. There are so many outstanding features in the GM line of fine cars that will add zest to your summer vacation—and for a long time to come. The comfort of roomy Bodies by Fisher, the security of Safety *Plate* Glass in every window, the safety of advanced new suspension systems—they're all ready to help make this the greatest summer you've ever seen for family fun and easy traveling!

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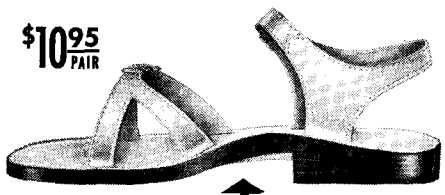

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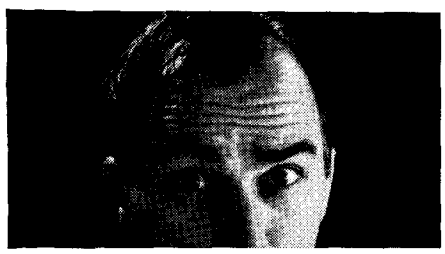

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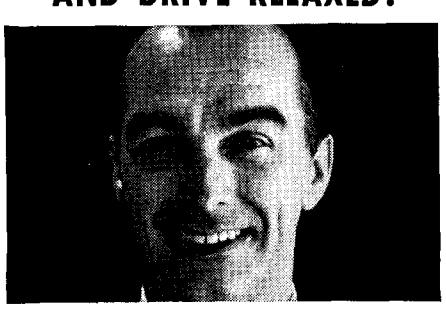


ASK THE MAN WHO DOES YOUR BRAKE WORK

BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION SOUTH BEND IND.

(*Continued from Page 85*) oddballs with any of them, yet somehow has never attracted the same kind of attention. This is the Cincinnati Reds.

The Reds today feature such piquant personalities as catcher Ed Bailey, who rushes in where angels fear to tread, needling everybody from his bosses to opposing long-ball hitters; and infielder Eddie Kasko, who originally won his cap and bells as a jester in St. Louis, where he is best remembered for taking over the public-address system on a plane and impersonating the pilot.

Cincinnati also has acquired third baseman Willie Jones, drollest survivor of the 1950 Philadelphia Whiz Kids. Among other things, Willie is a chronic sufferer from foot trouble. Asked a while ago whether his feet were bothering him much, Willie replied, "Only when they touch the ground."

These men have had some distinctive predecessors at Cincinnati during the past decade. Rocky Bridges started a four-year hitch there in 1953 after being traded away by the Dodgers. His comment on the deal was, "It'd be all right, except that I can't spell Cincinnati." Then there was Frank Smith, an often effective and always uninhibited relief pitcher who once put on a convincing pretense of hanging himself in the clubhouse after getting shelled from the box.

The most amusing recent Redleg—in the opinion of some authorities—was pitcher Art Fowler, who toiled for Cincinnati from 1954 to 1957 and got back in the league for a time last year with Los Angeles. Fowler is a twangy-voiced South Carolinian with a gift for picturesque phrasing. Of Phillies' pitcher Saul Rogovin, who threw a tantalizing assortment of soft stuff, Fowler once observed, "You could catch him with a pair of pliers."

Art never could really reconcile himself to the running that pitchers are required to do for conditioning purposes. "If running was so important," he complained, "Jesse Owens would have been a twenty-game winner."

Once Fowler nearly got in a fight with a burly heckler in a taproom. A couple of teammates moved in and averted trouble. Afterward they told Art he was lucky they'd been around, because the big fellow would have taken him apart.

"Shucks," Fowler drawled, "size don't make no difference. I've seen a little ole honeybee chase a thousand-pound bull all over a pasture."

Fowler didn't know how to drive an automobile when he came up to the majors. Eventually he learned; and at the end of the 1955 season he bought himself a used car of 1952 vintage. "When I get home with this," he said, "folks will think I've struck it as rich as Dizzy Dean. They haven't even seen the 1951 models yet."

Cincinnati may have had more than its share of comedians lately, but it has no monopoly on them. At St. Louis, for instance, although the old Gashouse Gang has long since departed, the Cardinals still have fellows who keep monotony from setting in. One is the extroverted catcher, Hal Smith, who composes whimsical country-style songs in collaboration with his nonball-playing brother Ronald. Two of their numbers have been recorded commercially by a Texas firm—*Thirty Yards of Petticoat and a Nickel's Worth of Gum* and *Sittin', Spittin' and Whittlin'*.

Some of their unpublished works have even more fascinating labels, such as, *Churnful of Chit'lin's and a Bellyful of You*. Then there is a title for which, at last report, they had not yet contrived words and music—*Give Me a Home Where the Buffalo Roam, and I'll Show You a Messy House.*

Lanky St. Louis pitcher Wilmer Mizell, from Vinegar Bend, Alabama, can dispense a pretty good brand of rustic humor, especially when he is fed lines by an expert like Joe Garagiola, the former catcher, who is now on the Cardinals' broadcasting team.

"Is it true that in Vinegar Bend the electricity goes dim when somebody plugs in an electric razor?" Garagiola may sing out.

"Don't know," Mizell responds. "There's nobody in town that has an electric razor."

And again, "What's the population of Vinegar Bend?"

"It's either 117 or 119. Two people went off in the woods a couple of months ago, and we don't know yet whether they're coming back."

Garagiola himself is perhaps the most polished humorist on the baseball scene today. He was a good-enough catcher to stay in the National League for nine years, but many people give him a higher rating in his present role as a sportscaster and banquet speaker. In addition, Joe branched out recently as the author of an entertaining new book, *Baseball Is a Funny Game.*

A fast man with an ad lib—he once cooled off a drunken heckler at a banquet by remarking, "There's a guy who thinks the Pope's phone number is Vat 69"—Garagiola also has perfected a variety of set routines. One staple topic is Stan Musial and his money. Garagiola has got his greatest mileage, however, out of Yogi Berra, with whom he grew up in an Italian section in St. Louis. Joe has contributed a great deal to the Berra legend. Many of the stories, he cheerfully admits, he made up.

"I was riding with Yogi in his air-conditioned Cadillac on a broiling day last summer," Garagiola will relate. "I asked him why he didn't turn the air-conditioning on. He said, 'It's too hot to roll up the windows.'

"Yogi is quite a guy. In St. Louis he and I used to be in a sports program for juvenile delinquents. We were the juvenile delinquents. Our baseball instructor had just two signals for the hitters. One meant, 'Hit the ball as hard as possible after the pitcher releases it.' The other was, 'Bunt, unless you see them creeping in on you. Then hit the ball as hard as you can.'

"One day we were one run behind, and Yogi came up with a man on third. The bunt sign went on, but Yogi hit the ball over the wall instead. When he came back to the bench, the instructor asked him, 'Didn't you get the sign to bunt?'

"Yogi said, 'Yes, but they were creeping in on me.'

"'Creeping in on you?'

"'Yes. The center fielder was moving in. Didn't you see him?'"

Garagiola is not, of course, the only ex-ballplayer to excel as a banquet speaker. Lefty Gomez, the 1931–42 Yankee pitching star, addresses a lot of dinner audiences—and also makes frequent visits to the baseball clubhouses as a representative of the Wilson Sporting Goods Company. So does Lefty's immediate superior in the company, Rip Collins, the first baseman of the Gashouse Gang.

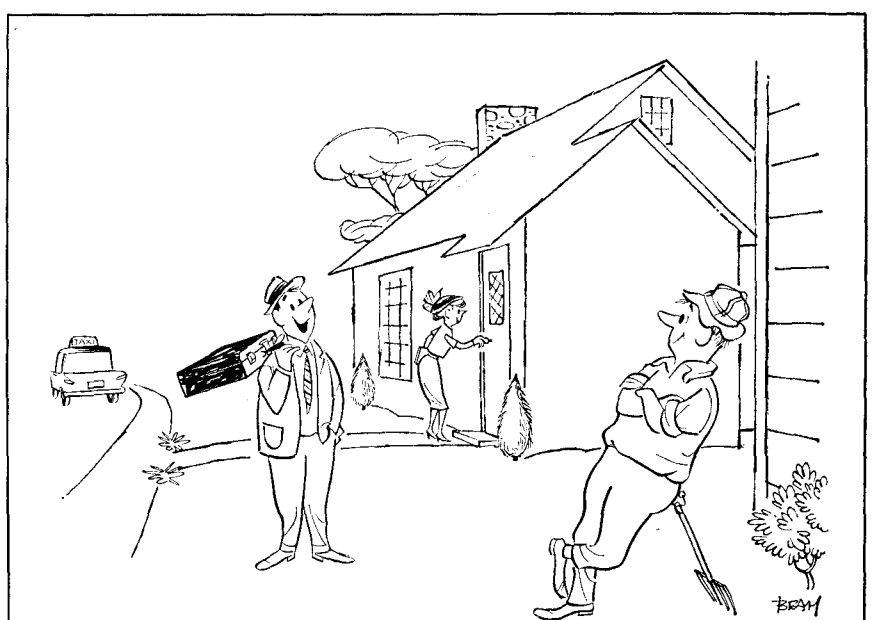
Some of the other alumni of the Gang are headliners on the speaking circuit—Dizzy Dean, who broadcasts ball games over CBS-TV, and Frank Frisch, a Mutual sportscaster and an author of magazine articles.

Still actively engaged in major-league baseball are long-established raconteurs like Charlie Grimm, noted for his German-dialect stories, and the Yankees' Casey Stengel, whose tales are virtually unclassifiable. Although Stengel often rambles to the point where only a stenographer or a tape recorder could keep up with him, he can deliver pithy one-sentence pronouncements too. At the Yankee training camp in 1956 he was asked to comment on the fact that an automobile accident involving pitcher Don Larsen had taken place at five o'clock in the morning. Stengel responded, "Either he goes to bed very late, or he gets up very early—I'm not sure which."

Another veteran manager with a knack for drawing laughs is Jimmy Dykes, who was put on the spot at Detroit last month by a lengthy losing streak. Dykes has had his ups and downs over the years, but he has always been able to see the amusing side—at least in retrospect—of his most painful experiences.

Regarding his frustrating one-year managerial term at Baltimore in 1954 when the city first acquired its American League franchise, Dykes says, "They had a parade for us when we arrived in town, and that was the last chance they had to cheer for us all season.

"We had Bob Turley that year. He didn't have much control in those days. One time in Chicago he was pitching to Cass Michaels with the bases full. His pitches looked pretty good to our catcher, Ray Murray, (*Continued on Page 90*)



"Toured all over Europe with just one suitcase.
It was full of traveler's checks, of course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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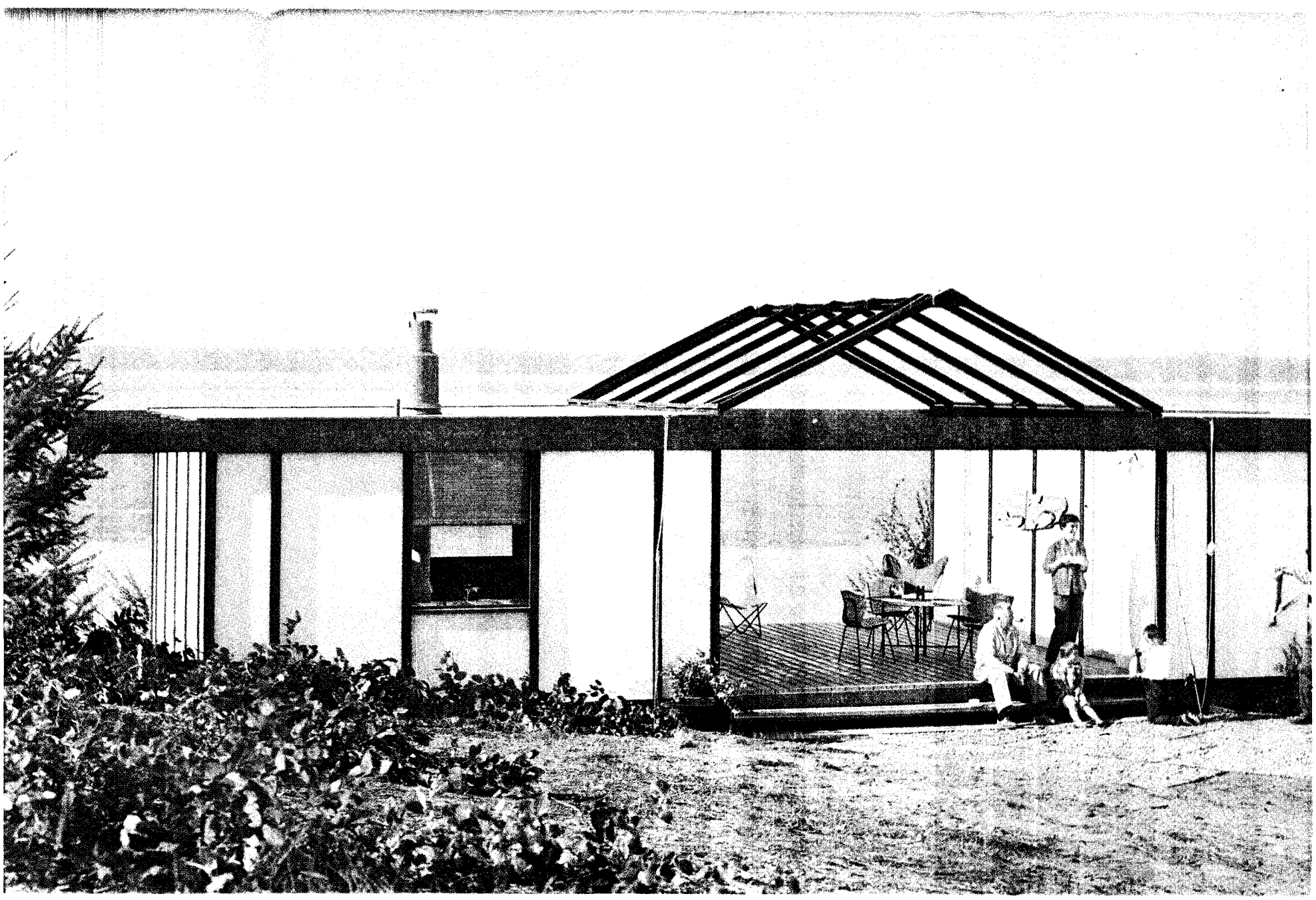

(*Continued from Page 88*) but Ed Hurley, the umpire, kept calling them balls. When Hurley got to ball four, Murray started to scream and rave. I wanted to keep Murray in the game if I could, so I rushed out of the dugout. I was too late. By the time I got there, Murray was down on his knees in a praying position, and I could hear him saying over and over again, 'Oh, Lord, please show this blind so-and-so where the strike zone is!'"

There are baseball men like Dykes who have cultivated their natural wit, and there are others who are just naturals, period. Jungle Jim Rivera, the Chicago White Sox outfielder, is forever turning up in the clubhouse with comic hats and other novelty-shop paraphernalia, or giving what he calls "the Jim Rivera touch" to the latest dance steps.

Some players stimulate merriment without even trying to, as the Pirates' Dick Stuart does when he expounds upon the hitting resemblances between himself and Babe Ruth. In somewhat the same category is Zoilo Versalles, a shortstop aspirant with the Washington Senators last spring. Versalles wound up being optioned out to the Senators' top farm club in Charleston, West Virginia. This nineteen-year-old Cuban, who frequently refers to himself by his nickname of Zorro, believes with disarming sincerity that he is the most gifted shortstop who was ever born.

Among the first writers to interview Versalles at the Senators' camp in Orlando this year was Joe Reichler of the Associated Press. "I understand you think you're a pretty good shortstop," Reichler began.

"I better than any shortstop except one. Thees is Aparicio. But Zorro is as good as he is, I theenk. I field as good. Aparicio have good arm, but Zorro have rifle. I better hitter, because I have more power. I faster. I run like hell. Please believe me, *señor*."

"Do you really think that at nineteen you're better than all the other major-league shortstops?"

"Look, *señor*, other shortstops too old. There two classes. Aparicio and me, we are in one class, and other shortstops are in other. Next year Zorro be in class by himself, I theenk."

So the conversation went. Not long afterward, incidentally, Versalles disappeared from Orlando for several days. There were rumors that he had jumped camp. What actually happened was this. Zorro went to manager Cookie Lavagetto and told him that he had no changes of clothing because he had been obliged to hock his wardrobe. He asked for a cash advance to bail out his clothes.

> The only thing that makes more noise than a neighbor mowing his lawn on Sunday morning is a wife making him do it.
>
> D. O. FLYNN

Lavagetto sympathetically arranged this. "But," said Cookie later, "how was I to know that the hock shop was in Havana?"

Washington has some accomplished jokesters among its established personnel. Pitcher Russ Kemmerer excels at vocal mimicry. Over the telephone he once posed as the proprietor of a hi-fi shop and persuaded the wife of home-run hitter Harmon Killebrew that he was going to present her with some new sound equipment. "You get forty loud-speakers," he enthused, "and they keep playing the same sound all over the house—the sound of ball meeting bat!"

In Ellis Clary, a coach, the Senators have a noted storyteller of the homespun variety. Early Wynn, the veteran Chicago White Sox right-hander, is another of this breed. So is Luke Appling, a Detroit coach this year, who was one of the game's better hitters during a White Sox career that stretched from 1930 to 1950.

Detroit also has Charley Maxwell, the slugging outfielder from Paw Paw, Michigan. When he became a father for the first time, Charley announced, "Now I'm a Paw Paw paw." Once in discussing his home town he remarked, "We have a triweekly paper."

"What do you mean by a triweekly paper?" somebody asked.

"I mean the editor tries to bring it out every week," Maxwell said.

Well, the foregoing has simply been a representative sampling of humor on the modern baseball scene. Every club in the majors has its fun-loving types, and some clubs have not been covered at all in this report.

In any event, no amount of printed testimony would convince some of the baseball men of other generations that things are what they used to be. Take Paul (Dizzy) Trout, now a publicity drum beater for Bill Veeck's White Sox. Renowned both as a screwball and as a pitcher at Detroit, Trout served in the American League comparatively recently—1939–52—but he says, "There aren't as many humorous ballplayers today. There aren't as many colorful ballplayers. Kids these days don't have any chance to develop color. The first thing they tell a kid when he comes up to the majors is, 'Get serious.'

"When I was trying to break in at Detroit, the manager was Mickey Cochrane. He was very serious. I might have made the club as early as 1937, but on the last day of spring training in Lakeland I borrowed a motorcycle, took it out to the ball park and drove it around the outfield three times. Then I rode in and said to Cochrane, 'How am I doing?'

"'You're doing fine,' he barked. 'Just stay on that thing and head north to Toledo, because that's where you'll be pitching opening day.'"

As Diz says, you don't see such spectacular goofery any more, but then it wasn't exactly commonplace in his own era.

Baseball still offers a goodly supply of comedy—as has also been said—and there is considerably more of it than appears on the surface.

For example, no casual observer would look for humor from big Fred Hutchinson, the Cincinnati manager. Hutch is a solemn, stern-faced fellow and not given to airy patter. However, he has an underlying sense of the comic. A recent illustration is a Hutchinson story that Bill McKechnie, the old National League manager, told Ralph Warner of the Tampa *Tribune*.

It seems that Hutch, who now makes his home in Florida, was playing a round of golf last winter at Bradenton. On a water hole he flubbed a shot into the pond. Seething with anger, he hurled his club after the ball. Then he started into the pond to retrieve the club.

His caddie shouted, "Mr. Hutchinson, don't go in there! There's a big alligator lives in that pond."

Hutch never even broke his stride. "That alligator will have to look out for himself," he snapped. "If he gets in my way, I'll bite his unprintable head off!"

THE END

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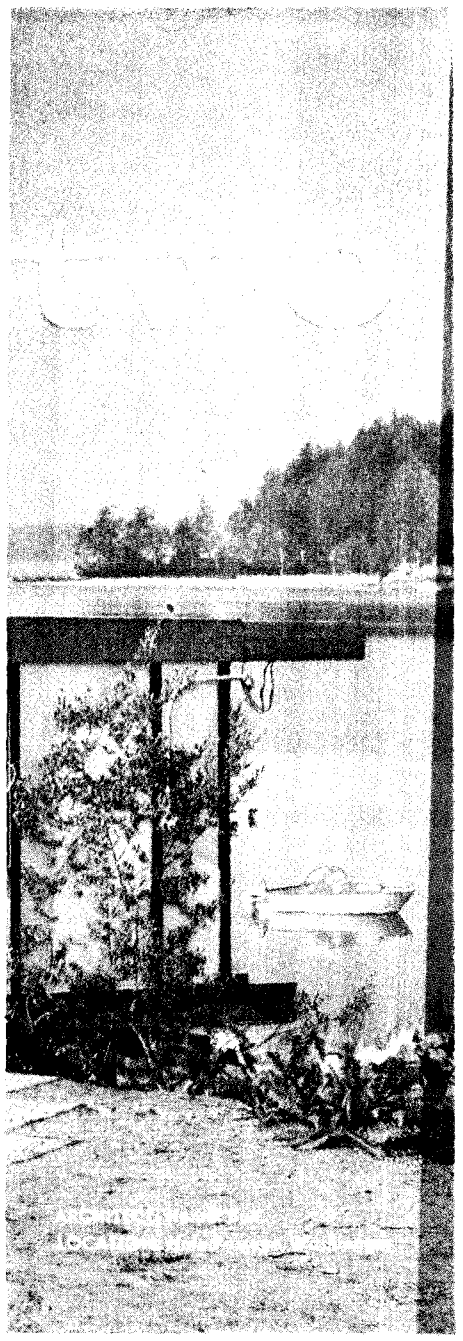

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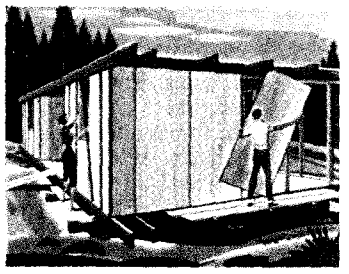

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Germany's Enchanted Forest

(Continued from Page 39)

threw the Volkswagen around mountain curves with controlled abandon.

The Black Forest—in German, *Schwarzwald*—is one of the more substantial woodstands in the Federal Republic of (West) Germany, stretching along mountainous terrain from just north of Baden-Baden almost to the Swiss border, a distance of about 100 miles. Its width varies from fifteen to twenty-five miles, and its high percentage of dark coniferous trees give the forest its name. Parcels of it are owned, variously, by the federal government itself, by shareholding corporations, by estates of the old nobility, by municipalities—which allot their profits to their schools and social services—and by individual tree farmers. Whatever the kind of ownership, all are supervised by the state to assure selective removal and a program of replanting, thus keeping this national heritage intact.

Herr Claassen is one of the state's administrative officers assigned to help supervise the operation of the oldest forestry company in Europe. It is the *Murgschifferschaft*, a jawbreaker name mercifully reduced in the industry's usage to the *Murg*. Since the twelfth century, when it was founded, the *Murg* has extended its holdings to about 14,000 acres of forestland. They lie almost entirely in the valley of the Murg River, a tributary of the Rhine. Claassen is *Forstassessor* of the Murg, which means that he is second in command to the *Forstmeister*, sharing his operational responsibilities and acting as his vicar during his absences.

As long as he was within the limits of Baden-Baden, and especially when on the Lichtentaler Allee, where visiting archdukes once paraded in troikas, Claassen's driving was appropriately stately. It loosened up appreciably as the formality of the spa gave way to rolling countryside. Within a short time the Volkswagen was whirling swiftly along a cliffside highway paralleling the Murg River, an eager stream which bubbles and froths pleasingly over a bed of black rocks.

Hansel-and-Gretel villages flashed by in a blur of geranium-filled window boxes, steeply pitched roofs of pink limestone and fir trees still decorated with brightly colored ribbons for the *Maifest* celebration of the arrival of spring. In each village the church stood higher than any other structure. Claassen seemed impatient to get away from the lowlands with their beech and oak trees and get into the higher ground of the conifers—the delicate silver fir, the weathered spruce and the dark and brooding pines—all lifting pagan spires upward into the realm of the Valkyries. The higher he drove, the better his spirits got.

Pending the final ascent to the cloudlands a few detours were made, the first few to the isolated homes of some of the nine district foresters who work under Herr Claassen and each of whom, in turn, has under him about thirty laborers, or woodsmen. In the forestry's chain of command the district forester is, roughly, analogous to an army sergeant. To qualify for his job, he must pass a civil-service test. Above all, he must have practical intelligence and be thoroughly dependable. His salary is good, and he gets his house rent free and all the firewood he can use at a small price. The *Murg* pays for his health insurance, and he may look forward to retirement on a pension at sixty-five.

Hikers are allowed, on good behavior, to roam the spongy, needle-strewn paths of the *Murg*'s woods. The forester's wife is permitted to sell them simple meals and occasionally the family will put up a hiker overnight for a modest fee. Because of the expense of maintaining the forests' roads, no automobiles except those belonging to the state forestry are allowed to use them.

The district forester is charged with carrying out his superior's orders as to which trees are to be cut, but may offer a contrary view without fear of reprisal. He must see to it that no wood is wasted. He must also keep an up-to-date ledger, which tells the amount of wood removed each day, the number of laborers employed in the day's operation, the amount of new planting made and detailed figures on the cost of the day's operation.

This complex of duties tends to make the forester deviate sharply from his fictional prototype—the quiet, philosophical son of toil ennobled into silence by the tranquilizing effect of constant communion with trees. Three of those visited by the Claassen expedition proved to be hearty extroverts and stoutly hospitable men. In each instance the parlor, which is kept closed except for important occasions, was thrown open. Little girls in pigtails curtsied prettily, and erect little boys bowed jerkily, then dutifully left the elders to themselves.

The forester opened a fresh bottle of a home-made cherry brandy called *Kirschwasser* and poured it into tumblers. To the uninitiated, *Kirschwasser* seems to burn the lining of the throat quite away, but it does produce a warming glow on reaching the stomach. Schwarzwalders profess to believe that it will cure almost any human ill. "For best results," a forester's elderly father croaked genially, "take it half an hour before you feel the pain."

The occupants of the Volkswagen were feeling no pain whatever as, seen off by lively tunes the third host squeezed from his accordion, they moved on to a fourth homestead some five or six miles farther on. Fortunately this forester was off somewhere in his domain and in his absence the proprieties forbade his cheerful wife to usurp his traditional function as provider of the wholesome *Kirschwasser*. This establishment lay at about 2000 feet upon a plateau surrounded by mountains which protected it from the winds of winter, thus making it a suitable place for the raising of seedlings. Mostly the *Murg* depends upon nature's random breeding to replace what has been logged away, but a still sizable amount of reforestation must be done by hand.

Tended by a dozen women laborers and surrounded by deerproof fencing, the outdoor nursery covered several acres and was referred to, aptly, as a *Kindergarten*. The term gave emphasis to the long view which the science of forestry must take if it is to do its job. For example, the silver-fir seedlings were three years old and six inches high. In another year they would be transplanted in the forest. If they survived, they would be ready for cutting at anywhere between 120 and 150 years of age, assuming that the production of wood pulp, which is their current destiny, is still in favor industrially.

A sudden mountain rain began falling. The women workers, holding sacks over their heads in lieu of umbrellas, scurried for a rustic cabin which was theirs for shelter during rains. On the way each stopped to feed a piece of raw vegetable to a fenced-in deer whom they delighted in pampering. Peterle, the name they had given him, had been deserted by his mother about a year before and had been found and carried home by the forester.

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As the ascent continued the temperamental mountain shower stopped as abruptly as it had begun, but the sky clung to its Wagnerian grayness. One had a vague impression of leaving the world behind and entering an eagle's aerie of myth. At a point that seemed uncommonly high and weird, though the altitude was actually less than 4000 feet, the density of the conifers gave way to scrub growth and hacked stumps. Claassen halted the car and extracted from the baggage compartment a hunting horn, which is a circular bugle. Tucking it under his arm, he led the way along a path of crushy moss to a large, flat, open area, which was the top of the mountain. It was an expanse of desolation. Claassen explained that this was one of the choice areas which the French, as part of their World War II reparations, had unsparingly stripped.

Turning his back as if to forget the sight, Claassen stepped out to the rim of a precipitous rock ledge, which looked down upon a vast sea of varying shades of green. He was busy restoring his spirits, first by simple inhalation of Valkyrian perfumes, then by sounding on his horn a few ancient hunting calls. Each phrase echoed three times, firm and clear. This pleased him greatly; the German nature delights in, among other things, woodland echoes.

This was the apex of the Murg River valley and the scene of the most spectacular employment by the *Murgschifferschaft* of a centuries-old method of moving logs to the mills by the use of water and gravitation. The company derived its unwieldy name from it—*Schifferschaft* means "shippers' association." Down below in a big ravine lay three lakes, set at descending levels. The lakes, enlarged by dams, served as storage bins for logs. Twice a year the dams were dynamited and down the ravine roared a tumbling, swirling mass of logs, a violent sight that attracted thrill seekers from all over Europe. It was good theater, but poor forestry. Many fine stands of uncut trees were sacrificed to the man-made avalanches, and about fifty years ago they were abandoned in favor of less wasteful harvesting methods.

The sun popped out again and, in a quick shift from the mystical to the practical, Herr Claassen said cheerfully, "O.K., now we eat." In fifteen or twenty minutes the Volkswagen was drawing up to a modernistic house beautifully set amid some of the Murg's more striking hills near the town of Forbach. In the foreground a trout stream burbled pleasantly. This was Claassen's home, and his wife and their two small children came down a flowered path to greet him.

Frau Claassen, an attractive brunette, served a tasty luncheon of cream of asparagus soup, steak, string beans flavored with boiled bacon, and white wine. It was a substantial lunch, and its bulk was to sustain two of its beneficiaries in the late afternoon during an impromptu dry-run hunt for the noble stag in the city-owned forestlands of Baden-Baden. Everyone in and around the resort is stag-happy, it seems, either as a nonshooting fan, whose only weapon is a binocular, or as a dedicated hunter whose burning ambition is to bag a stag and hang his antlers over the parlor mantelpiece. This can be an expensive ambition. A potted stag costs the man who pots it from $250 to $300, the fee depending upon the number of points, or prongs, in the victim's crown. A crown of ten points is the legal limit, stags with more than that being strictly protected for breeding purposes.

The point limit underlay a nasty mix-up a year or so ago. A distinguished visitor from the Netherlands, a learned doctor of philosophy who was a close friend of the Royal Family, was asked by his host if he wanted to take home a stag's crown. (The stag is the buck of the European red deer; the doe of the species is a hind.) The good doctor replied that he certainly did and, the season being on, the matter was arranged.

He was accompanied to a choice *Hochsitz*, or elevated hunting blind, by the district forester in charge, Herr Mathias Klein. The kill came quickly. Catching a stag in his binocular, the doctor made a hurried count of the points, set down the binocular, raised his rifle and fired. The graceful stag crumpled ignominiously and fell, dead as a smoked herring.

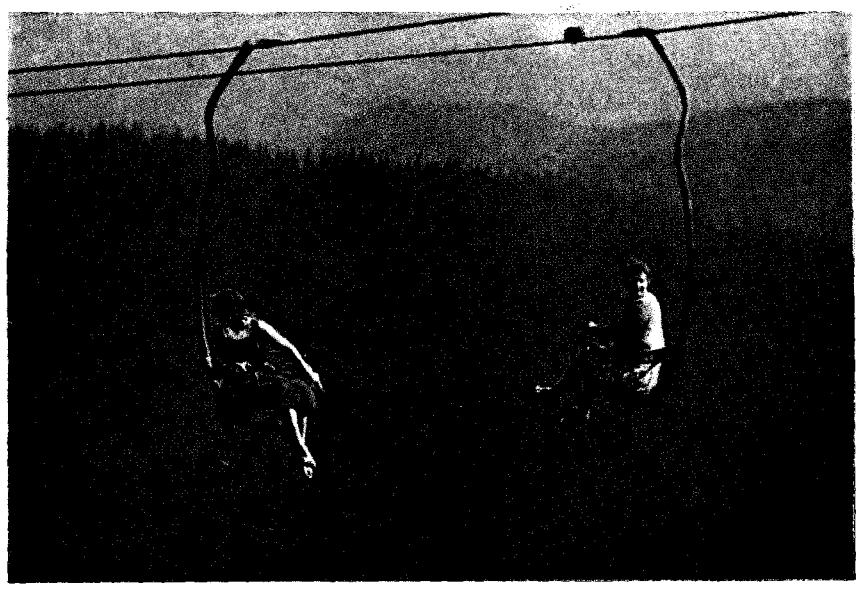
The moment of triumph was turned into general consternation when it was discovered that the victim had a magnificent crown of no less than eighteen points. Herr Klein was distraught. The good visiting scholar was even more distraught. Next day the forestry hierarchs of the area, from the *Kreisjägermeister*—district huntsman—on down, convened to decide what was to be done. Braving the threat of an international incident, the panel levied a fine of $5000, which made the crown the most expensive in local history.

As lord-protector of the municipal forest and of its nonhuman residents as well, Herr Klein was left in a tougher spot than the scholar's, for the dead animal had been the most popular stag of the nonshooting townspeople, and now they were furious. For two weeks Klein avoided visitors by finding all manner of onerous duties deep in the forest preserve.

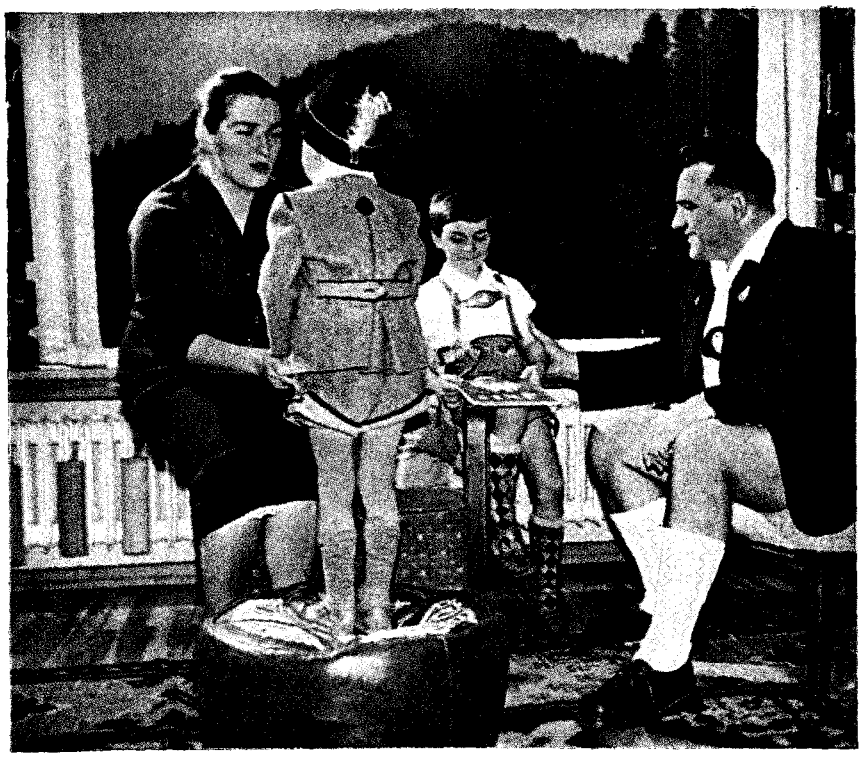
When he did get around to braving trips to town he was booed in the streets. This embarrassing state of affairs lasted for months. "Better for me it would be if I killed a man," Herr Klein said reminiscently through the bilingual Claassen's interpreting.

As the affair of the wrong stag suggests, the citizens of Baden-Baden are very defensive about their forestlands. Germans tend to be resolute hikers and Baden-Badenites are no exceptions. As in the *Murg* forests, nonofficial automobiles are unwelcome. To confound trespassing motorists, wooden barriers resembling on a small scale railroad grade-crossing barriers, are placed strategically around the road system. They are locked down and may be lifted only with the aid of a special key.

This forest has a thriving commercial side, raising the standard conifers and hardwoods for the general market. It also has an aesthetic side, which is rather costly. Its chief purpose being to gratify the townspeople and the hotel guests, its management spends heavily to grow exotic trees from all over the world—teak from Burma, ginkgo from China, deodar from the Himalayas, cork from the Mediterranean, Douglas fir from the United States, to name a few. Its "*Kindergartens*" grow about half a million seedlings a year and it buys another half a million from abroad. Last year the forest's gross income was $1,250,000. After paying its considerable bills it turned over $250,000 to the Baden-Baden treasury.



In this ski lift in the Black Forest, tourists ride fifty feet above the treetops. In summer the lift carries sight-seers to the top of Mt. Feldberg, the forest's highest spot.



Theo Claassen, a top administrator in the State Forestry, prepares to take his family on a busman's holiday—a walk in the Black Forest.

Herr Claassen wanted to know whether anyone was for stalking a stag, just for the hell of it. Our response was correctly enthusiastic. The deer usually leave cover around dusk and, as the sun hadn't yet touched the horizon, there was time for a courtesy call at one forester's home. The house, made of wood and plaster, dated back to the early 1600's and was reputed to rest on a foundation that had much earlier supported a Roman building of some kind. Here were heard the only words of the whole day expressing a mild disillusion with the simple life. They came from the *Frau* of a forester who after forty years of service had been ill and confined to a hospital for two months.

Her children had long since married and gone away. She was alone except for a conscientiously angry German shepherd dog which barked continuously throughout the call. The closest grocery store was six miles away, and the walk back loaded with supplies was getting too burdensome for her. "I think sometimes of making a new kind of life for us in a little apartment in the city," she said. "You know, with people walking by."

The sun was low by the time the call was over, and the drive to the best *Hochsitz* seemed to be unusually endowed with barriers. This annoyed the heavy-set Claassen who, at each one, had to squeeze out to unlock and raise the barrier, squeeze in to drive through, squeeze out to close the barrier and squeeze back in again. At the fifth his patience gave out. Instead of repeating the ritual he banged around the barrier, the small car bumping madly over irregular terrain. Herr Klein, who was accompanying us, let out an "*Ach, Mein Gott in Himmel!*" and held onto his Alpine hat until Claassen jerked the car back on the road.

The Volkswagen stopped gently farther on in the woods. The occupants sat quietly for five minutes; this was to convince the stag that he had been in error in thinking that he had heard a strange noise. Then the party dismounted ever so cautiously, taking care to leave the doors open and unslammed, and padded along the road single file with much conspiratorial shushing. Dimness had settled on the woods at this level, and crystalline beads of rain clung darkly from leaves and needles.

The course began to lead up a steep incline. The footing was slippery, and sometimes the progress was more backward than forward. By the time the group reached the base of the *Hochsitz*, which lay on the edge of the woods, they were puffing like overworked switch engines. There remained twenty-five vertical feet to climb, up a ladder whose rungs consisted of branches of irregular diameter. They, too, were wet and slippery.

At the pinnacle of the climb was a thatched tree house about seven feet square. Facing east and upmountain, Herr Klein trained his binocular on a big clearing 500 or 600 yards up the rise. A patient man, he froze in this position. The other two took seats on a clammy bench, watching the shadow of sunset creep up toward the clearing. The silence was preternatural, (*Continued on Page 95*)

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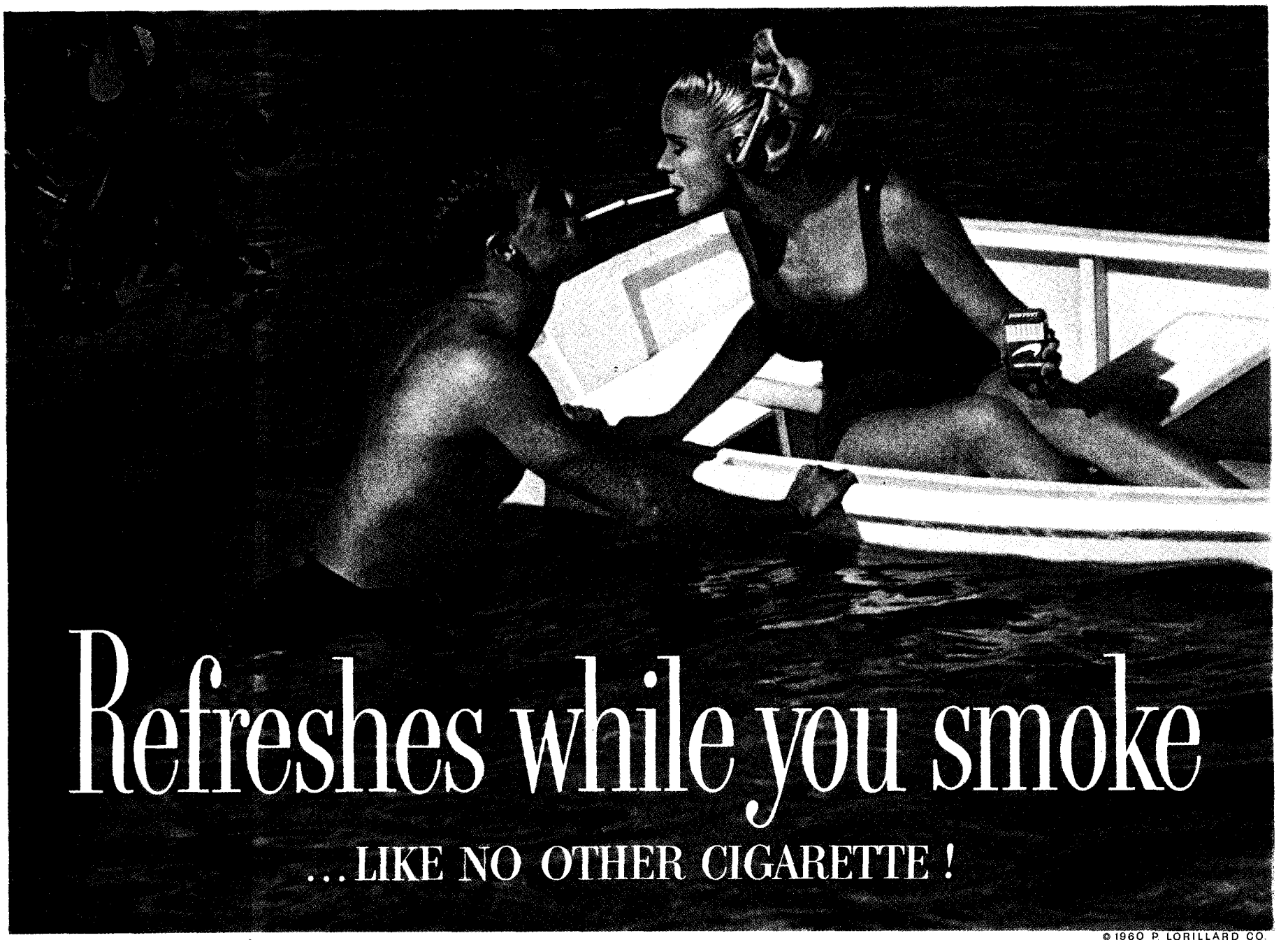

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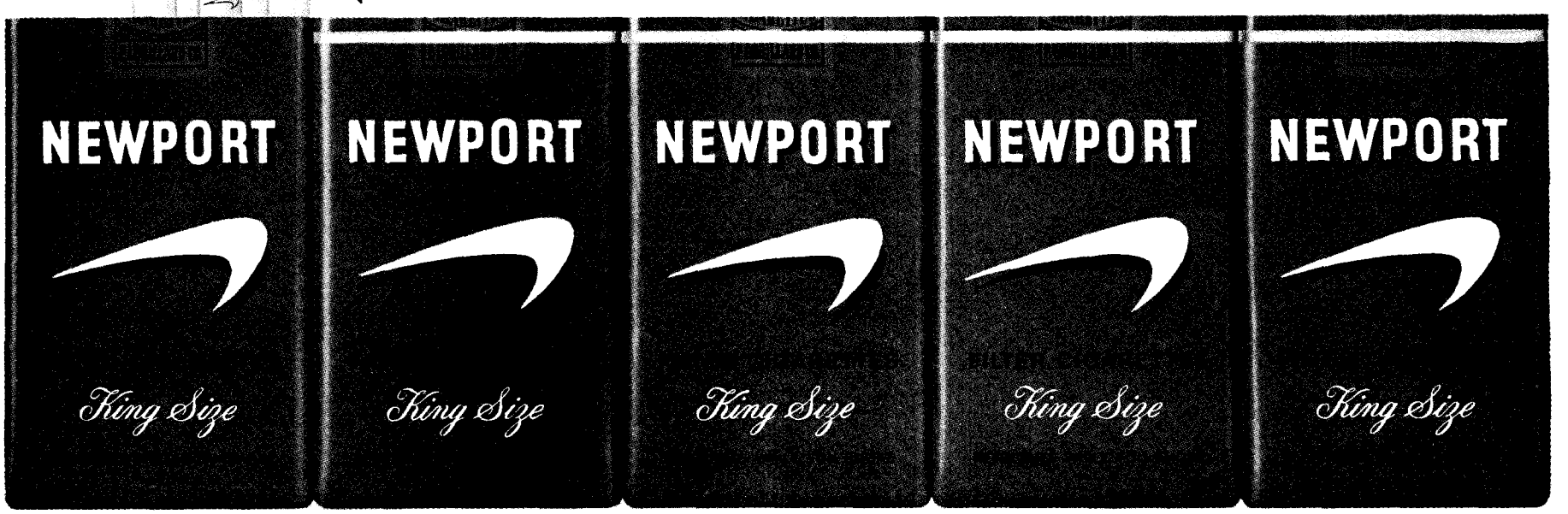

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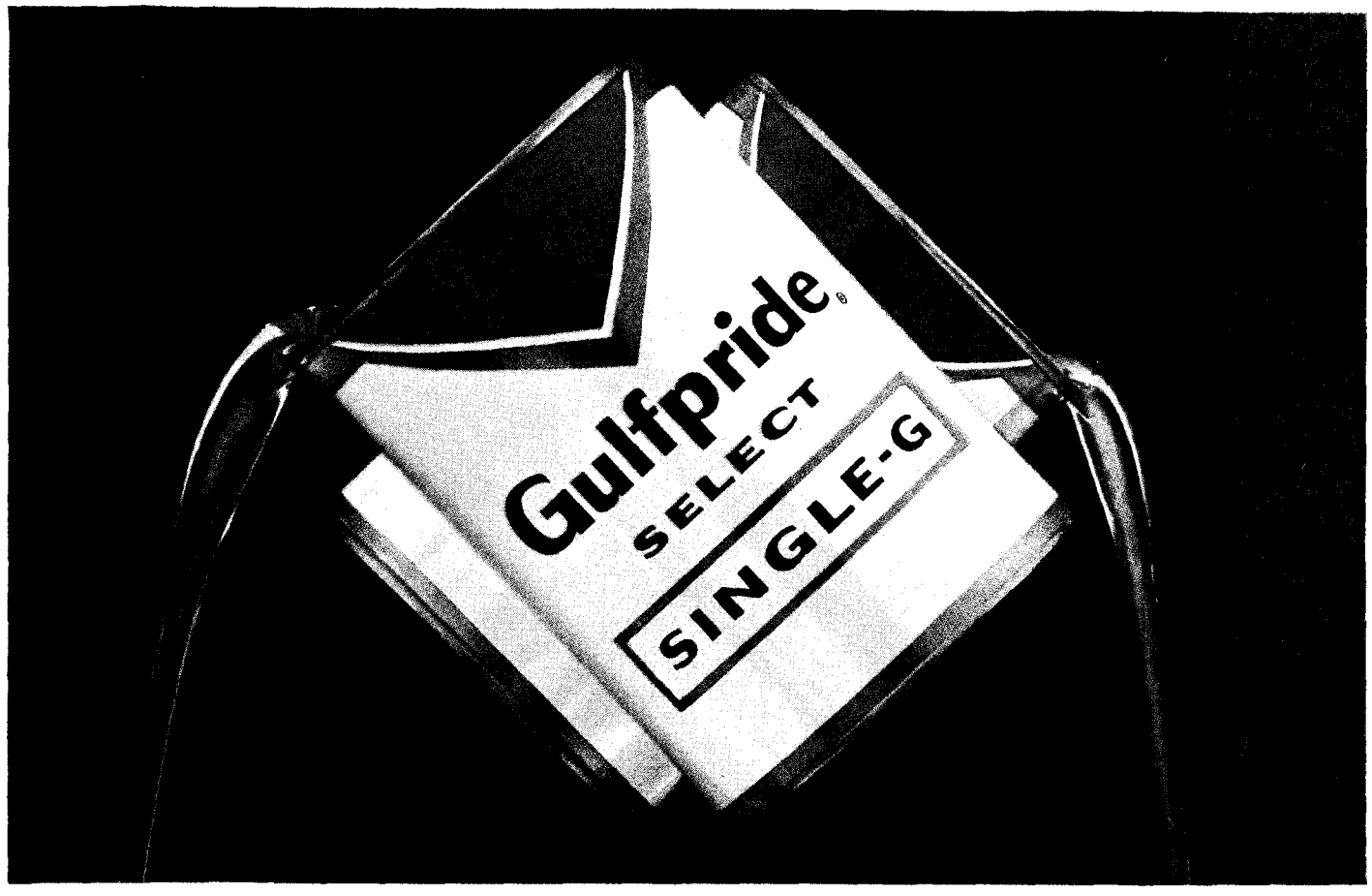

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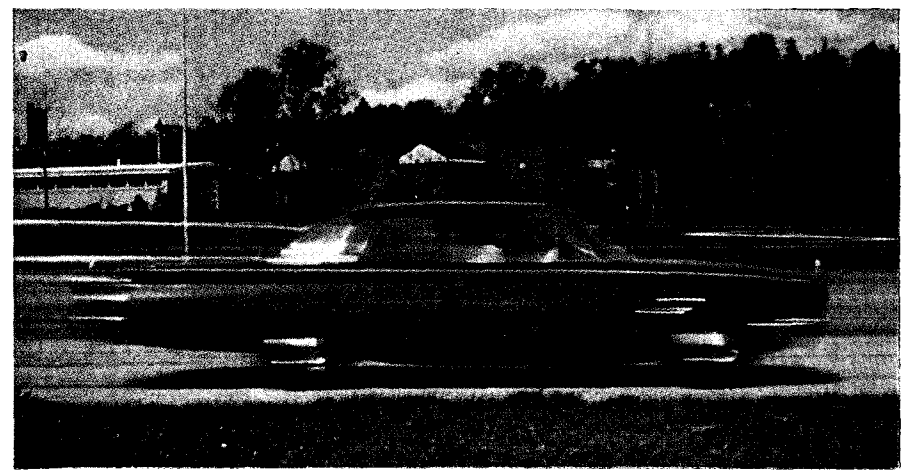

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(*Continued from Page 92*) until all at once the night birds, who must have been ahead of schedule, opened up with a cacophonous chorus of squalling and shrieking.

The minutes dragged along in health-giving, outdoorsy discomfort. Then, just as visibility was about to become a problem, Claassen, who had relieved Klein as officer of the watch, handed over the binocular. "The hind," he whispered. "She always comes out first. If she reports everything is O.K., then the noble stag comes out too."

Through the glass the hind looked lovely indeed. She had the light, incandescent manner of a girl who is about to be taken out dancing. Then the stag emerged, elegant of crown and kingly of bearing. The hind nuzzled up to him. Ignoring her, he sniffed the air tentatively. He sniffed it again; and he sniffed and sniffed and sniffed.

Apparently having decided upon a quiet evening at home, the stag turned and stepped back into the dark pines. The hind followed on hesitant, mincing, obedient feet.

An hour later the hind was being toasted, in absentia, in a soft white wine from a vineyard not far from a farmhouse restaurant where the party had gone to celebrate the successful stag hunt. Dinner was served at a rustic table in a garden strung with colored lights alongside a busy brook. Girls in dirndls came bearing silver platters of *Eisbein* (the hipbone of an ox), country ham with Burgundy sauce, white asparagus in melted butter, small noodles and potato dumplings. The dessert was *Schwarzwalder Kirschtorte*, a big cherry pastry topped by a high spiral of whipped cream.

Despite her patient cultivation of forests, modern Germany—even before she was defeated and partitioned—had never been able to grow more than two thirds of her own wood requirements. Today, by hard scrabbling, West Germany manages to maintain the same proportional rate. But in the Soviet-occupied zone things are bad. From 1945 to 1950 East Germany's forests were indiscriminately gouged for war reparations. After that the Russians allowed the German foresters to resume their system of cultivation, but some of the best woodstands had been totally destroyed. The rest are shrinking more and more under the still heavy Soviet export-quota demands.

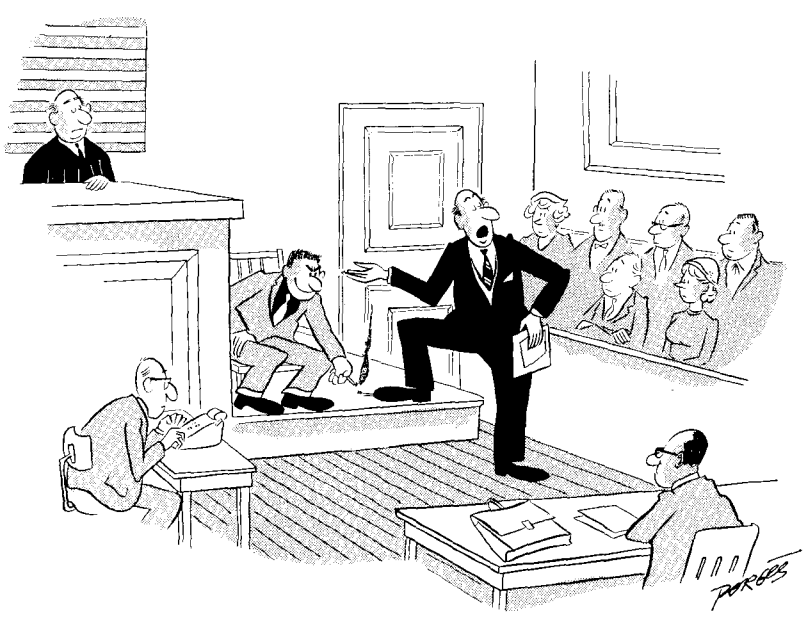
West Germany's attempts to produce more wood are plagued by a steady diminution in the ranks of independent forest farmers. This is attributable in part to the invasion of rural areas by small manufacturing plants, whose pay scales woo away the forest farmer's main source of labor—his children. The stage for this change was set by one of two systems of inheritance. Under the first, which is of comparatively recent origin, equal division of forest acreage has, over a few generations, left heirs with such small bits of forest, often widely dispersed, as to make independent operation uneconomic. To counter this fragmentation, state forestry authorities are trying to get these owners to consolidate their lands and work them co-operatively. The results, so far, have not been encouraging. It is difficult to resurrect a way of life.

Under the other inheritance procedure, which has been operative for upward of six centuries, the family holdings are bequeathed *in toto* to one son—not the eldest, as might be expected, but to the youngest, in order to assure longer and more vigorous management. Under this tradition the older sons become his employees; he is required to pay them a reasonable wage and also to furnish them and their families with shelter.

Such a youngest son is Mathias Uhl, the active proprietor of 125 acres of woods in the Kinzig River valley near Hausach, a neat and picturesque town which is a leisurely Sunday drive from Baden-Baden. The roads are smoothly surfaced but narrow and, especially in or near towns, rimmed with bicyclists and rucksack-carrying hikers. Elderly ladies wearing their Sunday best—billowing black-silk dresses with white-lace scarves around the neck—pedaled to and from church in stately dignity.

To get directions to the forest farm of Mathias Uhl, one stops in Hausach, holds up a road map and mentions the word "*Lachebur*," which, in free translation, means "the farmer with the puddle." Herr Uhl, who for some odd reason prefers to be addressed as *Lachebur* instead of by his real name, proudly shows visitors the puddle itself. It is in his front yard and is apparently spring-fed. To one side stands a towering manure pile, a sure gauge of a farmer's prosperity.

To the other side and across the driveway stands a typical roadside shrine dedicated in fading letters to some progenitor who was "killed by a horse." As Herr Uhl traces his family's continuous ownership of the property back 200 years and as family pride was involved, it seemed indelicate to probe the inscription further. Anyway, *Vesperbrot*, a kind of late afternoon tea, was about to be served. Herr Uhl, after showing the ground-floor quarters



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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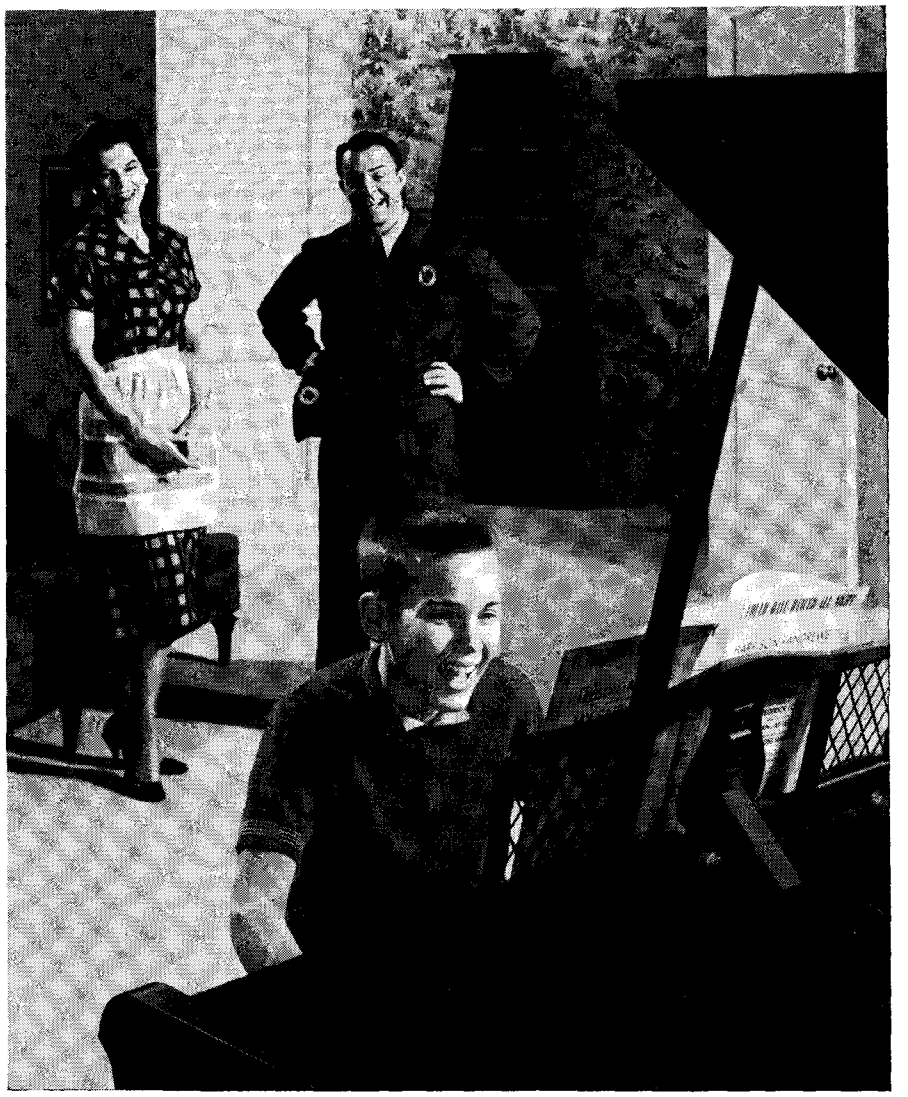

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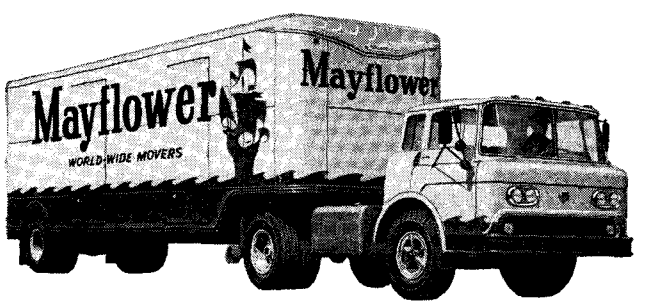

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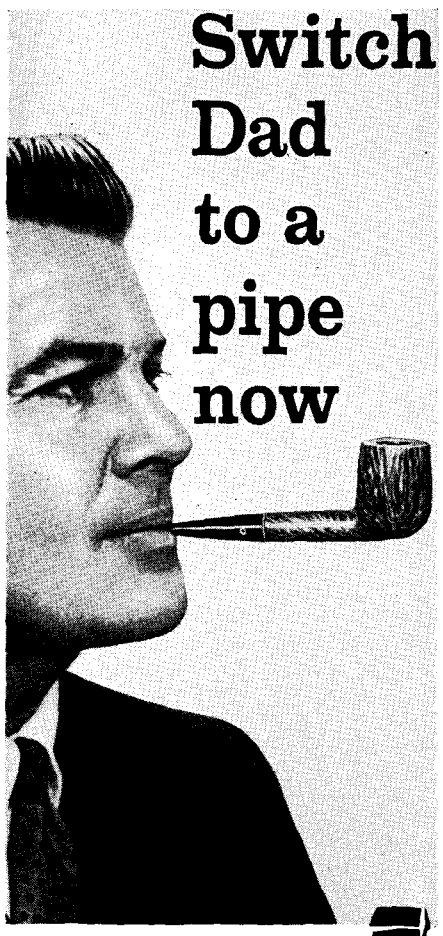

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of the cows and the work horses, led the way up an outside stairway to the first living floor, where the family was waiting.

Among those seated at a table were Frau Uhl, a pleasant, brown-eyed woman who, among other tasks, bakes twenty-two large loaves of rye bread every two weeks; her sister-in-law, who helps her milk the cows and keep all of the livestock fed; the host's two elder brothers and two cute teen-age daughters in dirndls and coronet braids. The Uhls' other daughter and their one son were elsewhere at the time.

When the introductions were over, Frau Uhl and her daughters sprang into action and served. At each place were two glasses, one for the fiery *Kirschwasser*, the other for a mild apple wine of which Herr Uhl makes hundreds of gallons a year. The glasses were kept filled from carafes carried by the girls.

For plates there were circular flat pieces of a smooth, dark wood. On these, using very sharp knives, the teatime snackers cut thin slivers of an assortment of home-cured meats—*Bratwurst*, *Bauernwurst*, *Blutwurst*, *Leberwurst* and country ham—and ate them with bits of Frau Uhl's excellent rye bread.

It was a tough place to leave, but as the family's workday began at 4:30 A.M., it seemed only fair to break away well before midnight, and this was handily accomplished.

After the warm hospitality of the *Lachebur*'s household, the next afternoon's approach to the headquarters of another kind of forestry domain was like a shift from a hot bath to a cold bath. This headquarters was the *Schloss*—castle—of the princely Fürstenberg family, which traces its ancestry back to the time of Charlemagne. It is a handsome sample of Bohemian* baroque architecture, and it stands majestically in Donaueschingen, thirty-odd miles—and a millennium—from the *Lachebur's* place.

As the *Lachebur* had his beloved puddle, the Fürstenbergs had a rivulet on the castle grounds which purported to be the headwater of the Danube. The Fürstenbergs have a big administrative problem. Their immense holdings, which total 62,500 acres, were acquired over the centuries, patch by patch. They are so widely dispersed that they have been organized into seven regional groupings with a chief forester in charge of each. The total number of employees runs to more than 500. Among the perquisites of the resident foresters, besides personal hunting privileges, is the right to make a certain amount of simple furniture and to sell it in the nearest town.

Besides the acreage they own, the Fürstenbergs lease a few thousand additional acres where they and their guests, when the season is on, hunt wild boar, the stag and a rare game bird called the *Auerhahn*. The late Kaiser Wilhelm II, last of the German emperors, never turned down an annual invitation to spend a few weeks of the *Auerhahn* season with his friends, the Fürstenbergs.

A large painting of the Kaiser, bristling mustachios and all, adorns a big room of the *Schloss*, draped with red velvet and perched on an easel. The imperial visage, which has that familiar "Just who the hell are you, bud?" look, distracts attention from tapestries, crystal chandeliers, illuminated medieval manuscripts, gaily upholstered furniture, exquisitely wrought porcelains and other historic treasures.

It was a gray and intermittently rainy day, and the heels of only a handful of tourists clacked hollowly on the polished floors. One woman, determined to get full value for the tip she was about to bestow upon a tour attendant, asked why the ruling member of the Fürstenbergs, Prince Max, couldn't step out of the forestry office and exchange greetings. The attendant replied that such a favor, had it been asked somewhat earlier, might have been granted, as Prince Max kept office hours, like any other businessman, dividing the workday among the forestry office, the big Fürstenberg brewery and his pulp mills. He had, however, died a few weeks ago, and his successor, Prince Joachim, was away on military maneuvers.

The woman tipped the guide, then went searching for her five-year-old daughter, who had strayed away during the colloquy. She was found transfixed and sucking a lollipop in slow motion before the portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm.

"Mamma," she said, on being yanked away, "who is that man?"

The U.S. Presidency (Continued from Page 35)

Temperament has nothing to do with these changes. All men know that as far as his personal desires were concerned, the last thing Mr. Eisenhower wished was to undertake that physically and mentally arduous journey; he went because he deemed it his duty, not his pleasure, to go. It was the same motive that impelled President Washington to make his even more taxing trips through the country. The difference is that the first President could halt at the national boundary, while the thirty-fourth must cover the world. But nobody planned it so; it is the effect of the trend of events, not of human volition.

Washington did not expect this kind of development. The "Farewell Address" is full of foreboding, but the changes he foresaw and dreaded were to be effected by ambition, not by necessity. "In the most solemn manner" he warned us "against the baneful effects of the Spirit of Party . . . a fire not to be quenched; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume." The Spirit of Party, he thought, must in the end "incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an Individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty."

A dismal prospect indeed, but severely logical in view of the information available to Washington. The power of the presidential office has increased, not steadily, but by fits and starts, speeded up by strong Presidents, slowed down by weak ones, but never reversing its general trend; until today it vastly exceeds anything dreamed of at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Yet the calamitous results foretold in the "Farewell Address" have not yet come upon us. They may be impending, for it would be fatuous to deny that the Presidency contains the seeds of dictatorship; but they are not here yet, and an inquiry into why the seeds have not sprouted, flourished, and borne their deadly fruit ought to be suggestive, at least, of means by which we may hope to keep them latent indefinitely.

Washington's anxiety was based upon the assumption that any additional powers accruing to the Presidency must of necessity be subtracted from those of one or both of the other branches of government. It was his belief that the "system of checks and balances" in the Constitution had separated the powers of government and distributed them all; he and his contemporaries accepted the theory that the powers of Government consist of the legislative, the executive and the judicial, and that once these were lodged in different and independent hands, government would be completely organized. The problem thenceforth would be to keep any one from encroaching on the authority of the others.

What the men of 1787 did not suspect—and is, indeed, but imperfectly realized by our own generation—is that there is a fourth power of government, difficult to define legally and not disposed of by the Constitution, yet as important in a democracy as the executive, legislative or judicial. This is the power of the initiative, which we commonly term leadership. The history of the Presidency is a story of the slow accretion of this power in the hands of the man in the White House.

To understand why this factor was overlooked by statesmen as far-sighted as those who dominated the Constitutional Convention, one must remember that they were theorists, guided by reason, not by experience. The only form of government under which any of them had lived was monarchial; parliamentary government was indeed taking shape in England, but it was not yet clearly defined, and parliament was far from being a representative democracy, such as our Constitution envisaged. Thus the Americans had no pattern to follow; for the direct, not representative, democracies of ancient times were horrible examples, rather than models, since all of them had failed. The Greek city-states, for example, where each man entered the assembly representing himself alone and, therefore, usually voted in his own interest alone, oscillated between tyranny and anarchy, never establishing an enduring balance of public and private interests. Nor were other democracies able long to escape either domestic autocracy or foreign domination.

But if the founding fathers lacked a reliable guide, they did have a stern warning. The centuries-old, not then terminated, struggle for power between the king and parliament had taught them that in such a contest the rights of the people are pretty sure to be trampled by both contestants; and the logical means of protection against that was the system of checks and balances.

Some of them—Hamilton, for a conspicuous example—did understand that such a system, if brought to perfection, would result in impotence, a government hung on dead center, unable to move in any direction. They had an example in the Polish monarchy of the seventeenth century, so effectively checked and balanced by the requirement of a unanimous vote of the nobles that it was brought to ruin by sheer inertia. But the highly practical Americans were aware that their own system was by no means so delicately adjusted, since even the veto of the President could be overridden, and they assumed correctly that its very imperfections would prevent a complete deadlock.

What they did not take into account, or did not give (*Continued on Page 98*)

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(*Continued from Page 96*) sufficient weight in their accounting, was the possibility that in making absolute power unattainable, they had checked ambition, especially in the legislative branch, severely enough to discourage the development of effective leadership there. This was a contingency extremely remote in a government of undivided powers. Leadership originally vested in the monarch, could not be wrested from him except by leadership developed elsewhere—in a court favorite, perhaps, or in the legislative or even in the judiciary. The complete disappearance of the fourth power of government was one danger against which the Americans did not prepare, presumably because they did not envisage it.

It can be plausibly argued, nevertheless, that this country has suffered more, very much more, from excessively static than from excessively dynamic government. The example customarily cited is the inertia of James Buchanan as the danger of secession was visibly mounting; but the monumental uselessness of Buchanan was merely a continuation of a condition that had afflicted the Presidency ever since the administration of James K. Polk. The Pennsylvanian's misfortune was merely that he happened to be in office at the time when the lack of effective leadership produced its logical result. Buchanan is its spectacular exemplar, but the condition has been characteristic of the Presidency more often than not.

Evidence to support this assertion is not far to seek. How many Americans can name offhand eighteen of the individuals who have held the office? Everyone remembers Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson and the second Roosevelt because great significance attaches to their names. Perhaps most of us recall also the first Roosevelt, John Adams, Monroe (on account of the Doctrine), possibly Cleveland; but beyond that the typical American grows vague. The reason is that none of the others exercised the power of the initiative in any memorable way. Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower are excluded from this account because all three are still living as these lines are written.

The half dozen first named, pretty generally regarded as the Big Six, are a remarkably varied assortment as regards their intellectual and cultural endowments, but they are alike in one respect—Washington established the Presidency and each of the other five added materially to its power. Each was, in Washington's words, "the chief of some prevailing faction," but that any turned the situation "to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty," as the "Farewell Address" grimly predicted, will be asserted only of Franklin Roosevelt, and of him only by blind and bitter partisanship. To the vast majority of Americans they were great Presidents, the greatest in the list.

Here, then, is what at first glance seems to be a mystery, a cause not followed by its logical effect: the vast accretion of power that Washington apprehended has come to the Presidency, but the calamitous results that he feared have not followed. This odd circumstance can be explained only on the theory that the President has added to his power by occupation, but not by usurpation; that is to say, the addition to the Presidency has not been a subtraction from either of the other two branches. They retain unimpaired to this day all the powers delegated to them in 1789. If the Presidency has advanced relatively, it is by assuming the power of the initiative, never clearly envisaged by the Constitution makers, and, if it had been, probably incapable of legal definition.

Some years before he entered the White House Woodrow Wilson noted the fact. In *Constitutional Government*, published in 1908, he observed that "the President is at liberty, both in law and in conscience, to be as big a man as he can. His capacity will set the limit; and if Congress be overborne by him, it will be no fault of the makers of the Constitution—it will be from no lack of constitutional powers on its part, but only because the President has the nation behind him and Congress has not. He has no means of compelling Congress except through public opinion."

What a tremendous exception that is, probably Wilson did not fully realize in 1908, although he had the example of Theodore Roosevelt before his eyes. But Wilson himself demonstrated it during his first two years in the White House, and the overwhelming proof was furnished by the second Roosevelt in his first Hundred Days. A President who can seize the initiative at all is assured of some success; and one whose first few moves receive popular approbation is irresistible.

The recourse of Congress is to seize the initiative itself, and occasionally—as, for instance, in the case of Andrew Johnson—it has done so. Congress, too, is at liberty, both in law and in conscience, to be the biggest thing in the nation if it can. But the historical record of congressional efforts to assume leadership makes depressing reading. Certainly the most brilliant, and perhaps the most honorable, of those men who have seized leadership outside of the White House were Alexander Hamilton and Henry Clay; but Hamilton succeeded only in hobbling—and infuriating—John Adams, while Clay was a millstone hung around the neck of every President of his own party. In later days the Reconstruction policy imposed upon the country by Thaddeus Stevens brought upon his memory an odium that still persists; and if the almost equally powerful legislative leaders, Thomas B. Reed and Joseph G. Cannon, are remembered more favorably it is because of their more amiable personalities rather than for their triumphs of statecraft.

To capture a husband, a girl will employ any armament including landing craft.

BERT KRUSE

The member of Congress, senator or representative, is not in a favorable position to exercise national leadership. One of its essentials, and one that is increasingly important as government becomes more complex, is the capacity for swift and decisive action. In this respect the President enjoys an inestimable advantage in that his close associates are his subordinates, whereas those of a member of Congress are his equals. The President can order, where the congressman can only argue. For this reason a weak President can contend on better than equal terms with a legislator immeasurably his intellectual superior—a John Tyler can frustrate a Henry Clay.

The first genius to appreciate this situation to the full and to exploit it was Andrew Jackson. The magnitude of his achievement is evidenced by the fact that the tradition still persists that Old Hickory was a simple soul, rough, but transparent. In fact, Jefferson himself was not more complex and devious.

Jackson was the first to understand the implications, for the President, of the fact that the votes are cast by individuals, although the country does not consist exclusively of individuals. The country includes territory, wealth, land and water, forest and field, mountain and plain, ecological variations that are wide and highly important. Individuals are, however, one constant in this giant aggregate of variables. Since the President is the sole elected official chosen by the whole country,—for who ever voted for or against a Vice President?—he alone can afford to neglect the variables and devote his whole attention to the constant.

A senator from Texas, for example, must represent the Texans, of course, but he must represent oil also, as a senator from Montana must represent copper and one from Oregon, lumber. Not long ago the late Senator Neuberger acknowledged that publicly, and said that if any senator had failed to represent the dominant economic interest of his state, the fact has escaped Mr. Neuberger's notice.

Jackson's triumphant career was based on his success in convincing men and women that he represented people in a special way that no other official could. But he did more. He persuaded them that the President is, and of right ought to be, the people's man, speaking for them and for no local or nonhuman interest whatsoever. Jackson, more than any other President, established the claim of the Presidency to the power of the initiative. Incidentally, he also furnished at least one glaring illustration of its dangers. "John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it," may not have been his exact words, but they certainly portray his attitude in the Indian lands case. By withholding the comity due from one branch of the government to another he, in effect, vacated a ruling of the Supreme Court—as clear a usurpation of the power of the judiciary as can be imagined. But there can be no shadow of doubt that it asserted the leadership of the Presidency in the nation at large, not merely in the executive branch.

Nearly a hundred years passed, however, before the claim was formalized by Wilson in his public announcement that he proposed to be head of his party, as well as head of the state. Even then the opposition professed to regard Wilson's statement as scandalous, although every strong President since Jackson had held leadership of the party; and to this day there is some dispute as to where the power of the initiative should lie.

Curiously enough, opposition to Wilson's position has included some of the Presidents themselves. Harding is the obvious example, but it may be argued that he was incapable of leadership in any circumstances; McKinley and Benjamin Harrison are better illustrations. Their distaste for the Wilsonian doctrine is understandable, if not particularly creditable, for it imposes upon the President formidable responsibility. If he is to lead the country successfully he must be resourceful, energetic and resolute, all to a high degree. This is hard labor, not to be undertaken willingly by a man who approaches the office in the spirit of the remark attributed, doubtfully, to Giovanni de'Medici, "Since God has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it."

But evidence is already abundant and increases daily that the Presidency is the right location for the power of initiative. Since 1914 the tempo of events has accelerated to such an extent that crises tread upon one another's heels, and capacity for rapid and decisive action may soon be, if it is not already, the price of national survival. The Korean affair is an instance still vividly in mind; President Truman's course may not have been the ideal one, but his action was swift; and in politics as in military operations it is better to do any intelligent thing than to lose time searching for the perfect move.

In a world as tense as that of the twentieth century, speed in seizing the initiative seems likely to increase, rather than to diminish in importance; which suggests that the dominance of the Presidency in that respect is more likely to be strengthened and extended than to be reduced. Hitler, being only human, could not always be wrong, and he hit upon a great truth in his assertion of "the leadership principle" as essential to successful government in the modern world. Certainly a huge democracy, such as the United States, stands in as grave danger from lack of leadership as from usurpation of power.

It is not that usurpation is inconceivable in this country. Jackson's case was not the only one. Lincoln in suspending the writ of habeas corpus where the courts were still open, unquestionably infringed the prerogative of the judiciary, and Theodore Roosevelt, in ordering the motto, "In God We Trust," left off the coins, invaded Congress' exclusive right to coin money. Jefferson was inclined to think that he usurped powers of both legislative and judiciary in making the Louisiana Purchase. But the usurpations thus far have been either pardonable, as conducing to the general welfare, or unsuccessful, or so trifling as to come under the rule *de minimis*. . . .

This is, however, no guarantee that they will retain that character; and a generation that has been appalled by such apparitions as Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin knows only too well what horrors may rise from a perversion of leadership. The Twenty-second Amendment, forbidding any man to hold the Presidency more than ten years, is evidence of our extreme sensitiveness to the remotest possibility of the rise of dictatorship here. Our immediate peril, in fact, is probably much less the risk of submitting to tyranny than the risk of hobbling necessary leadership by hysterical efforts to ward off tyranny.

At the same time every thoughtful American must regard the development of the Presidency with something less than ebullient enthusiasm. It is clearly necessary to lodge the power of the initiative somewhere, and the hands of the President seem to be its logical repository, because he alone can exercise it effectively. It is clearly necessary, also, to insist that he shall exercise it, and to avoid electing any man incapable of doing so. In prudence as well as in equity it is clearly necessary to support the President strongly in the legitimate exercise of this power.

But it is not to be denied that this course, however necessary, involves a calculated risk, and it is always possible to miscalculate. This possibility must be taken into account in any extrapolation of the historical development of the Presidency. The tricky factor is the enormous potential of the force that we call public opinion. Against it, neither legislative, executive, judiciary, nor even the Constitution itself can stand. It has hitherto been the constructive power in erecting the political fabric of the republic; but a power capable of so gigantic a feat obviously could be terrifically destructive were it channeled in that direction.

To put this power absolutely in the hands of one man would be suicidal. We have had a grisly demonstration of that in the case of the German people, when the potent majority of them committed their minds and consciences to Hitler and blindly followed him to destruction.

That the American people will go to any such extreme seems highly improbable. Our historical (*Continued on Page 100*)

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(*Continued from Page 98*) experience, our educational methods, even to some extent our prejudices and superstitions militate against it. Artemus Ward's complacent proclamation, "I am not a politician, and my other habits are good," was something more than a jape. It reflects a skepticism of Whitman's "elected persons" that is deeply embedded in the American character—a prejudice perhaps touched with superstition, but one that operates against any attempt at the deification of Caesar.

It would be unrealistic, however, to deny that there are forces in the modern world that operate in the other direction; nor are they confined to the ideologies of Marx, Lenin or Mao. We seem, indeed, relatively immune to ideologies; in no large country has the Communist Party had less success in recruiting the masses, and even the Socialists have never polled as many as 1,000,000 votes. But there are conditions, not theories, that are subjecting the traditional American system to a considerable strain.

Some of these conditions are technological, others political. Communication, for instance, has been perfected to the point at which one man may speak to the entire nation; and with the aid of television he may bring to bear upon an audience of many millions all the resources of dramaturgy—not rhetoric and euphony only, but gesture also, as well as "wanton Wiles, Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles," and if you think these are ineffective, remember that David Garrick, the actor, once said that he would give 100 guineas to be able to say "ah" as the Rev. George Whitefield, the evangelist, could say it.

The assistance of technology is available equally to statesmen and to demagogues. The statesman may employ it to inspire the nation to great deeds; but the demagogue may use it to foment all the evils inherent in herd psychology. Since demagogues as a rule outnumber statesmen, it is evident that the mass media of communication, especially the newer ones, radio and television, must subject the common sense of the American electorate to a severe test.

The political organization of the modern world also is a condition and not a theory. American military and economic power is now the chief defense of political liberty abroad as well as at home. When the Constitution assigned to the President the conduct of foreign relations, the work consisted almost exclusively of safeguarding American interests; its expansion to cover the whole free world obviously has put the President in a different position. His power has been greatly increased, but so has his vulnerability; the President in self-defense is being forced more and more to act as his own Secretary of State. Even Mr. Eisenhower, who disliked and distrusted this development, was finally forced to accept it.

A President of a different temperament, however, might find it very much to his taste. Think what Theodore Roosevelt, for example, might have done with the leadership of the free nations! That idea is in a sense a test of the division in American political philosophy—one school holding that so dynamic a character given Eisenhower's opportunity would have ruined us, the other holding that lack of dynamism in the Presidency is the cause of at least half our present difficulties.

The mocking devil of it is that both schools seem to be right. A generation that has witnessed the passing of Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin must shudder at the idea of leadership concentrated in an individual; at the same time, a generation numbed by fifteen years of cold war must be appalled by the possibility of a total paralysis of leadership.

The rather dismal conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that the American who seeks to peer into the future, no matter what his philosophy, has reason to shudder.

But was it ever otherwise? Our Constitution, said Justice Holmes, is an experiment, but only, he added, as all life is an experiment. It is unrealistic to ignore the fact that it is dangerous to be free, but it is equally unrealistic to ignore the fact that this nation has lived dangerously yet has survived for nearly 200 years. In that period the Presidency has gradually acquired powers that would have staggered the writers of the Constitution, and the prospect, at least for the years immediately ahead, is that the welfare of the nation and the world will necessitate entrusting greater, not diminished, authority to the office.

This may be the road to dictatorship, but it is the road we have been following because we could find no other. And there are optimists who do not believe that it leads inevitably to tyranny. Unreasonably, perhaps, they see the history of the United States as the aged Jefferson described it in that famous letter to the still-older Adams: "Laboring always at the same oar, with some wave ever ahead threatening to overwhelm us and yet passing harmless under our bark, we knew not how, we rode through the storm with heart and hand, and made a happy port . . . and so we have gone on, and so we shall go on, puzzled and prospering beyond example in the history of man."

THE END

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Hard of Heart (Continued from Page 41)

"Oh-oh," I said, knowing what must have happened. Ordinarily, Jerry came from Cucurucho on his adored motorcycle. When the cycle was out of order and he was forced to use one of the company trucks, he sometimes forgot what he was driving. There had been complaints before.

But he was not contrite—or pretended not to be. With his hands on his hips he leaned against my little self-service bar and made a face at the teacher's wrath. "Miss Mitchell, you should teach your kids the facts of life," he told her. "If it hadn't been me, it might have been someone else—someone with slower reflexes, maybe, or in a car with bad brakes. The thing is, your kids started across the street without looking."

"So now you blame the children!" she cried.

"Peace, Miss Mitchell," Jerry said, grinning at her from behind an upraised hand. "Do you partake of the wine of the country?"

"If you mean do I drink rum, no. I detest it."

"A pity." His bold eyes looked her over and twinkled, no doubt delighted to discover such beauty under the same roof with him. American girls are not numerous in San Marlo. I would guess that girls with such lovely hair and eyes and lips, in such a handsome package, are rare even in America. "Do you—ah—dance, *señorita?*" he asked.

"Dance?" Miss Mitchell frowned.

"San Marlo City has some of the best orchestras in the Caribbean. Bernardo would give us his blessing. Wouldn't you, Bernardo?"

"Thank you," Miss Mitchell said, "but I have school tomorrow and papers to grade tonight." And away she went, so angry with him that her face was scarlet.

Later, coming from the garden, she found me alone on the back veranda. "*Señor* Moncada," she said, "just who is that insolent young man with the truck?"

I told her of Jerry's work at the pine forest.

"Is he American? He must be to be so insolent!"

"He is a countryman of yours from the state of Minnesota, where he studied to be a forester and became a very good one. In San Marlo he is much liked, *señorita.*"

"Really?" she said. And with a frown, "Oh." And then thoughtfully, "Well, perhaps I was a bit too—too ——" And, having forgotten me, she walked away.

At supper I was concerned. The Papagayo may not be pictured on the tourist folders, but you will find on my table always the freshest fruits and vegetables the *vendedores* are able to obtain for me, and the tenderest meats from the market. Yet Miss Mitchell was obviously not enjoying her food.

I watched her. Her gaze kept wandering to the table set for Jerry Burkhardt. But Jerry had not appeared.

Except for the teacher, the whole dining room was empty when he came at last. Then he was not alone. On his arm was a dazzling, dark-eyed creature named Carmita Moreno. They came smiling to my table to ask if they might have something to eat, even so late, before going out on the town.

"Of course, of course," I murmured, trying not to glance at Miss Mitchell. I seated them and went to the kitchen, returning just in time to see what happened.

Miss Mitchell had finished her coffee and was leaving. She had to pass their table to reach the door. Jerry politely rose.

"Ah, Miss Mitchell," he murmured. "May I introduce. . . ." And, having done so and watched the two girls shake hands—because everyone shakes hands in San Marlo—he smiled wickedly and said, "We are off to the *bistros*, Miss Mitchell. I do wish you could join us, but, of course, those papers ——"

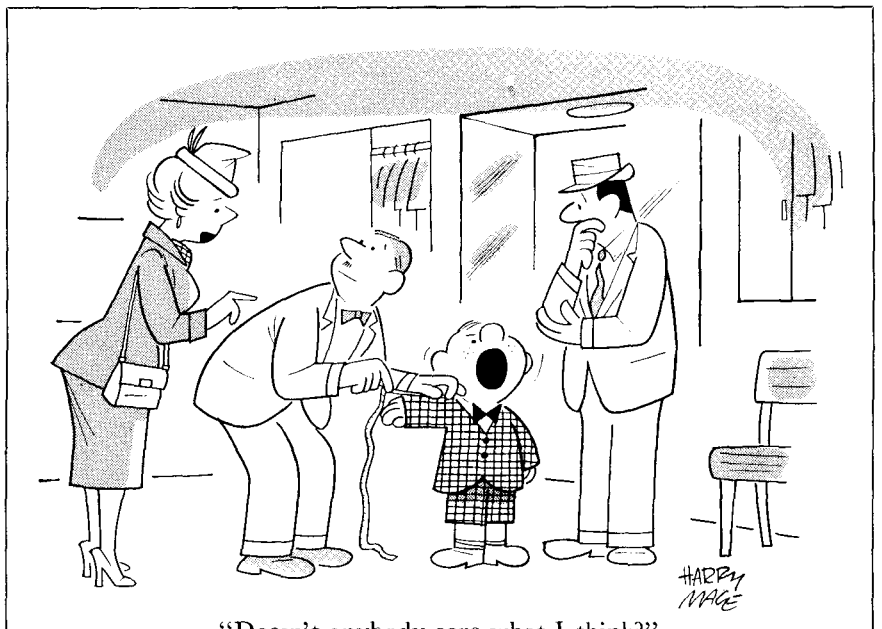
It was cruel. But then he didn't know she had been waiting for him, did he? And she had been cruel to him. At any rate, Miss Mitchell smiled, oh, so sweetly back, and said she knew they would enjoy themselves. And if later, when alone in our little sitting room, she suddenly snatched a paperbound book from a table and flung it—well, perhaps it was a book she disapproved of.

About nine o'clock I had a visitor. Col. Victor Agurcia came over from next door and sat himself down and shook his head at me. As I have said, the colonel was a nice man, a good neighbor. He was also handsome and quite young to have attained such high rank. But this evening his face was in mourning.

"Give me a drink, Bernardo," he said. "I am dying."

I poured him some wine of the country, neat.

"For what I have to say you will hate me," he said. "Begin hating—but I am helpless."



"Doesn't anybody care what I think?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Have a Crush... Enjoy a Fresh New Taste!

Discover a fresh new taste — the crisp, satisfying flavor of Orange-CRUSH. Orange-CRUSH is delicately carbonated—starts with the juice of sun-ripened oranges. Have an ice-cold CRUSH today! Indulge yourself in the thrill of a fresh new taste!

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"The children?" I said fearfully.

He moved his head up and down slowly. "She dislikes noise." He gazed at his glass and emptied himself of a great sigh. "She dislikes practically everything, Bernardo—drinking, eating, my beloved Beethoven recordings; I suspect she dislikes even herself."

I said in anguish, "But where can the children go? Where else but here can they find a roof and something to eat? I can't just turn them out!"

"We have institutions for the homeless, she says."

"Institutions! Victor, has she been in them? There is not room to take a breath. Even the air is insufficient!"

"I know." He spread his arms. "But what can I do? 'I will give him the rest of the week,' she said to me. 'If they are not out of there by Sunday, I will charge him with maintaining a nuisance.' You know her, Bernardo. The people think her an angel of charity, but it's all a pose for politics. Even my sainted mother, her own sister, was afraid of her."

I rose and paced the floor, beating my head with my hands. His sainted mother was right. I could name prominent men who had dared to defy the powerful *Señora* Castellanos and found themselves reduced to nobodies. A mere innkeeper would probably end up in jail.

"Let me talk to her," I begged.

"Tonight? She has retired."

"In the morning, then. There is so little time! Tomorrow is already Friday!"

"St. George and the dragon," he said with a sigh. "She will eat you alive, Bernardo. But all right. I, too, pity those poor children—though I may end up a lieutenant for being so weak."

When he had departed I went into the yard. It seemed so peaceful, that lovely yard—not at all like a battlefield. The mangoes hung like ornaments on the trees. The evening air was scented with limes. I walked down the path, and the children heard me coming—they always did—and in a moment they were romping around me.

"Sh!" I warned when their piping voices soared in the stillness. "The lady next door has gone to bed!"

Five-year-old Emilio, with the loudest voice of all, frowned at the garden wall and said, "Why? Is she sick?" Four-year-old Dolores, with the largest eyes in San Marlo, tugged at my hand and said, "I kiss papa!"

I bent to be kissed and was left all sticky with mango juice, but it was a lovely thing nevertheless. An aging man needs affection. Inez, the housekeeper, came from her room—a plump, happy woman my own age—to investigate the commotion.

"Oh, it is you, *señor*," she said.

"Have you counted them lately, Inez?"

"I fed eleven this evening, *señor*," she chuckled.

"Eleven." A horrible vision came to me of all those little ones, the oldest only six, walking the dark streets or huddled hungry in doorways. "There must be a way," I muttered. "There must be!"

"A way for what, *señor?*"

I could not tell her. She was to blame for the children, actually. When she first came to me, only she and the cook occupied the servants' quarters; the rest of the help did not stay at night. Then I noticed youngsters in the yard one day and questioned her.

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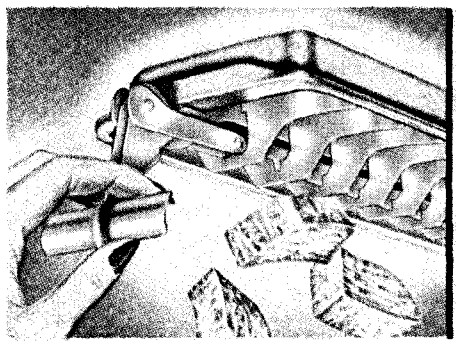
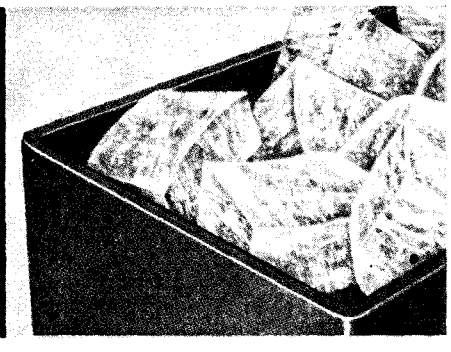


Flip the "Magic Touch" lever. A whole trayful of ice cubes drops into storage chest.



Ice chest stores several trayfuls of ice cubes. Also handy for serving indoors or outdoors.

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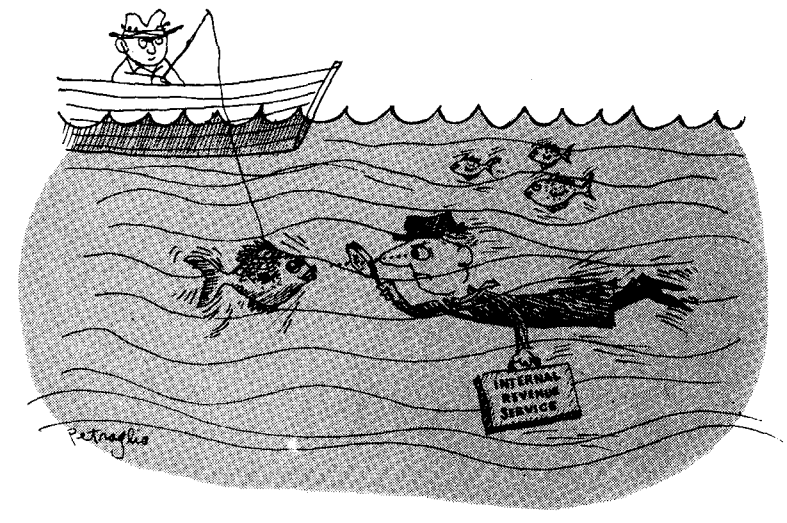

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Izaak's Fishing Store sold an ingenious contrivance which made dead bait wriggle as if it were alive. Government revenuers heard about it and taxed it as an "artificial lure." When Izaak refused to pay the tax, they sued.

"This gimmick is certainly artificial and it unquestionably makes dead bait a 'lure,' so why shouldn't we tax it accordingly?" the Government counsel argued.

"It is the dead bait that becomes the lure, when used with this device, and the bait is natural, not artificial," Izaak argued back.

If you were the judge, would you make the tax stick?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Izaak had to pay. The court held that the attraction for fish came not from the dead bait but from the wriggling action which the device induced artificially. Therefore it was taxable as an "artificial lure."

Based upon a 1958 Federal decision.

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"*Señor*," she said, "Beatriz and I have all this space we don't need, and always there is food left over. Is it wrong to give the little ones a home? Surely the guests will not complain." And she brought the children to me—only three of them then—and instructed them to love me and call me papa.

"Let the guests complain," I said. "We can find new guests." But in more than a year there was only one complaint, and that from a grouch who even grumbled that the sound of falling mangoes disturbed his sleep.

I lacked the courage to tell Inez about the ultimatum. Bidding the children good night and happy dreams, I returned to the hotel.

I had been sitting on the veranda about an hour, as miserable as man can be, when Miss Mitchell came down from her room. My face gave me away, I suppose. People tell me it usually does. She questioned me; and when I told her of the colonel's visit, she frowned.

"If a complaint is filed, the colonel himself will have to file it, won't he?" she said. "He owns the house, not his aunt."

"It makes no difference. What she orders, he will do."

"M'm," she said. "You know something, *Señor* Moncada? This is a land of coincidence. Only this morning I was instructed to call on Victor Agurcia about an Independence Day program for the students. I am to see him tomorrow after school." And away she went again, so deep in thought that she neglected to say good night.

But I was not cheered. Even she would get nowhere with the colonel, I told myself. I sat with my sadness until midnight, then went to the bar to mix a small nightcap. Jerry Burkhardt, the forester, came in and found me there.

I said to him, "My friend, you were too impulsive this evening. You might have taken the teacher dancing had you been a bit more patient."

"Ha!" he said. "She thinks I'm a monster."

"On the contrary—she was waiting to apologize. I am sure of it. But then you came prancing in with that other girl and spoiled it."

He sat himself on a sofa, with his long legs propped on a low table. "Are you kidding me, Bernardo?" he said. "After the bawling out she gave me for speeding past the school, I didn't think I had a chance."

"You would like to have a chance?"

"Don't be a donkey. She's gorgeous."

"And she has spirit, eh?—which also appeals to you. Well, I am not kidding. Had you shown a little less spirit yourself, you and she might be good friends now."

"Damn!" he said.

"Ah, well, tomorrow is a new day. Now listen to my problem, if you think yours is catastrophic." And I told him about the colonel.

He got up and paced the floor. "Bernardo, we can't let that witch do this."

"You think I want to lose my children? I love them, every one of them! But how can she be stopped?"

"H'm," he said, just as Miss Mitchell had said before him. "Let me think." He leaned, scowling, against the bar. "She makes a big noise, that woman, about her charities, her love for the poor. The little people of San Marlo don't ask themselves why she smiles on them—they only see the grand lady being *simpatico*. She must value that reputation, no?"

"Of course. But ——"

He straightened, nodding. "Let me sleep on this, Bernardo. I'm not always a dope."

The following day was one of frustration. The teacher had breakfast early and hurried off to school—Fridays were busy days for her—and when Jerry learned she had already departed he disappeared also. I waited until ten o'clock, knowing that great ladies do not rise early, and then, heart in mouth, went to call on my heartless neighbor.

It was a deceptive house, that one. From the outside it seemed but a faded reminder of days when all the fine families of San Marlo City lived on the edge of the main square. My Papagayo had been a private mansion also in those days. But, unlike the Papagayo, this old residence had remained in the family and was still a mansion inside. The *señora* received me in a drawing room filled with treasures.

She seemed a hundred feet tall while greeting me, and rigid as one of her garden statues as she sat listening to my plea. A handsome woman—I do not deny it—but her mouth was thin for my taste, and her neck too much like a turkey's.

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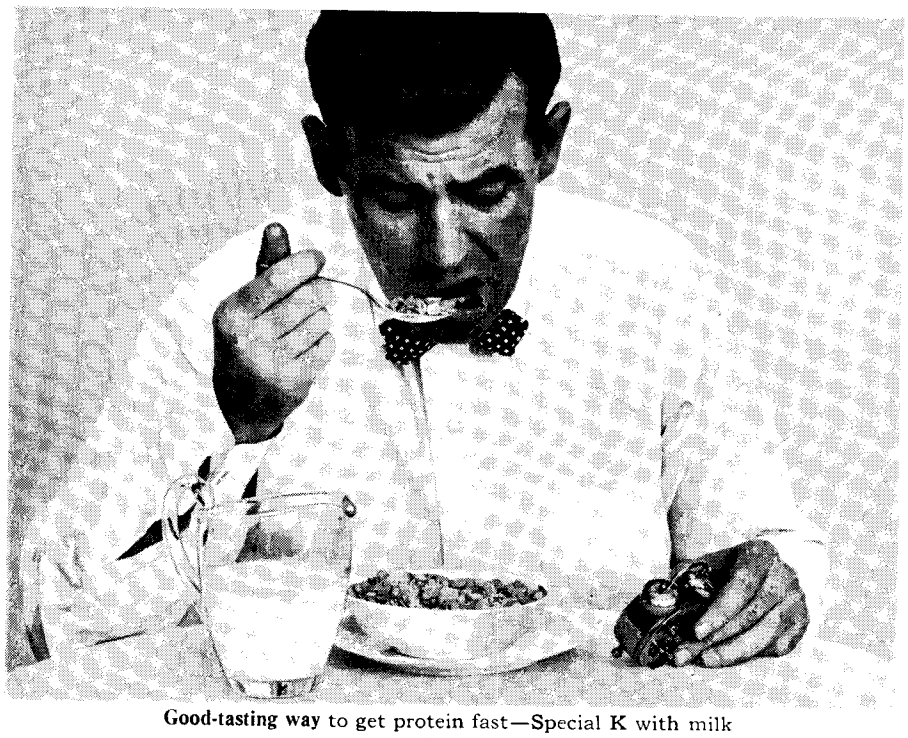

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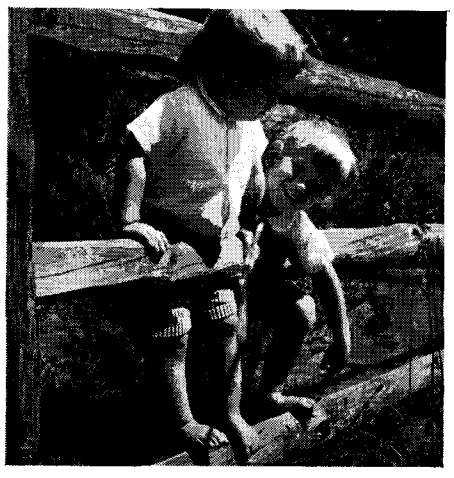
The chart shows how the 8 essential protein elements of Special K and milk fit together to form biologically complete protein. Kellogg's Special K now contains an added amount of a vital protein element called *lysine* to make all its protein more "usable."



Little shavers must have an abundance of protein for solid growth. Special K with milk is a convenient source of protein. And it appeals to finicky eat-and-runners.

Mothers-to-be have a stepped-up need for protein—at least a third more than usual. They get vital extra protein when they breakfast or snack on Special K with milk.

"*Señor* Moncada," she said, "do you claim to be the father of any of these children?"

"I am not their father, *señora*. Only their friend."

"Are they offspring of members of your staff?"

"They are homeless waifs."

"Exactly." She would not unbend even to shrug. "Your property has been turned into an orphanage."

"*Señora*, I admit it. Is an orphanage bad?"

"You are not licensed. We have laws about such things. The children must go."

If she knew the children, she would adore them, I told her. A woman of her warm and generous nature—how could she help but love such deserving little ones? "*Señora*, come with me and visit them, I implore you. You will grow fond of them, and they of you. Then there will be no more noise to disturb you."

"Children are always noisy," she said.

"But when you love them you will hear nothing!"

She rose. "*Señor* Moncada, I insist upon my legal right to dwell here in peace and quiet. The children must go. They must be gone by tomorrow night. I bid you good day."

I returned to the hotel, saying things under my breath that were not like me. At lunch I quarreled with the cook, and before the afternoon was over I had insulted two guests. To make the day worse, neither Valerie Mitchell nor Jerry Burkhardt turned up until just before supper, so I had no one to look to for sympathy. Never in my life had I felt so alone and helpless.

Jerry came first, and I told him word for word what the *señora* had said. "Bernardo, stop worrying," he advised. "When you know ——" He paused, frowning at me. "No, I'd better not."

"You had better not what?"

"Be patient, *amigo*. Is Miss Mitchell around?"

"Tell me what you are up to!" I said, grasping his arms and shaking him. "Am I made of wood?"

"Not wood, Bernardo—putty. Your face gives you away every time. Where is she?"

"I should poison your food," I said. "She is not here."

"Oh? Then I'll go up and sing in the shower. When she comes in, tell her we are invited, she and I, to a party at the American ambassador's house tonight, provided we go together. And"—he jabbed a finger at me—"I'll accept no excuses. Tomorrow's Saturday, and she has no school."

He left me, and I sat to steady my nerves. What was he up to? Which problem had he been working on all day, mine or his own? Probably both, I told myself—and, at the same time, a hundred others connected with his work at the pine forest. He was like that. But what could he do?

Miss Mitchell came in. I rose to deliver the message and saw with dismay that she was not alone. Behind her, beaming, came the young and handsome nephew of that impossible woman next door. I shut my eyes and sped a prayer to heaven, but it was too late.

"*Señor* Moncada," the teacher said, halting before me, "I have brought a guest for supper. Is that all right? Colonel Agurcia wanted to take me out somewhere, but I refused to be deprived of the best food in San Marlo just so he could spend a lot of money." She spoke with laughter in her voice, and I knew, gazing at her, that she had put the afternoon to good use, or thought she had.

With my best mechanical smile I made the colonel welcome. "We are having *pato en agrio*, Victor, and no one in San Marlo prepares it better. I give you my word." About the party at the ambassador's house I said nothing. How could I? And when the colonel had led Miss Mitchell away I collapsed on the sofa, seized by a kind of paralysis.

The atmosphere in the dining room, of course, was horrible. There at one table sat Miss Mitchell and the colonel, smiling secret smiles and murmuring confidentially all through the meal. There at another, alone, sat Jerry Burkhardt. If others were in the dining room, I did not see them. For what that lovely girl was doing or attempting to do I was grateful. It was magnificent of her. But the desolation on the forester's face made me weep.

It was ironic, no? Here was exactly the same situation we had had the evening before, but reversed. And with this difference—while watching Jerry and the sultry *Señorita* Moreno, Miss Mitchell had scarcely touched her food; but Jerry, watching her and the colonel, attacked his as though he had not seen any for days. He chewed the duck as though he were crushing stone.

When the teacher and her escort had departed, I moved to Jerry's table and leaned toward him on my elbows. "*Amigo*, I'm sorry," I said. "I weep for you."

"Save your tears," he growled.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"She had to call on him today about a program for the school. The rest is obvious. She hopes that for her sake he will defy his aunt and refuse to file a complaint."

"Don't kid yourself, Bernardo," he muttered. "She is having the time of her life."

"No, no! This is for the children!"

"Bernardo," he said, glaring, "will you do me a favor?"

"Yes."

"Go away."

"But you are wrong about her! She is a lovely, lovely girl!"

"And I am a big, big fool. Go away."

I went away. Jerry went out—to start a fight with the first person who dared speak to him, if I am any judge of a man's face. Then, knowing I must find a new home for the children before this time tomorrow unless the school teacher achieved a miracle, I walked grooves in the floor and stared holes in the clock.

Would she succeed? She was a woman for whom almost any man would risk much. But the colonel was not a warrior. Despite his uniform, he preferred Beethoven to brawling. I prayed without daring to hope.

At one o'clock the colonel brought her home. They were not smiling. Miss Mitchell, looking tired and unhappy, gave him her hand and said, "Thank you for the evening, Victor. And for listening to me."

The colonel, seeming about to cry, held her hand and said, "I am so terribly sorry, *señorita*. I wish I were a braver man."

Miss Mitchell went up to her room. The colonel turned, saw me watching, emptied himself of a sigh and walked away without speaking to me. I sat down. After a while I went into the back garden, just to walk along the paths and listen to the stillness. It would be so empty, that garden, without my little boarders.

I heard a sound and looked up. Miss Mitchell stood at her window in the dark—also, I suspect, in her pajamas—sniffling. I spoke to her. "*Señorita*, you did your best. I am grateful."

"Oh, shut up, Bernardo," she said with a sob. "Don't always be so polite."

It was after nine when Jerry Burkhardt appeared for breakfast. He ate as though the food did not interest him, then looked at his watch and came to me, frowning. "Isn't that girl ever coming down?" he demanded. "What time did she get in last night, anyway?"

"She has no school today. Why should she come down?"

"Because I need —— Oh, let it go, let it go. She can't sleep all day."

He was in a bad mood, and I had no desire to hold him in conversation. My own mood was nothing to cherish. At ten I saw him talking on the front veranda to a man I did not know—a slender, fluttery man with a shabby suitcase. The man sat down, placing the suitcase between his feet. I thought nothing of it—people come all the time to visit guests—but when I went along the veranda a little later, both he and Jerry had disappeared. Miss Mitchell, I noticed, had come down to breakfast. I sat with her and had a cup of coffee.

"Today is the end of the world," I told her.

She gazed at me sadly with eyes that had not known much sleep—one could tell. "What will you do?"

"Be arrested, I suppose. What else? Move the children, they say, but where can I take them?"

A hand fell on my shoulder, and I looked up to find Jerry beside me. "I've solved your problem, Bernardo," he said without enthusiasm. Glancing at the teacher, he added with even less enthusiasm, "Good morning, Miss Mitchell."

"How have you solved my problem?" I demanded.

"I found a house in La Jaula. The woman who lives there will look after them for a fee until we're able to do better."

"In La Jaula!" I choked, struggling to my feet. "It is one big slum! They will be turned into thieves and beggars!"

"It's a roof over their heads," he retorted, "which is more than they'll have if you wait for the cops to herd them out of here into the street. Listen, Bernardo, I worked all yesterday on this. Can you do better?"

"But this is horrible," Miss Mitchell said, turning pale.

Jerry ignored her and scowled at me, awaiting my answer. When I said nothing—what could I say?—he shrugged and turned away. "I'll take them in my truck," he growled. "Get them ready now, will you? The sooner it's done, the better."

He left us. Miss Mitchell clutched at my sleeve and said, "Bernardo, you can't! You mustn't!" But in the end, I could only shake my head at her. He was right. We had to do something.

"It will not be forever," I said. "We'll find something else."

"A house in the slums!" Miss Mitchell said. "I hate him!"

"No," I said sadly. "You do not hate him. You failed with Victor. I failed with the aunt. Jerry at least has accomplished something."

She followed me into the yard. Jerry was there before us, backing the truck through the garden. It was not necessary to call the

(*Continued on Page 107*)

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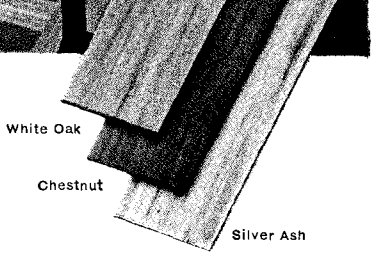

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(*Continued from Page 105*) children; this extraordinary maneuver had already lured them from their quiet play. They danced about the vehicle, demanding a ride.

"All right," Jerry said. "Climb in, all of you." He stepped down and turned to me. "I'll help you with their things, Bernardo. Then you can tell them." His face was a twisted thing, all bitterness; but at this point I felt only empty.

I helped little Emilio, the limping one, onto the back of the truck. I was clasped around the neck by Dolores, who begged a kiss. Then, with Jerry, I walked to the servants' quarters.

There was little enough we had to gather up. Still, the children did have clothing and a few toys and books. We carried these to the truck. As we did so, Inez came from the kitchen, shrilly demanding to know what was going on.

I had to tell her, and, of course, she wept uncontrollably. Then she must kiss each of the children farewell, all but drowning them in her tears and being drowned in theirs. And then she shook her fist at the house next door and screamed at the invisible *Señora* Castellanos.

"You may be a great lady," she shouted, "but God will punish you for this, *señora!* Be sure of it!"

I could only stand there, half blinded by my own tears, and reach up to clasp the hands extended to me from the truck. It was the end of the world. To die would have been easier—I swear it—than to hear the children crying out to me in their bewilderment, "Why, papa? Why must we go away?" Beside me, Miss Mitchell wept also.

"All right, Bernardo," Jerry muttered. "Stand back." He climbed into the truck. The truck lurched out of the yard, to the street. It was finished. Miss Mitchell took my arm and led me into the house.

"I don't care what you say," she sobbed, "I hate him."

I hated him too. Females are not the only ones who can be unreasonable.

We spent the day hating him. It helped to take our minds off the awful stillness in the back garden. There were times, perhaps, when I thought of the satisfaction it would give me to call again on the witch next door—with a machete this time—but mostly we were content with hating Jerry Burkhardt. Irrationality thrives on misery, no?

He must have known our thoughts. He stayed away. The truck was not in the yard when I went to bed that night, and before I could look for it in the morning, Inez handed me the newspaper.

This was Sunday, in case my ravings have caused you to lose track of the time. On Sundays *El Tiempo* is a fat paper with a picture section, and the pictures that day were devoted to us. Inez could scarcely speak for excitement.

I myself was almost speechless when I saw the pictures. I ruined Miss Mitchell's breakfast—she was not eating it anyway—by thrusting the paper on top of it, in front of her. "How were they taken?" I demanded.

She said, frowning, "From my room, obviously."

"The little man with the suitcase—of course! 'Isn't she ever coming down?' Jerry said to me, meaning you. The man wished to hide in your room with his camera. But—but ——"

"Look," Miss Mitchell said, holding the paper in trembling hands. "He has a picture of the children imploring you to let them stay. Look at their faces. And one of you helping the lame boy. And Dolores kissing you. And you crying. Ah, Bernardo, your heart was breaking. And here is one of Inez shaking her fist at the house next door. And here"—she had turned a page—"here is one of *Señora* Castellanos ——"

"Taken at the president's birthday ball last month. I recognize it. Look at what they have printed under it—'Let them go to an institution; they disturb my peace,' *Señora* Castellanos said. The institutions were full, but Bernardo Moncada managed to find a shack in the slums where the heartbroken children might survive. . . ."

"Bernardo," a voice said behind me. I turned. It was the colonel. "Bernardo," he said, "they must be brought back—at once. This is terrible."

Frowning, I straightened to face him. "She withdraws the complaint, you mean, Victor?"

"She is on her way at this moment to the home of *El Tiempo*'s editor. It was all a misunderstanding, Bernardo. She adores your children. What troubled her was that so many others are hungry and homeless. She has decided to devote all her energies hereafter to solving that problem." He smiled. It was obviously not easy, after what had happened in the house next door that morning, but he managed it. "Bring them back, Bernardo. My aunt—ah—begs you to." He went away.

"Very well," I called after him and went to see if the truck was in the yard. It was. I hurried upstairs to Jerry's room, followed by Miss Mitchell.

The forester opened the door to my knock and stepped back. "Hello, both of you," he said. "Come on in."

I embraced him. If it is childish to show one's emotions, then I am childish. "When the children are grown up and have babies, they will name them all after you," I said, forgetting some babies are girls. "But why, why did you let us think they were gone forever? How could you do that to us?"

He took me by the shoulders and turned me toward the dressing table. "Look at yourself," he instructed. "Look in the mirror."

"What—what ——"

"I told you. You have a face of putty. If you had known it was not real, you would have looked sly and scheming in the photographs and maybe spoiled the whole thing. I know you, Bernardo. The risk was too great."

It was true. My face now was like a flower in the first flush of the morning sun, all wet with dew. "I forgive you," I said. "Come. We go to that awful place for the children!"

"They aren't in that awful place," he said. "Just between you and me—and this lady who thinks only bad things of me—they're having an outing at my camp in the forest, the time of their lives, in fact. We can all go after them if you like."

I could not speak. For a moment even Miss Mitchell could not speak. She recovered first, however.

"Mr. Burkhardt," she said, "I don't think bad things of you. If you knew what I really thought—well, here." She stepped close to him and, looking into his eyes, put her hands against his face. Then she put her mouth against his mouth and held it there.

"That," she said, stepping back, "may give you some small idea."

My Friend, Trotsky's Assassin (Continued from Page 27)

Trotsky bedroom. The intended victim, his wife and grandson escaped by flinging themselves to the floor.

When this attack failed, the evidence indicates that the Communist bosses designated Mornard as executioner. No suspicion had fallen on him and now he began to show rather casual interest in the Fourth International and managed to get introduced to Trotsky. On August 20, 1940, he appeared at the villa alone, carrying a trench coat in which was concealed a long dagger and an alpine ice ax, or *piolet*, with a cut-down handle. In a trouser pocket he carried a .45-caliber automatic. He also had the text of an article he had written, and he asked Trotsky to look it over. The two men went into Trotsky's study and, as the white-haired old man bent down his head to read, Mornard pulled out the ice ax and struck him on the skull with it. The long, sharp blade penetrated three inches into Trotsky's brain. The wounded man's screams brought his guards, who might well have beaten Mornard to death, had not Trotsky managed to warn them, "No . . . he must be forced to talk."

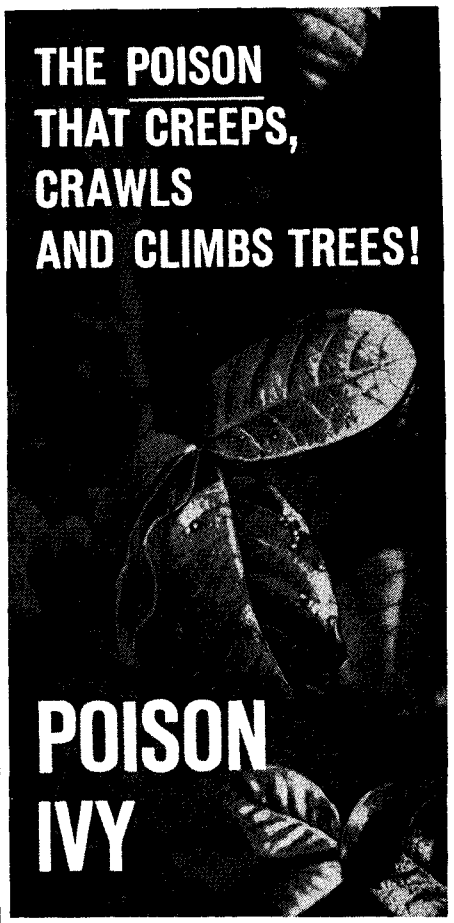
Trotsky died the next day, but Jacques Mornard never talked to the police—except to give them an obviously concocted tale of his life as son of a Belgian diplomat and of an angry political argument with Trotsky which caused him to kill the old man.

Jacques Mornard went to prison for twenty years—there is no death penalty in Mexico—and remained a mystery man. And through the years reporters from all over the world tried to see him in the old Lecumberri prison, the fortresslike penitentiary which covers a full block of the poor-class barrios of northside Mexico City. Newsreels had tried to sneak in cameras; movie producers and book publishers had sent letters offering great sums for Mornard's story. They had approached his cell and tried to talk to him. They had tried to call him on the prison telephone system. All had failed. Thus, back in 1954 when I received word from Gen. Florencio Anitua Loya, then the prison's warden, that I might come to his office and meet with the legendary *Señor* Mornard, I was highly elated. I wasn't sure just why my pleas had succeeded, but I didn't stop to argue with good luck.

The man I met that day, May 18, 1954, was younger-looking than I expected, still handsome and showing few outward marks of his fourteen years in prison. He was tall, well built—not as stocky as he was to become—and he bowed from the waist in old-fashioned gallantry as he took my hand. His dark eyes behind the brown shell-rimmed glasses were intent. Deep lines cut across his broad forehead. His hands felt rough and callused, like those of a workman. His face was swarthy under a boyish cap of brown hair. He paced the floor in front of the warden's desk and studied me a moment before he spoke.

My hopes took a sudden drop when he said in clipped, American-style English, "I never give interviews to the press. Journalism as it now is practiced is the most unethical thing in the world—next to law. They say I am a man-eater. But I don't care—why should I?"

Then he laughed and motioned toward the leather couch. I sat down, and he started talking. It was the first interview



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he had ever given a reporter, but the substance wasn't particularly enlightening. "I am passionate for one side," he began dramatically. "I am not going to say whether it is for East or West. But perhaps you will find my observation tinged in one direction." He leaped up and began to pace. "Is Russia threatening the United States? The people of the United States do not believe so. The truth is that the U.S. needs a military economy to support itself."

And so on, for two hours, he spouted the standard Communist Party line. Later I realized that my exclusive interview had come about through lucky timing of my request. Joseph Stalin had died the year before. Lavrenti Beria, the boss of the Soviet secret police, had himself been trapped and executed, and with him went Mornard's original sponsor, Eitingon. All the rumblings and upheavals in the Kremlin had a special meaning to Mornard, whose record was that of a Stalinist. He was then planning to ask for a parole. As he saw it, he must convince the new Soviet leaders that he was still a fanatical Communist who could change colors of allegiance as fast as the rising new Soviet dictator, Nikita S. Khrushchev. He felt the need to peddle some standard Soviet propaganda to show that he was in accord with the new leadership with whom he must deal in case he was released. I happened to come along at the right time. He hoped my stories, which were published in the *Chicago Tribune*, would serve this purpose.

I learned during this visit that Mornard had become something of a kingpin among the prisoners. The old penitentiary, in use since the turn of the century, was called the Black Palace by its inmates—and few prisons in the world operated by such liberal rules. Prisoners of long standing and good conduct could move freely about the open patios when going to and from their duties. Some tended the prison gardens, some ran the small grocery store, where inmates could buy soda water, soap and the like. Others worked in the tailor shop sewing police uniforms, in the foundry making metal benches, or in the press room printing documents for the federal courts. Mornard was now a leader in several activities. He was chief of electricians in the powerhouse. He supervised the radio and television repairmen in the electronics shop. He ran projectors in the small movie theater. He taught reading and writing to classes of illiterates. And because of his ability to speak fluent Spanish, French and English, he was the official tour guide for visitors.

The assassin also seemed to have plenty of money to take care of his prison needs and comforts. Mornard himself at times referred sneeringly to the "Moscow gold" he was supposed to be receiving. Julian Gorkin has alleged that Mornard's mother, Caridad, lived in Mexico under a false name in 1944 and 1945, working through lawyers in an attempt to get her son's sentence reduced and seeing that he was well financed. Gen. Leandro A. Sánchez Salazar, the former chief of Secret Service of the Mexican Police, some years ago told me that he "knew for sure" that money was coming to Mornard through the latter's lawyer of that time, since deceased. Salazar also said that Mornard was rumored to be receiving coded information on the bills and as a result the prison officials switched the bills for new ones.

Just a couple of weeks after that first interview I again went to Lecumberri to see Mornard, and again he was willing to talk to me, perhaps because previously I had listened to him and hadn't tried to trap him with pointed questions. Maybe he was just lonely. This time he invited me to his cell in Block I, a long, narrow stone court. He undid the padlock on his door, commenting, "This is to keep out curious reporters." I did not question him as to what he considered *me*, but entered the dimly lighted cubicle which he shared with another prisoner. The cell was about three feet wide from the base of the bunk to a small wooden table on the other side, supporting a bookcase which displayed several volumes of Vicki Baum, Theodore Dreiser and John Galsworthy. Six feet in the other direction the room divided into a rusty metal shower stall.

Jacques sat quietly on the straight chair at one side of the table. He seemed more relaxed than before and began to tell me about the illiterates he was teaching, pointing out that 40 per cent of the prisoners could not read or write. I wondered how a man of his noticeably knowledgeable mind could bear up through years of isolation in an unlettered community. He seemed starved for friendship, eager for talk. I told him I was struck by the intellectual loneliness of his life.

"Yes," he agreed. "It's been tough." Then he ran his large hand across his worried forehead, removed his glasses and stared at his feet. Musingly he said, "I committed an offense, and I have to pay for it. I have never said I was a victim, and I have never said I was a hero. But I know that I am not a delinquent—I would not commit another crime. I'm not rotten inside."

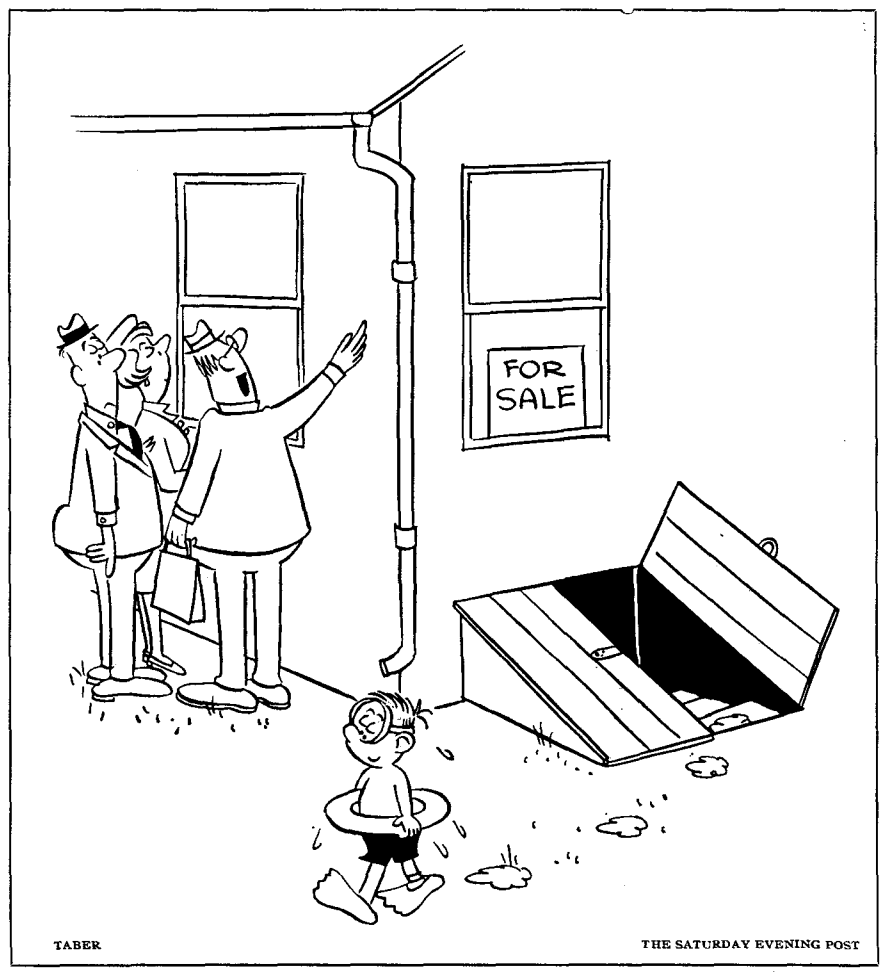
This was the closest he ever came to expressing repentance for his crime. Then something changed, as though he had suddenly realized what he had said. His face tightened, as if masked, and he jumped to his feet and began pacing and lecturing dramatically, as though speaking a part—a monologue of obvious lies: "I would never kill even for ideals! It was a brawl. Nine men jumped me. Nine of Trotsky's guards. Did you see the pictures when the police took me? Did you see the wound in my head? Trotsky and I were discussing. He insulted me. I am a violent man when I am insulted. I insulted him. We were arguing loudly and went at each other. The guards rushed in and jumped me. I whirled around and grabbed the *piolet* from the pocket of my raincoat!"

I couldn't resist breaking in and asking how he happened to have an ice ax in his coat.

That ended our talk. He ignored my question and withdrew into glum silence.

Almost a year passed before I went to see Mornard again, and this time I had prepared a little trap for him, hoping to shock him into revealing something significant. This plan had occurred to me when I read that Julian Gorkin was in Mexico City. *Señor* Gorkin and General Salazar had coauthored the book *Murder in Mexico*, published in 1950, which put together many pieces of the Trotsky-murder puzzle. This book revealed for the first time that "Frank Jacson," alias Jacques Mornard, really was Jaime Ramón Mercader. Gorkin, who had broken with Communism the same year that Stalin exiled Trotsky, had gone back, he says, to "democratic and libertarian socialism." Now he was in Mexico City to attend a Latin-American conference of the Congress for the Liberty of Culture, an organization for which he edits a Spanish-language publication in Paris. Throughout the years he had maintained a network of underground intelligence about the Communist terror machine. My interest in Gorkin was that he probably knew more about the Trotsky case and the background of the assassin's family than any other source. I went to see him at the Hotel Cortés and asked him to bring me up to date on the Mercaders.

Gorkin told me his belief that Ramón, as he called Jacques, had been forced to become the executioner; that the young Communist was told—whether it was true or not—that his mother was being held prisoner in Russia as hostage for his performance of the murder. I know there are other theories regarding Mornard's motives; indeed, one account has Caridad urging her son to undertake the murder and puts her in Mexico City at the time of the crime, waiting for Ramón in a getaway car, in case he could escape Trotsky's guards. However, Gorkin was positive that he had the correct facts in his statements to me at that time, in April, 1955.



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"The mother Caridad now lives in Paris and has halted her Communist activities," Gorkin added. "The brother Jorge and the sister Montserrat, the latter married to a Communist, also live there. But the brother Luis, the youngest of the family, is a hostage in Moscow. He cannot leave. If Ramón does not go to the Soviet Union after his sentence is up, Luis is lost. And if he does go, it is very possible that both brothers will be lost."

The next day I went to Lecumberri. It was a radiant spring day, and Jacques and I sat on a stone bench in the courtyard outside his cell. He was in a more relaxed mood than usual—until I casually mentioned that I had seen Gorkin and how Gorkin believed that Caridad had been used as a hostage to insure Ramón's performance as an assassin.

He stiffened instantly. "I do not know this man," he declared.

He jumped up from the bench and paced the patio. Then, with heavy sarcasm, he said, "If he says so, you must believe what people say. Erle Stanley Gardner [the mystery writer] could not do better."

A moment later he returned to the bench, acting bored, but asking, "What else did he say?" as if hungry for news of his family.

I told him of his mother's disillusionment and Gorkin's belief that the brother Luis was being held as hostage in the Soviet Union. And I added, "I hope you will be free to live as you wish when you leave prison."

"Of course," he answered absently, seeming to be lost in another world.

Why Mornard continued to talk with me from time to time, I don't know. Perhaps it was boredom at first. It was not until I started receiving Christmas cards from him and then a telephone call that I began to realize the depth of the man's loneliness. The call came to my office on February 12, 1958.

"Jacques," announced the brusque voice. At first I didn't recognize it.

"Jacques!" he repeated impatiently. "You asked me to tell you when I moved to the new penitentiary. Well, they are transferring us this month. Can you come see me tomorrow in Lecumberri?"

I said I would be glad to come, and Jacques suggested that I get there in time for lunch. Some time before he had been moved into a more spacious room in a circular building which quartered the elite inmates. His cell, No. 26, previously had belonged to Gen. P. T. Mow, who had been imprisoned for entering Mexico illegally while in flight from the Chiang Kai-shek government, which charged him with stealing several millions in military purchasing funds. The cell was about ten feet square and was equipped like an apartment, with a single bed, a desk, a well-laden book shelf, a small gas stove and a green-painted table on which were Jacques' typewriter and expensive camera. The bookcase contained a book on Hermann Rorschach's methods of psychological analysis. On a previous visit, while discussing this book, I had said to Jacques, "The psychologists say that you have an Oedipus complex. Or is it a hero complex?"

"I am a materialist," he replied with vehemence. "When a person does something wrong, I believe his sick brain is at fault. I know it absolutely. I am the product of this shell where I do my living and of the way I was brought up by my parents."

"You don't believe in the will, then?"

"Of course I believe in the will. I do not believe in God. I am not so sanguine. It was the result of a whole chain of events that will (*Continued on Page 110*)

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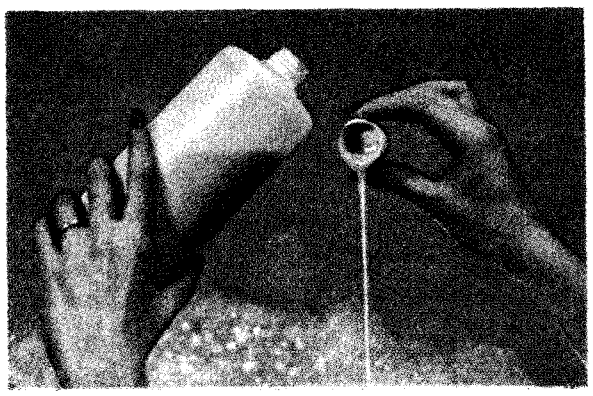

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(*Continued from Page 108*) never be known—that those who know will never divulge. It was right at the time."

I assumed that the "it" referred to the murder of Trotsky.

When I arrived at cell No. 26 for lunch that later day, the soup plates and spoons were laid out neatly on a checkered tablecloth. Jacques greeted me as though he had a secret. On the desk was a package with an envelope, bearing the word SALUDOS, pinned to it. "Is it somebody's birthday?" I asked. "Yes," he replied. "Mine. Fifty-four years old." Why he persisted in sticking to this fictitious age, I don't know, unless it, too, was a part of the mystery-man role he had maintained so long.

There was still another surprise for me when Roquelia Mendoza arrived with two baskets of food and an enormous cake baked for the occasion by her mother. I knew Roquelia by sight, for I had called on her four years before when I was trying to get my first interview with Mornard. Since then I had passed her many times in the prison patios, and I had wondered if her square, pale face might be Russian. But as I got to know Roquelia, as I did after this birthday party, I became convinced that she was Mexican, as she said. She had met Jacques, so she told me, about four years after his imprisonment. She was then an auburn-haired young beauty and, with a sister Lidia, was visiting a brother-in-law in the prison. Somehow Jacques and Roquelia conducted a courtship and now claimed to be married.

"It was a mystery wedding you know," Jacques said sarcastically, "Roquelia was married in a white hood. My hood was black."

At the time I wasn't able to find out whether they really were married legally or simply became common-law mates under the prison's extremely liberal conjugal rules. Now in her late forties, Roquelia remains attractive. She was working in an office of the *Departamento Central*—city hall—and for sixteen years visited Jacques devotedly on Sundays and Wednesdays under the regulations which permit wives, legal or common-law, to spend several hours privately with their prisoner-husbands.

Shortly after his transfer to the new penitentiary on the far southwest outskirts of the Federal District, Jacques' appeal for a parole was denied because of his lack of repentance and refusal to reveal his real identity. So Jacques resigned himself to living out the remaining years of his sentence, and he found some advantages in the modern new steel-and-tile prison, designed with a vast open-air patio and with many facilities intended to help in prisoner rehabilitation.

Although he had to abandon his independent housekeeping for a cell with another prisoner, Jacques appreciated the conveniences, such as a pleasant hostelry for the visits of wives, and the ultramodern workshops. As a kingpin among prisoners, he immediately took over the spacious library as a locale for his Sunday dinners, saying, "It has no books to interfere with thought." He also adopted two devoted German shepherd dogs from the strays which wandered from the countryside into the prison patio.

On my first visit to the new prison I found him in the electronics shop. "Well," I greeted him. "It won't be long now. Only two more years."

"You think not?" he challenged. "Two years is two centuries. I am getting old in body and spirit."

Later, as we talked, he pulled from a drawer a stack of handsomely illustrated magazines from Red China. I had seen the same glossy covers on the downtown newsstands; they are distributed in Mexico City by "Friends of China" committees and the Soviet-bloc embassies. Page by page Jacques flicked through the photographs of new factories, schools, communal farms and smiling Chinese faces. Many times previously I had argued the question of individual freedom with Jacques; now I questioned the cost of the efficiency gained by communal slavery. He reacted more violently than usual.

"How do you know so much?" he demanded, thrusting the magazines at me. "If you don't believe me, see for yourself. When I get out of here, I'll take you to China with me."

The first time he offered any opinions on the Soviet leaders was toward the end of 1959, on another Sunday in the prison library, while we were waiting for Roquelia. We started arguing about freedom of thought, and I prodded him by talking of Nikita Khrushchev's belated denunciation of Stalin's crimes.

"Look," he began, waving my remarks aside and falling into the peculiar jargon of the Communist, "Khrushchev and the others who served in the Stalin government knew the positive, and they knew the negative. The positive was greater than the negative. But at the end of that period, was it not valiant to disclose the negative?"

"And what about Trotsky?" I persisted. "Didn't he have anything positive? Lenin himself willed him the leadership of Russian Communism."

Jacques grabbed my arm. "That will was invented by the enemies of Russian Communism," he declared. "I have heard Trotsky. The difference between Trotsky and Stalin was very clear. Stalin wanted to build state socialism in Russia, to consolidate the revolution there. The others wanted to make international socialism."

"But Stalin established a brutal dictatorship," I said. "Trotsky sought what he called a democracy of the proletariat."

"Yes," he conceded wearily. "It was a dictatorship in the first years and in the last years. Now the Soviet *is* arriving at proletarian democracy." His dark eyes stared toward the garden outside. "I didn't read the history of Communism until 1947, here in the penitentiary. If I had read it before, I would not be here today, you can be sure."

"You mean you made a mistake?"

"I'm not saying *what* I mean."

Late last January I heard a rumor that Jacques was seeking a presidential pardon and might be quietly slipped out of the country. So I called him on the telephone and asked him about it. He denied the rumor—falsely, as it turned out—and then asked, "When are you coming out again?"

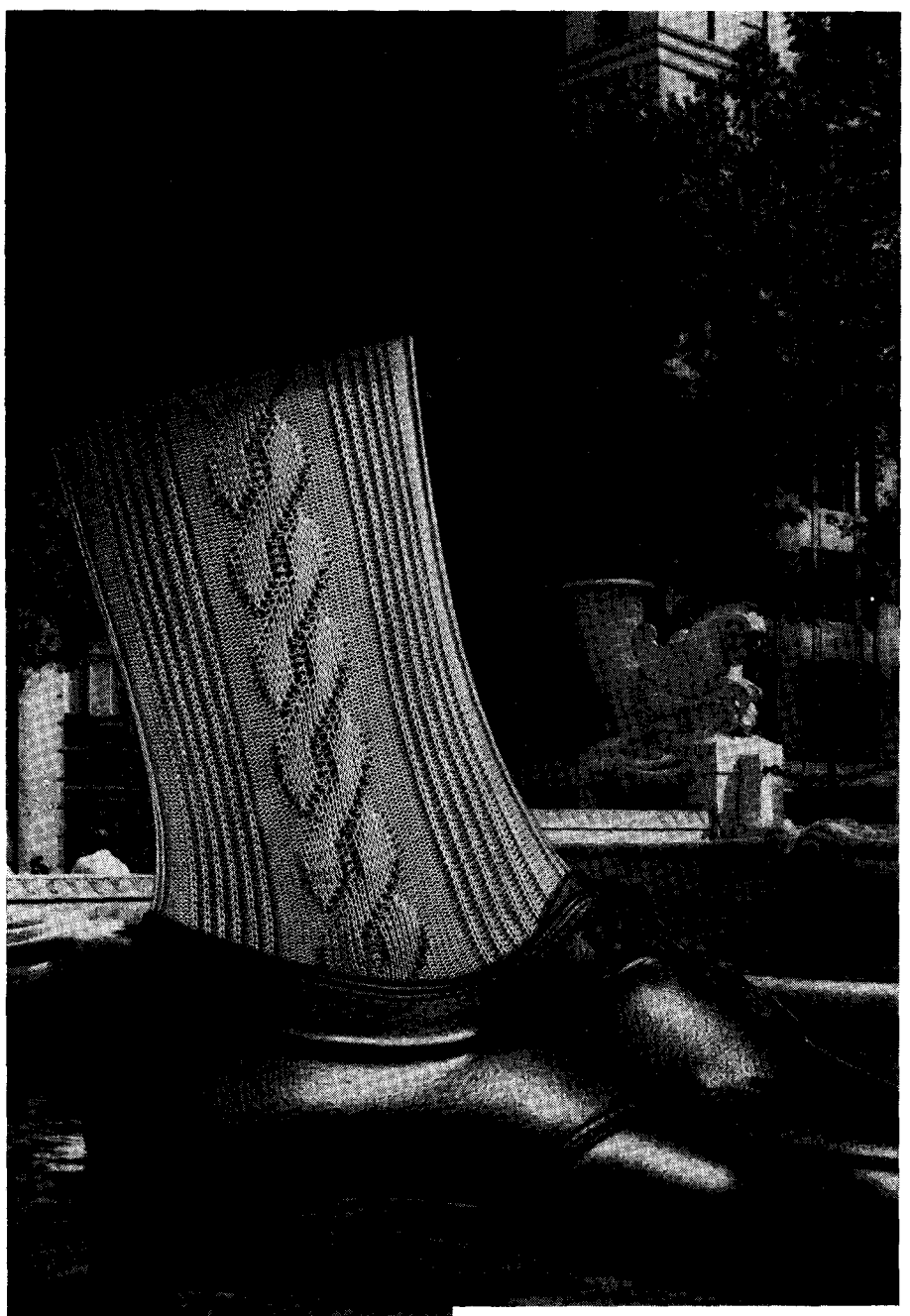
I explained that I had no transportation, as my car had been stolen. He promptly invited me to come out with Roquelia, adding, "She will let you hold my adopted daughter." This was the first I had heard of any plans to adopt a child, and I naturally was curious about this peculiar development.

Thus, on a Sunday morning, Roquelia, her sister Lidia and I set out in Roquelia's 1952 Lincoln sedan. The car also was something of a mystery. Jacques said that it was lent to Roquelia by his lawyer, Eduardo Ceniceros, adding jokingly, "My Moscow gold didn't come through in time." But Roquelia claimed that she had bought it. As we drove along the highway toward the smoky-blue mountains which encircle the beautiful Valley of Mexico, Lidia—not I—held the black-haired, black-eyed baby girl. Roquelia and Lidia were worrying because Jacques did not want the child baptized.

As we drove up in front of the high, black, grilled fences of the penitentiary, I was surprised to see Jacques was waiting outside the barred gates. He was dressed in a plaid cotton shirt and blue prison trousers, his glasses slightly askew on his nose. The blue-uniformed guard standing by seemed indifferent as Mornard reached eagerly for the baby and the baskets laden with his mother-in-law's cooking. We walked through the administration building to the police matrons to be searched routinely for weapons and sharp instruments. We passed the prison auditorium, which looked and smelled like a Mexican street market, the modern theater seats stacked with *tortillas*, *tacos*, *quesadillas*, (*Continued on Page 112*)

Childhood is that wonderful age when all you had to do to lose weight was to take a bath.

A. W. STINSON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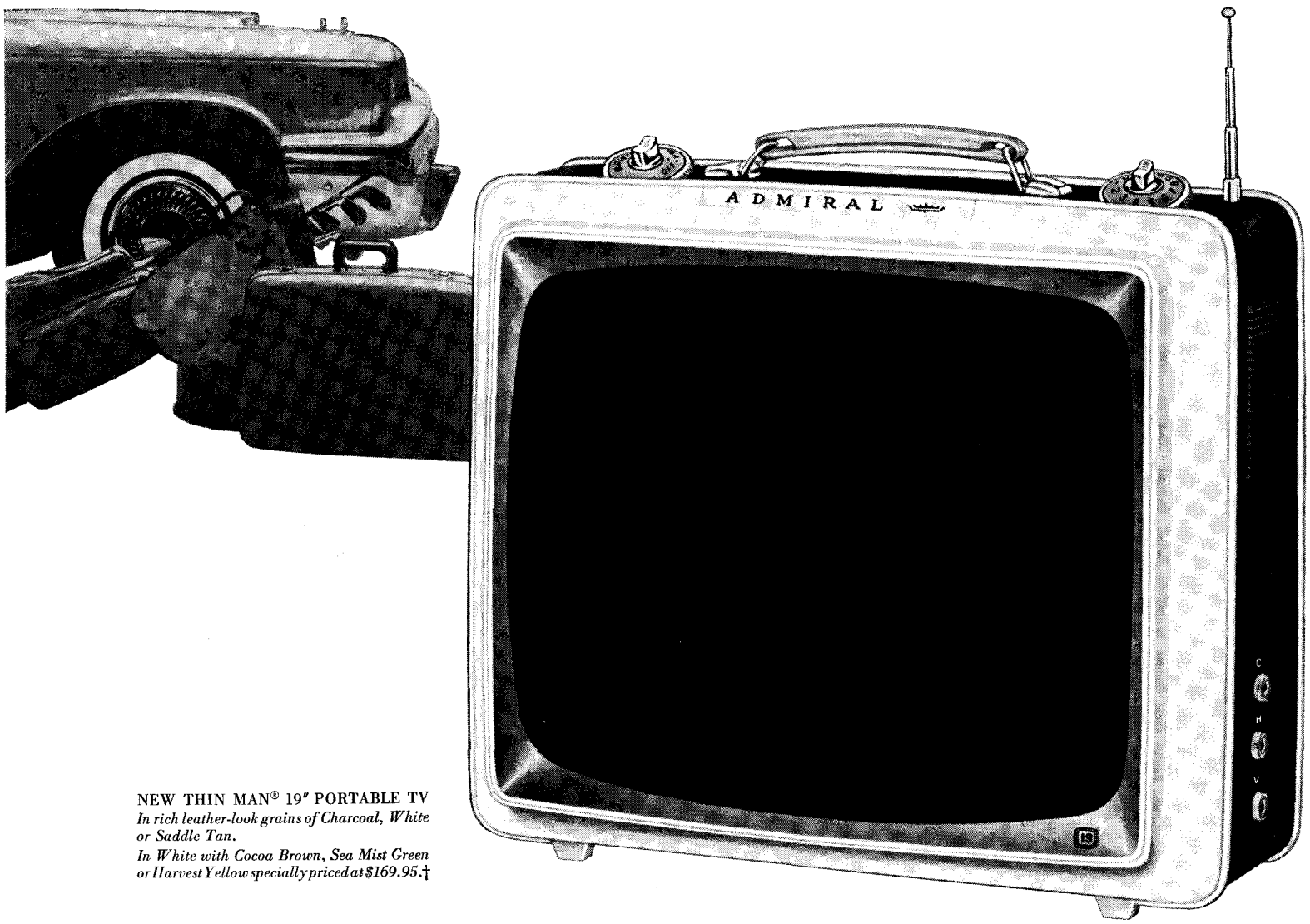

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(*Continued from Page 110*) *carnitas* and other food which the prisoners and their families were enjoying. We passed on to the library, which is reserved on Sundays by the "commissioned" prisoners who run the workshops.

Jacques was in a gay mood as he showed off the baby to his friends while Roquelia, standing over a portable gas stove, warmed the meal of celery soup, chicken *tacos* and savory white fish done in cheese sauce according to Jacques' own recipe. "The adoption papers are being prepared in Roquelia's name," he told me in English. "We want to keep it quiet until the legalities are arranged."

"So now you have a Mexican family," I said. "Your first piece of luck was marrying such a devoted woman."

"I think she has suffered more than I," he said softly. "The first day I saw her—oh, she walked so primly, so proudly. Then the lightning hit us. Has she ever told you it was the lightning that hit us?"

That scene, I think, marked one of the best moments in the prison life of Jacques Mornard. The next time I saw him, on February 14, 1960, when he was celebrating what he said was his fifty-sixth birthday, his last inside the prison, he was tired and edgy. Again we were waiting for Roquelia and the baby. He himself brought up a recently published book on his case which analyzed him as a "happy robot of the Kremlin"—a hero unrepentant of his crime.

"Let the legend live," Jacques said wearily. "That is the way the public wants it." And he told about the American girl he had guided through Lecumberri prison, who not knowing who her guide was, had said, "I'm glad I didn't see that murderer, Jacques Mornard. I would be frightened to death to meet him on a street corner."

"Don't worry," Jacques said he told her, "you will never meet him on a street corner." He laughed bitterly at his own anecdote.

I shifted from the half-hearted joke to a serious subject. "You may not be afraid of street corners, Jacques, but neither was Roger Touhy afraid when he left the penitentiary in Illinois after twenty-five years. His enemies remembered him and shot him."

Jacques looked at me defiantly. "I do not fear *that* much." He held up a thumb and index finger and snapped them together. "I will walk out of here without armed guards. I am not going to be a monk. I am not going to have plastic surgery. You can be sure of that. Let the myth live if that is how they want it."

There were tears in his eyes. I have never seen him so defenseless. But I couldn't help from saying, "But you are responsible for the myth, the legend of the unrepentant assassin. You have kept it alive for twenty years."

He whirled toward me, and for the first time I felt afraid of him. He was almost shouting.

"Am I going to expose my mother? Am I going to expose my brother? Are they guilty of my crime?"

The words hung in the air, spoken now after twenty years. The silence was long. He had, in effect, admitted at last that he was Jaime Ramón Mercader, still captive of the Kremlin.

"Why don't people realize I am an ordinary human being?" he said. "I have paid for my—for my punishable act."

"And will you go to see your mother?"

"Of course. I will leave Mexico. I cannot stay here. The government will deport me."

"Is your mother still living in France?"

"She spends her winters in Nice, the rest of the time in Amsterdam."

"And how will you go to France without a passport or visa?"

"I can go to France at any time." His voice regained its usual assurance, even bravado. "I will be in Rome for the Olympic Games. When I wear civilian clothes, they will no longer know me as The Myth."

I saw Jacques several times after that, but no longer was he relaxed in my presence. As I see it now, he was increasingly a frightened, nervous man as the moment of his release approached. The baby Leonor disappeared from the Sunday scenes. "She became ill," he explained offhandedly. "The doctor discovered a heart deformity. It may be that they can operate when she grows older, but we will leave her with the doctor until I have my freedom."

I had planned to see Jacques on Sunday, May eighth, but on the Friday afternoon before, news flashed that he was gone. He had been released secretly from prison shortly after noon "to avoid possible trouble," Mexican officials announced. He had been taken to Mexico City's airport where the two Czech "escorts" waited for him alongside the 1:45 Cuban Airlines plane for Havana.

There were news reports that Roquelia had been at the airport for "a tearful parting" from her man. But that night I talked with Roquelia, and she told me that the news was in error—she had not been at the airport; in fact, she had not known Jacques was leaving that day. And for the first time she admitted that she and Jacques had never been legally married, although she seemed calmly sure that they would be in the near future. Before boarding the plane Mornard had promised his lawyer, Eduardo Ceniceros, that he would send for Roquelia to marry her as soon as he arrived in Prague.

"Poor Jacques," she said. "Now he is free to live his life at last. As soon as he reaches Prague—he is traveling by ship [from Cuba]—he will start working. He must, as he has no money."

Roquelia quit her job in City Hall, and the last time I saw her she appeared happy and unworried and was busy getting ready to join Mornard in Prague "as soon as I get the papers and pack my things."

"Is Jacques in danger?" I asked her. "Will he have to go to the Soviet?"

"*¿ Por qué ?*" she said. "Why?" And she gave a strictly nonpolitical shrug.

Perhaps Roquelia's dreams will come true. But somehow I doubt that Mornard, the man of many names and keeper of awful secrets, is making his own plans. As Natalia Sedova Trotsky, the aged widow of the man he murdered, said, "Mornard now goes to his reward—or elimination." THE END

NEXT WEEK

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"I WANT THAT GRAND SLAM"

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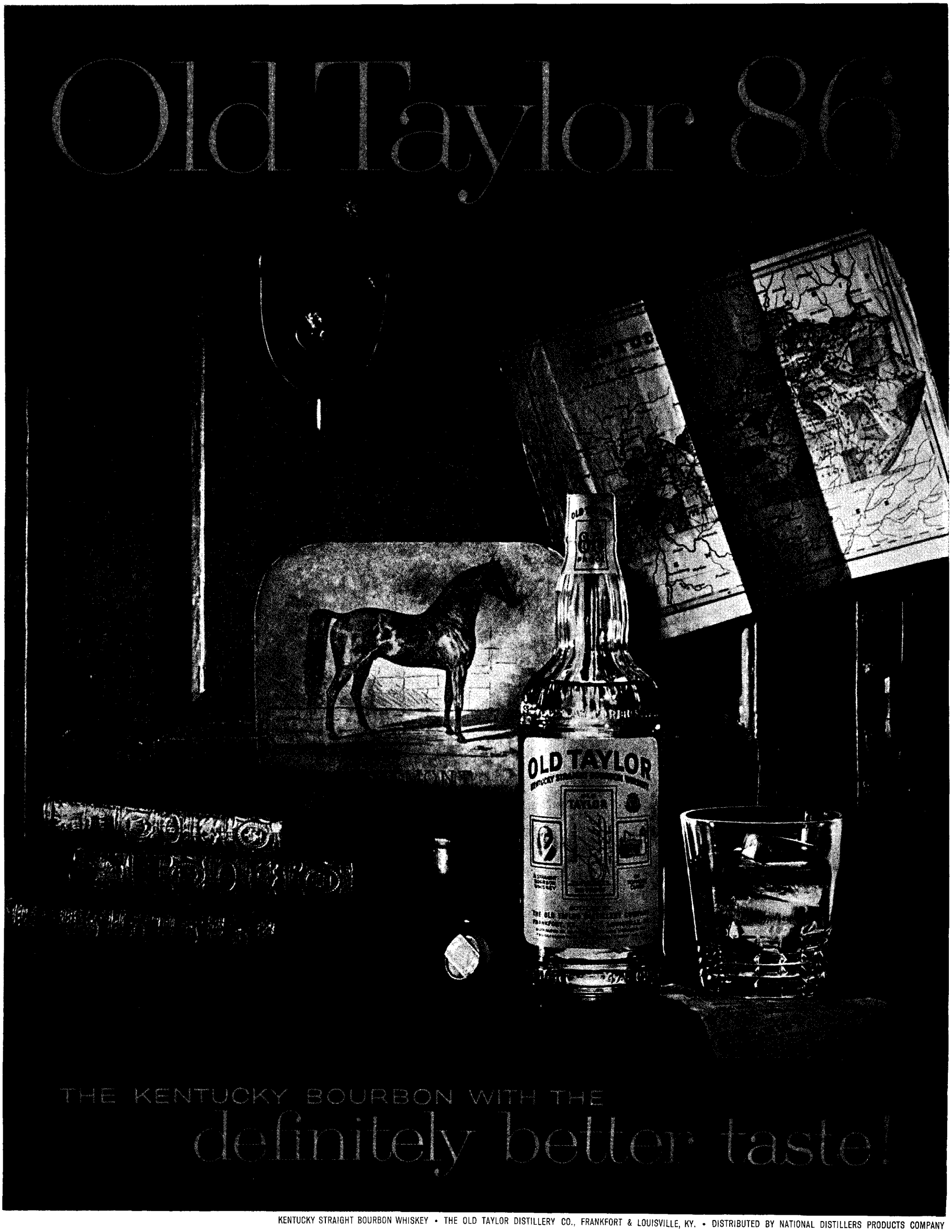

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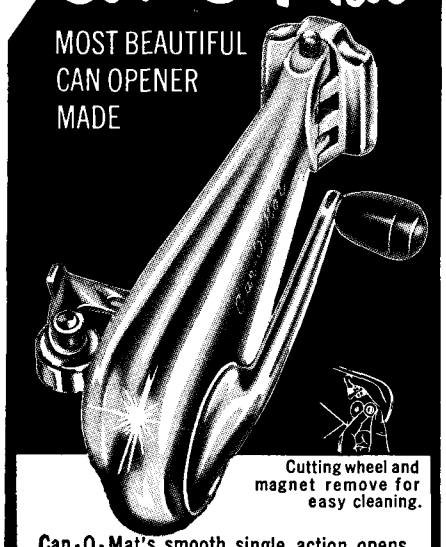
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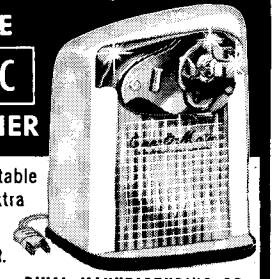
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Hour of Panic (Continued from Page 31)

chits the sailors always wrote UNION BAPTIST in the space for the church name. There was a Baptist church in Chefoo, and in summer Baptists of all the splinter sects attended it, but it did not call itself "Union Baptist." However, the most popular beer on the China Coast was labeled UB, for "Union Brewery." Squad Dog and most of the officers thought it was a good joke. The missionaries heard about it, but they couldn't do anything, and that made it a better joke.

Wolfe didn't think it was very funny. This Sunday the rest of the squadron was down at Tsingtao with the submarines, and his ship had Chefoo all to itself. That was great stuff, and Wolfe knew half the liberty section would be in the first boat with him. He wasn't going to Taiping Street himself. He just wanted to stretch his legs and feel sand and grass instead of steel under his feet. But he had written UNION BAPTIST on his request chit.

He heard a boatswain's pipe shrill and the words: "Aaw-a-ay the motor whaleboat!" And then: "Now hear this, muster by the gangway, a-a-all the church party!"

Wolfe walked forward to the quarterdeck. It was cool and smelled of paint under the awning. He joined the crowd of sailors in dress whites getting their liberty cards from the gangway watch. The officer of the day stood by the stack talking to Ensign Carter and a bare-headed young civilian in a white sharkskin suit and a red necktie. The civilian had come aboard from a sampan an hour ago for some business with the captain. Wolfe looked over the side at the motor whaleboat curving in to make the gangway, with Harris in a white life jacket at the tiller and Jones, also wearing a white life jacket, hunched over the engine controls amidships. Wolfe was the ship's boat repairman and, as always, he listened to the engine. Now and then it coughed. *It's still cold,* he thought, *but Jones could make it stop that if he only wanted to.* Jones worked for Wolfe and was hostile to him, and Wolfe could never make Jones feel any respect for machinery. Wolfe didn't care whether or not Jones respected him as a petty officer, but he wanted Jones to respect the boat engine. Jones didn't respect anything in the world.

The gangway watch said, "All right, sailors, let's fall in for inspection." Wolfe squared his hat and lined up with the others, holding his liberty card ready. But instead of the O.D., the young civilian came around in front of them. He had a funny smile and some papers fanned out in his hand.

"Fellows, I'm Bill Gregory from what used to be the Chefoo Baptist Church," he said. "Two days ago our board of deacons and our congregation voted to change our name to the Union Baptist Church. I'm mighty pleased to learn that you've already heard about it."

He was skinny and not tall, with curly red hair and a thin, sharp face with freckles. He held up his papers, and Wolfe saw that they were request chits. *A counterpunch,* he thought. *Pretty smart.*

"I see you're all coming to our church today," Gregory said. "That's mighty fine and dandy. Since we're all going the same way, I'll just ride ashore with you and walk with you from the jetty."

Nobody spoke. By twos and threes the sailors fell out and eased away until only Wolfe, a quartermaster and two seamen stood fast. The civilian smiled, pleased with himself. Wolfe kept looking at him. He kept his own face as blank as a flange. Then the O.D. said to get in the boat, and Wolfe saluted and went first down the accommodation ladder. Harris, chunky and red-faced, was leaning across the guardrail and holding the stern in with a line. The boat was surging up and down three feet in an unusually strong swell. Wolfe stepped to the gunwale on an upsurge and rode it down.

"Harry, dunk that guy," he said softly.

"I'll try." Harris grinned. "You sure enough going to church, Wolfie?"

"I'm going straight to Taiping and get drunk," Wolfe said.

Wolfe went to the bow because Ensign Carter was going ashore in that boat, and he didn't like enlisted men to ride aft with him. Jones was standing up and holding the bow in with a boathook. He was a lean, morose, Indian-looking fireman who never smiled, but now he gave Wolfe a sly grin. He'd heard the talk. Whoever got hurt, Jones couldn't lose.

"The engine was misfiring," Wolfe said. "Have you checked how tight the ignition leads are on the plugs?"

"They're tight," Jones said. "You just let me run that stinking engine, Wolfe." He spat into the water. "When it don't run, I'll tell you and you can fix it."

Wolfe shrugged. It was always that way with Jones. Maybe Jones was right, how could a guy know? The other sailors came forward. They knew they must stand up until Ensign Carter came down and was seated. Carter was a tall, fair-haired young man with gaunt cheeks and a wide mouth. He was new aboard, fresh from the Battle Fleet, and very mindful of the respect due him.

Gregory came down just ahead of Carter. When he stepped for the gunwale Harris let the stern swing out. Gregory missed and thunked down like a sack of cement with his belly across the gunwale and his legs kicking in the water. Harris grasped the scruff of his pants and pitched him inboard in a heap. Carter waited, cool and elegant in his tailored white tunic with bright gold buttons. He said, "Watch that, Harris!" but he smiled slightly as he stepped aboard.

Jones went to his seat on the battery box aft of the engine. Harris rang a bell, and Jones started the engine. It coughed and missed, and Wolfe frowned. Harris pushed the tiller with his hip and headed the boat around toward the beach. He and Jones had white slip covers on their kapok life jackets with the ship's number, 212, on them in blue. The number was on the gray engine hood, too, in heavy brass numerals secured to a metal sheet and highly polished. The boat was open and thirty feet long. It had separate and roughly square bow, engine and stern compartments with seats along their sides. The extreme stern was decked over to make a small platform with a pipe guardrail around it. Harris stood there, at the brass-pipe tiller.

Carter and Gregory sat facing each other, their heads level with Harris's knees. Gregory was smudged and wet and rumpled, and his wind was knocked out, and he seemed very angry. The sailors in the bow looked at him and grinned at each other. When the boat cleared the ship's lee, there was a strong wind, and the heavy swells seemed to have a secondary chop coming at an angle across them. When the bow slapped water, the wind blew spray into the boat, and Carter told Harris to slow down. At half speed the engine coughed and missed now and then. Wolfe knew the plugs weren't dirty enough to cause that. He thought if he took the controls for a while he could steady the engine into it, but that would insult Jones. He wished he knew some way he could get along with Jones. The quartermaster beside Wolfe was a chubby little man who talked a lot. He asked in a whisper what Wolfe was going to do. Wolfe said he would go directly from the jetty to Taiping Street.

"He's got your request chit, and he'll complain to the Flag if you do that," the quartermaster said. "Them Biblebacks got big political influence in the States. Squad Dog'll have to court-martial you."

"I'd sooner please that guy by taking a court than by letting him blackmail me into his church," Wolfe said.

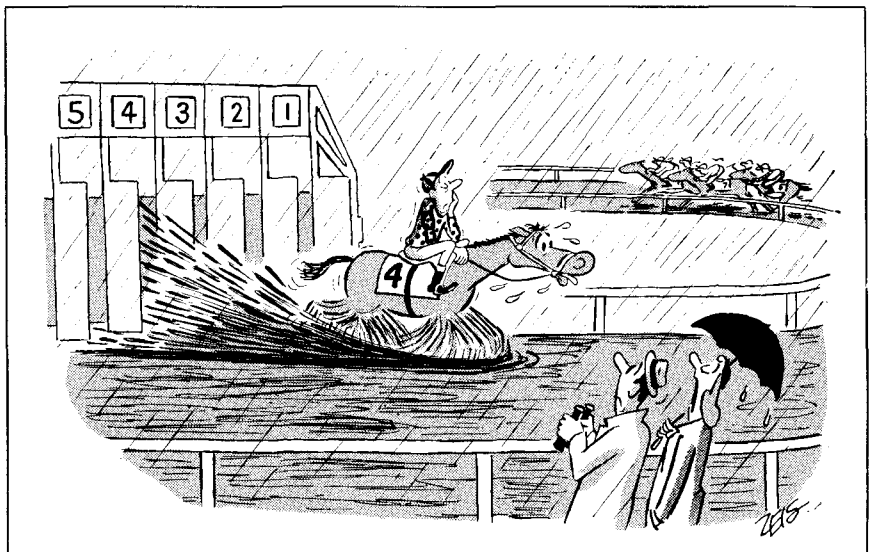
"We can go to his church and still get an hour's jump on regular liberty," the big seaman across from Wolfe said. The little seaman nodded.

"That's taking a bribe," Wolfe said. "You guys suit yourselves."

"He's got us by the short hair," the quartermaster said. "I guess I'll go with him all right."

The boat pitched and plunged and yawed, and they had to brace their feet and hold to the gunwale. Wolfe saw that Harris was cutting much closer than usual to the point of Kentucky Island, and he remembered the old saying, "The points draw the waves." There would be some very rough water in there. He looked to see how Gregory was taking it. The missionary was pale and hung his head and breathed through his mouth, and it was plain he was getting sick all right. Above Gregory's head Harris winked at Wolfe. The two seamen nudged each other and laughed.

Wolfe watched the swells. They came like walking hills. They had a silky skin and bulged under it like bluish-green muscles. Wolfe began feeling sick himself, but he guessed it (*Continued on Page 116*)



"I told you he wasn't much of a mudder."
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(*Continued from Page 114*) was worth it, to make that guy aft heave up his insides. Gregory looked pretty sick. *No, it ain't worth it*, Wolfe thought. *It's just something people have to do to one another because that's how they put their world together.* The gunwale dipped water aft. *I'll take machinery*, Wolfe thought. *Engines are decent and honest.*

"Swing wide, get clear of the point, Harris," Carter said.

"Yeah," the big seaman said. "This ain't funny no more."

Harris swung the tiller. The swells were much higher than the boat. They peaked and almost curved at the top because the boat was dangerously close to the rocks and the swells were near to breaking. The wind whipped spray off the tops and made fleeting rainbows. The boat dipped water again aft, and Harris looked worried.

"You men forward, break out life jackets," Carter ordered.

"There ain't any, sir," Harris yelled down. "They was wet and moldy, and I got 'em sunning on the after deckhouse." Carter just looked at him, and Harris started taking off his own life jacket. "I was going to put 'em back before the regular liberty trip, sir," he said.

The big seaman across from Wolfe muttered, "Holy horse! No life jackets!"

Harris handed his life jacket to Carter, who handed it to Gregory. The red-haired man waved it away. Then he twisted around across the gunwale and threw up.

"I'll take it," the big seaman said, but not very loudly. Carter dropped the life jacket at his feet and looked up at Harris. "Very well. Bear a hand, get clear of the point!" His voice was taut as piano wire.

Harris rang for full speed, and the engine throbbed strongly again. Spray whipped across in sheets, and the motion became really violent. The boat rocked and plunged and snapped every which way until Wolfe felt he was in the air half the time. Everybody was pale and quiet and holding on. Wolfe thought about how he couldn't swim. He caught glimpses of the black rocks and the surf breaking high and booming now like a drum, and he knew the best swimmer in the world couldn't get ashore there. Then he saw it coming, like a swell along the leaping hillside of a swell, a cornering giant fist of water, and it swamped the boat.

It was a long, dark pull at him that felt like roots snapping. He must have closed his eyes. His legs went over his head, and he held his breath and hung on. Then they rolled in the trough and he could see, and he saw that the boat was awash to its gunwales. Only its air tanks kept it afloat. His face felt wooden and his ears rang and nothing seemed quite real, and he couldn't get started thinking again. He felt paralyzed. Then something hit him like a thousand volts.

The engine was stopped!

Before he knew it he was in the engine compartment bailing frantically with a bailer he didn't remember getting out of the boat chest. The engine was his pigeon. He couldn't stand it if they all died because the engine failed. Jones was standing up working the hand bilge pump, and he bent the rod in his haste and swore and straightened it roughly, and more water spurted up the bent rod than went over the side. Wolfe held on with one hand and bailed with the other, and all he saw was the engine and sloshing water. As if from far away, he heard Carter's voice shout something about capsizing and all hands untie your shoes. *I hope to God the engine will start*, Wolfe thought. *I just hope to God.* Then the water was down to the floor boards, and he told Jones, "Kick her over!"

The engine didn't fire. Wolfe saw spots in front of his eyes and realized he was holding his breath. He breathed out and in again and he whiffed chlorine.

"Hold it, Jones!" he yelled.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter's voice said.

Wolfe lifted the wooden cover from the battery box, and the fumes made him cough. Salt already crusted the terminals. He wiped the top as clean and dry as he could with a wrung-out handkerchief. Then he raised the hood and dried out the distributor head. Water stood in beads on the oily gray intake manifold, and he slapped them off angrily. He felt of the bundled ignition leads, and just then Jones pressed the starter button. Wolfe felt the wires bite his hand through their insulation, and he snarled at Jones to stop.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter said from aft.

Wolfe closed the hood. Now he knew. The insulation on the ignition wires had been gradually soaked by all the rain, letting more and more spark intensity leak away, and this dunking was the last straw. Now the battery was so weak it might not push any spark at all across the plug points. But Wolfe felt the engine could still start, if it wanted to. It had been misused and hated, and it didn't care whether it every ran again. He had to make it want to start.

"Jones, get on the crank," he said.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter said.

The crank was in the bow compartment and came through the bulkhead to the engine. Jones scrambled into the bow, and Wolfe looked there for the first time since the engine stopped. The quartermaster and the two seamen were in a tangle on the floorboards, and they were crying or praying or both. Jones cursed them and kicked them and made room to turn the crank. Wolfe sat bracing himself with feet and knees and kept one hand on the throttle and one on the spark control. If the engine fired, he had to keep it going. It was something your hands and ears did, working together and bypassing your brain. You had to have a feel for it.

Jones cranked, and the engine didn't fire. You had to have a feel for the crank, too, and Wolfe tried to tell Jones. First you spun it around to get some gas in the cylinders. Then you gave it half turns with a jerk and a snap, letting it fly free and pushing it with a wish. He tried to tell Jones.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter said.

If a Kid Answers, Hang Up

By Sheldon White

If my call's answered
By a nine-year-old tot
Who asks who I am,
I reply that I'm not
A wicked man who
Has ever been tried
For the shameful deed
Of infanticide,
But only because
There is no way known
To bring it off
By telephone.

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It was no good. Jones kept wanting to spin the engine, and Wolfe had to yell at him. Wolfe knew he couldn't take the crank himself because Jones would deaden the engine even more at the controls. He thought Jones looked at him pleadingly, just a glance, and he started to answer, and Jones broke. He began to spin the engine furiously and his face got dark red, and he screamed the filthiest curses he knew at the engine. Wolfe threw the engine in gear, and that stopped him. Jones stood up and came aft. Wolfe stood up too. He knew it was the end.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter said.

Jones stopped beside the engine and took off his lifejacket. "Take it," he told Wolfe. "I know you can't swim." Wolfe shook his head. Something rushed past Jones and took the lifejacket with it, and Wolfe's eyes followed it into the after compartment and it was the quartermaster. Carter still sat braced across from Gregory. His hat and tunic and shoes were gone. His face was wooden, and he didn't look much like an officer. Gregory's coat and tie were gone, but he still had his shoes, and his eyes were all right. Harris still wrestled the tiller.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter said. He didn't look at Wolfe and only his lips moved.

Wolfe looked at Jones crouching beside the engine like a hurt dog. "The engine won't start," he said. "I'm sorry."

Gregory stood up. "I'll crank for you," he said.

Wolfe looked into his eyes. They were blue and alive and not the least afraid.

"All right," he said. "It's no use, but let's you and me try anyway."

They stood beside the engine and steadied each other, and Wolfe tried to tell Gregory about cranking. You knew ahead of time what you would do and what the engine would do, and it was all one act, he said. You put some of your own life into the engine with the half turn and then you let it go free and it rolled free, with your life in it, like when you threw a rock. Only the engine, if it wanted to, could go on with its own life. You had to make it want to, you couldn't force it, not now. Wolfe had never before told anyone this thing he felt about engines. He only dared to tell Gregory now because he had to have help or they would all die.

"You just *know* it's going to kick over, like you know what your own arm will do," he finished. "If you know hard enough, it works. Can you do that?"

"I can do that," Gregory said.

His face was so pale his freckles looked like paint spatters. He was afraid somewhere inside himself, but he was not afraid in his eyes.

"Let's give it a try," Wolfe said.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter said.

Gregory knelt down over the crank. For Wolfe the water and wind and surf boom all faded out again. His body braced automatically, and his hands trembled ready on the controls. Gregory cranked the right way. Again and again he gave it the quick half turn and the freeing. It was no good. Wolfe bent and touched his forehead to the engine.

"Engine, I'll give you a new battery," he said. "I'll waterproof your battery box."

Gregory kept trying. The engine coughed and died. It coughed and died again. Each time on the controls Wolfe's hands jumped with their own life, but they were too slow. Wolfe thought it was like Gregory throwing him sparks and they went out before he could catch them. Wolfe made his bones connecting rods and his muscles fire, his breath gas and his blood oil and his nerves electricity.

"Engine, I'll dry out your wiring," he said.

Gregory was talking, too, but Wolfe couldn't hear what he said.

"Bear a hand with that engine," Carter said.

The engine caught, and made a few turns on two cylinders—and died. It did it again, and died. Wolfe's eyes met Gregory's eyes, and both men grinned. Wolfe's hands caught the next spark and nursed it to three cylinders, ragged but strong. He put the engine in gear, and it died.

"Bear a hand with that engine, you men!" Carter said.

Now Gregory never failed. Wolfe's hands caught each spark, and every trial came nearer. The engine ran in gear on three cylinders, sparked from its own generator, and Wolfe felt the boat steady and come alive. There was nothing in the world for Wolfe but the engine and Gregory and Carter's voice somewhere, angry now, that kept saying to bear a hand, give it more power. The fourth cylinder kept cutting in and out. Wolfe still hunched over the controls, and Gregory knelt above the crank. Now and then the engine stalled, and they started it again so quickly that the boat never lost way. The fourth cylinder cut in to stay, and still the two men kept their postures.

They rounded the breakwater, and it was choppy inside. It was the heaviest sea Wolfe had ever seen running into Chefoo. The landing float was surging up and down and rattling the chains that secured it to the stone jetty. As Harris put the boat alongside, coolies came running to

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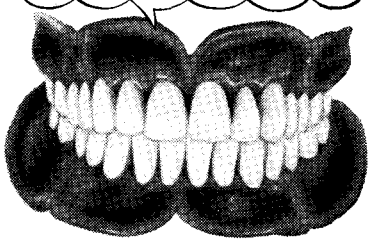

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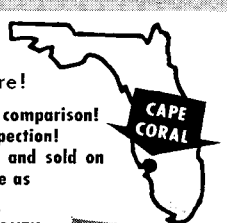

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the jetty edge and looked down. Jones got up and helped Harris make the boat fast, bow and stern, to the float.

They all got out on the float and looked at one another.

Wolfe thought they all looked like drowned rats, and Ensign Carter, in his undershirt and bare feet, looked like the drownedest rat of all. The big seaman was listing to starboard, and he said his ribs were broken. The little seaman was cradling a hurt left wrist, and the quartermaster had a skinned cheek. The quartermaster began swearing at Wolfe and Harris. Carter told him to pipe down.

"You, Harris, consider yourself on report," Carter said. "You, Wolfe, stay with that engine until it's reliable. Give me your liberty card."

Wolfe's liberty card was soaked soft. He rubbed his thumb over his typed name and felt the name shred loose and roll up under his thumb. He gave the card to Ensign Carter.

Gregory held up his hand. "Just a moment, Mr. Carter," he said.

Carter turned sharply to face him. "Mr. Gregory, I apologize to you for clumsy seamanship and engineering stupidity," he said. "Where can I take these men for medical attention?"

"The French Hospital is nearest," Gregory said. "I'll show you the way."

They went up on the jetty, and all took rickshas. Nobody seemed to notice that the quartermaster was still wearing Jones's lifejacket. Wolfe and Harris and Jones looked at one another, and Harris grinned. "Let's go get some noodles and hot tea and warm up," Harris said.

"You two go ahead," Wolfe said. "I'll be along."

Harris and Jones went up to the jetty. There were always one or two portable restaurants there to serve any hungry coolie who might earn a few coppers. The sailors were forbidden to eat from them for health reasons, but they often ate anyway. Wolfe found a pair of pliers and took off all the wiring that was not armored cable. The insulation felt damp and cheesy. He wound the pieces in loose coils and took them up on the jetty. Not far along it he found what he was looking for, a small clay stove with a pan of chestnuts on it. The pan was a wide, shallow, black-iron cone, and it had about two gallons of nuts in it which an old man was stirring with a spatula. Wolfe bought the lot for a Mex dollar. He put the coiled wires into the pan and took the spatula and stirred them in among the nuts. The rising heat felt good to his hands and arms and chest, and he shivered.

A dozen coolies crowded around to see what the crazy ocean devil was doing. They were little and big, stalwart and skinny, with towels around their necks or blue jackets across their shoulders, all with brown, hairless chests and round faces and lank, black hair and chattering voices and grins. Wolfe grinned back at them. A little boy with a round face and bright black eyes pushed through the legs and stood by the brazier. He had on red pants and dirty tiger shoes and nothing above the waist except a red ribbon at the end of his black, braided pigtail. He was too short to see into the pan, but he kept trying. Wolfe shelled a nut and gave the kernel to the boy. The boy nibbled at it like a squirrel. His bright little eyes never left Wolfe's face.

"Eatee chop chop, *shahaitz*," Wolfe said. "Plenty piecee more have got."

He gave the boy another kernel. The coolies pointed and laughed, and Wolfe laughed too. He made signs for the coolies to eat the nuts and began eating them himself. They were all eating nuts, and as fast as the little boy ate one someone shelled another for him. His cheeks bulged, and his little white teeth worked like a mill.

Harris came up and asked, "What the devil ——"

"Drying ignition wiring," Wolfe said. "Have a nut."

Harris shelled and ate one. "Well, I guess Carter'll get me busted to seaman now," he said. "I hate to think I got to be a deckhand again. I guess I was asking for it, but I hate to think."

"Don't think," Wolfe said. "Eat some nuts." He took up the spatula, and the coolies kept their hands clear while he turned his coils of wire like pancakes.

"Carter can't stick you with anything," Harris said. "It was a sure-enough miracle you ever got that engine to going again. But he'll hang me."

"Shell a nut for the *shahaitz*," Wolfe said.

Harris gave the boy a kernel. "I know I did wrong," he said. "But Carter knew I was running close aboard the point on purpose to make that guy get scared and seasick. He knew, all right. I could see him smiling and thinking what a good story it would make in the wardroom."

"Eat some nuts," Wolfe said. "You know, if I got to be born again someday, I hope I'm a Chinaman."

"You say the doggonedest things sometimes, Wolfie," Harris said.

Jones pushed into the circle of coolies across the pan from Wolfe and Harris. He was biting his lip.

"Wolfe . . . Harris," he said, and stopped.

"Eat some nuts, Jonesey," Wolfe said.

Jones shelled one and kept turning the kernel over in his fingers. "Wolfe . . . Harris," he said. "Look—I'm ashamed I fell down on you out there in the boat." He dropped his eyes. "I wanted to and I tried and I couldn't."

"Eat some nuts," Wolfe said.

"It's all right, Jonesey, forget it," Harris said. "You're all right, Jonesey."

"I won't forget it," Jones said. "Wolfe, I heard what you was saying to the engine. I want to help on that job, if you'll let me."

"Sure," Wolfe said. "Come on, eat up a storm. Shell some for the *shahaitz*."

Harris and Jones both shelled nuts for the *shahaitz*. He was holding kernels in both grubby little hands and chewing as fast as he could.

"Wouldn't do me no good to go talk to Carter, I guess," Harris said.

Jones called Carter a foul name.

"No, he ain't," Wolfe said. "He works according to his blueprint. He's just how they made him, that's all."

"He's got to make back face," Harris said. "He's got to cover for when that missionary complains."

"You know, that missionary's all right," Wolfe said. "He may have to be a puke in line of duty, but in that boat just now he was all right."

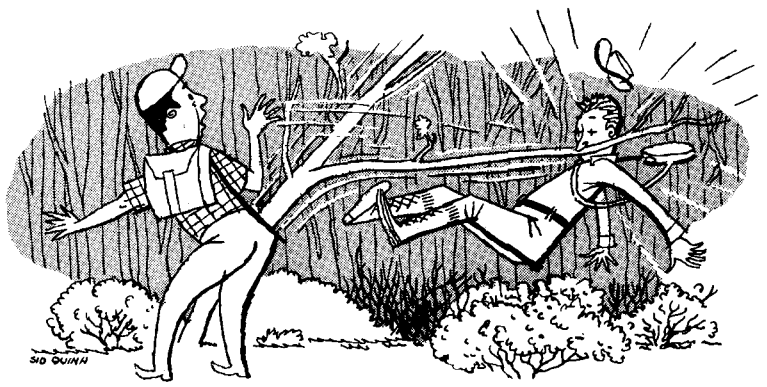
"He's a sure-enough man," Harris agreed.

"Speak of the devil, hey?" Jones said.

He pointed up the jetty. Gregory was coming, still in his rumpled whites and without a coat. He pushed into the circle beside Jones. His face was red, and he looked straight at Wolfe and Harris.

"Have a nut," Wolfe said.

"Thank you, I will." Gregory gave the first one he shelled to the *shahaitz*. He ate several nuts (*Continued on Page 120*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Ed and Tom were hiking through thick woods, with Ed in the lead. Pushing through some particularly springy saplings, Ed bent one aside. Unfortunately it snapped back and struck Tom in the face, inflicting a serious injury. Tom later sued Ed for negligence.

"I kept far enough behind Ed to stay clear of ordinary branches which might spring back, but I didn't expect him to let go a sapling the way he did," Tom asserted. "He either should have held it down until I, too, got past, or else released it gradually. As he was careless, he should pay for my injury."

"Tom, as an experienced woodsman, must have known that I would occasionally have to bend back a sapling in going through such thick woods," Ed replied. "It was up to him to stay far enough behind me for his own safety. He made the mistake of not doing so."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Tom?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tom won. The court held that Ed was negligent in committing an unexpected breach of the etiquette of walking through woods.

Based upon a 1941 Vermont decision.

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Puzzle: find the General Electric Thinline that cools this Pasadena couple's apartment

Read how the F. C. Nashs teamed a Built-In Thinline with the General Electric unit they already had to conquer the heat throughout their living area. Cost, $343.20†.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

STEP INTO the Nashs' roomy, meticulously kept apartment and you get only one clue to the fact that it is air conditioned. *The pleasant coolness.*

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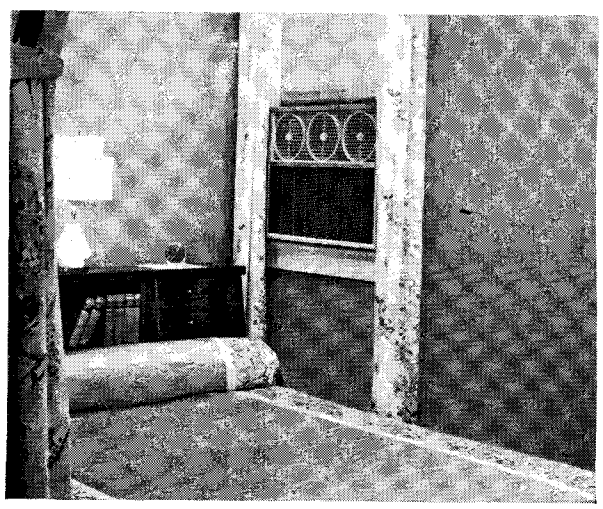
That's why the Nashs consider the General Electric Built-In with its decorator baffle a happy discovery. It can be concealed by painting, papering, paneling—or by a picture as shown here, over the chair. And Mrs. Nash is *extra* pleased it diffuses the air gently upward. It makes no drafts. She can place pieces, like that chair, right under it.

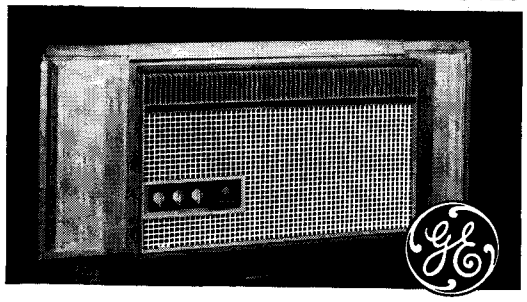
Other reasons for buying *Thinlines?* "Well, they *are* General Electric," Mrs. Nash says. But her confidence is based on more than that. "The two units *really* cool," she points out. "In fact, our General Electric system cools the whole apartment."



WEST NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY: To air condition their 4-room apartment with cooling power to spare, the William Schedels chose a 16,000 BTU* General Electric *Thinline*. The cost: $419.95 complete. Now the complete area is cool—including the kitchen when dinner's cooking. "And the place is easier to keep clean," says Mrs. Schedel. Why did Mr. Schedel, who is an electrician, choose General Electric? "It's the best. I ought to know, our family has used General Electric products for 35 years."

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Can you air condition a whole house for under $400? The Steve Jadricks would have said no before they put in their two General Electric *Thinlines*, a 6,000 BTU* unit in the kitchen, a 7,700 BTU* one in the bedroom. Now they enthusiastically agree that their $398 outlay for coolness keeps their 1,350 square feet "as comfortable as can be." Steve is pleased he could handle the entire installation himself. As for Mrs. Jadrick, she likes that *Thinline* thinness. "No overhang, inside or out."

DO-IT-YOURSELF COOLING IN MINUTES



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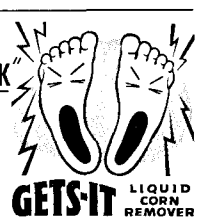

(*Continued from Page 118*)

while no one spoke. "That was a rotten thing I came out to your ship and did this morning," he said finally. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right," Wolfe said. "Eat some more nuts."

"I gather from what Mr. Carter has been saying that he means to make trouble for you fellows," Gregory said. "How can I help you?"

"Eat some more nuts," Wolfe said. "Eat up a storm, they're good."

"Might help if you don't complain to the skipper," Harris said. "You got a right to complain, in case you didn't know."

"I'll write a letter praising you to your captain," Gregory said.

"Well, now," Harris said, "it might be better if you praised Mr. Carter. He's the one needs to make face."

"I'll praise Mr. Carter, too," Gregory said.

"You better build him up the most, if you can," Harris said.

They were all standing in the same loose circle with the coolies and all reaching over and in for nuts. The *shahaitz* was very excited. He went twisting and turning around and around the brazier inside the circle of men like a planetary gear in a boat transmission. He kept looking up at the men's faces. Every time around, two or three people gave him shelled kernels.

"You won't have to lie, exactly," Wolfe said. "Just pick the right true things and say 'em the right way." He began picking up his coils of wire. They were warm and dry.

Gregory grinned. "I'll say Mr. Carter kept giving orders in a calm voice," he said.

Jones laughed explosively. All the coolies laughed too. The *shahaitz* jumped up and down, darting his eyes to see what they were laughing at. Everybody laughed at the little boy's agonized curiosity and gave him kernels. His hands overflowed and his cheeks bulged.

"You can do better than that," Harris told Gregory. "Put in something about above and beyond the call of duty. And it would help if the skipper reads the letter before Mr. Carter has a chance to talk to him."

"I'll go out with you now and talk to your captain in person," Gregory said. "How soon do you—shove off, is it?"

"Say half an hour," Wolfe said. "Got to put back this wiring first. But ain't you due to preach a sermon someplace pretty soon?"

> The man who frowns on girls wearing scanty beach attire has probably just removed his sun glasses.
>
> PEP MEALIFFE

"My turn to preach isn't until next Sunday," Gregory said. "I made my devotions already this morning." He turned and looked out at the surf on the point. "That hour—or was it only a few minutes?—anyway, it gave me a text for my sermon."

"What's a text?" Jones asked.

"Some words from the Bible," Gregory said. "I'll pick a verse from Psalm One Hundred Seven."

"I heard some of what you was saying to the engine," Jones said. "Was that a text?"

Gregory cocked his head and looked at Jones, smiling. "I suppose some of it was, in a way," he said.

"I'm going to come listen to you preach that," Jones said.

"Me, too," Harris said. "You might say I got an investment in it."

"Don't come to please me," Gregory said. "It's no good unless you really want to come."

"I sure-enough want to," Harris said. "I want to hear it. I ain't been on the inside of a church house for a long time."

"A church isn't a building," Gregory said. "A church is just people together. In the right way, together."

"Yes!" Wolfe said. "Yes!" He looked at Gregory. "I always been just a sailor like everybody else," he said. "But I'm a Jew on paper. In my record, I mean. Can I come too?"

"Of course you may, if you really want to," Gregory said.

"I'll come," Wolfe said. "Now let's rewire the engine and get out to the ship. Mr. Carter just might come back and catch us still here."

"Heaven forbid," Gregory said.

They all laughed, including the coolies. Wolfe made a sign to the coolies to finish up the nuts. Not many were left. The four men walked down the jetty, and the *shahaitz* ran along in front of them.

"I'll take machinery *and* people," Wolfe said abruptly.

"You do say the funniest doggone things sometimes, Wolfie," Harris said.

"Sometimes I think even funnier ones," Wolfe said.

The *shahaitz* ran ahead of the men. He kept looking up and back at them as he ran. His teeth still milled and his eyes danced.

"The *shahaitz* wants to say something funny," Jones said.

"He wants to say he loves us," Wolfe said, "only he don't know how."

"Amen," Gregory said.

Swamp Girl (Continued from Page 29)

and waited. First there was a low, spooky wind blowing somewhere way out where it was lonesome. Then a teeny baby began crying, and then an old bell began to ring, slow and carrying. The wind commenced to blow harder and harder. I got scared and came back. No," she finished regretfully, "people are no good."

"I know," the peddler said, "I know."

He knew all about that lonesome wind blowing out in the flat far places and the lost child's weeping and the carrying toll of the bell. He knew.

"Who's Mr. Tadlock?"

"Why," she said, surprised, "he's the one drew the short straw."

The peddler frowned.

"You know. They had the drawing for me. When papa fiddled himself off the cliff that night, why it left only me. So they had a short-straw drawing down at the settlement to see who'd have to take me to raise. Mr. Tadlock, he drew the short straw."

She grinned. "He's unlucky in just everything."

The peddler looked at her, and his heart yearned toward her, and he looked at Phoebe and Beau and knew how little he had fooled himself. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "Is that his house up there?"

She nodded.

"Well," the peddler said, leaving something sweet while it was still good, "I better get up there and see if I can sell the Tadlocks some little thing."

She walked with him, and the nanny deserted the peddler and walked beside her, and she put her arm naturally around the thin neck and talked as she walked.

"My daddy was the best fiddler in the mountains. He was wanted all over for runoffs and socials to play for sets. But he'd fiddle any time, anywhere. One night he was walking home, fiddling away all by himself in the night, and he fiddled himself right off a bluff. They call it Fiddler's Jump now.

"The swamp lady," she went on without breath, "is my blood friend. We cut wrists and all. I asked her, and she did it. Said what was a little old cut for friendship. You'd like her a lot."

There were three more steps, and she pulled him to a halt. "Mrs. Tadlock will tell you not to show your things. Promise me you won't pay her any mind."

"Have they got the money to buy?"

"Promise?" she asked sternly, and he crossed his heart.

"Tricked you," she said with satisfaction. "They're rat poor. Down sick and couldn't buy anything. But you promised. Peddlers almost never get here, and I want to see what you've got. I fooled you. I'm tricky as any fox."

"You are," the peddler agreed, hiding his delight. "Oh, you are," he said, showing a rueful mouth, to please her.

It was getting close to noon, and he thought he might get a poor meal for himself and graze for Phoebe.

The fiddler's child was right. People who see a peddler and have money have a certain look to them. This one, Mrs. Tadlock, had the other look. All narrow of eye and lip, returning his greeting with a bare nod, as if a civil greeting would somehow bind her to buy. He slipped his back straps and started to lay out.

She began. "Don't open your pack. We can't even buy salt, let alone gimcracks. Tadlock is laid up with a jobbed leg, one of the least ones is down with the croup, and we've got this extra mouth." She pushed out a lip toward the girl. "Why are you out of the corn?" she asked severely.

"That hoe," the little girl said, "somehow won't fit my hand."

"Her daddy all over," Mrs. Tadlock said. "No hoe would fit his hand either. Frolic, jug and fiddle. That was what fitted him."

"I hear he was quite a fiddler," the peddler said, a stir of anger in him at her for down-talking a dead man.

"Oh, he was, I guess. But there's more to life than fiddling."

The peddler wondered about it. Something stern inside him told him she was right. But still and all, he thought wistfully, fiddlers are such *liked* people.

"I guess you're right," he said. He glanced at the little girl, and she made just a hint of crossing her heart, reminding that a promise is a promise.

"Too bad about your husband and baby being down. Have they been doctored?"

"There's only that witch woman down by the swamp, and we won't call her."

"I do a little doctoring."

"We couldn't buy," she said primly, not going to be beholden.

"No need to," he said reasonably. "Is the witch the one the child calls the swamp lady?"

"Swamp lady!" she sneered. "Most call her a (*Continued on Page 122*)

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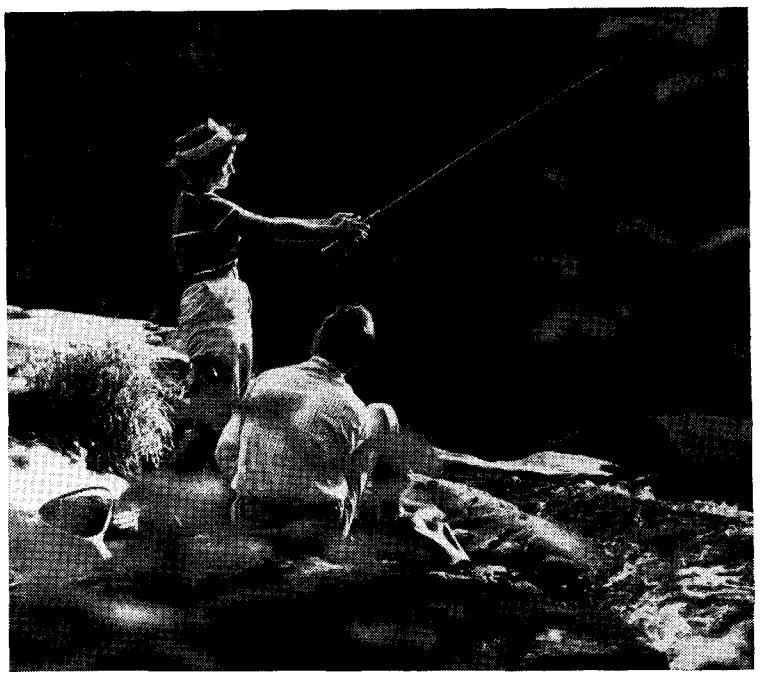

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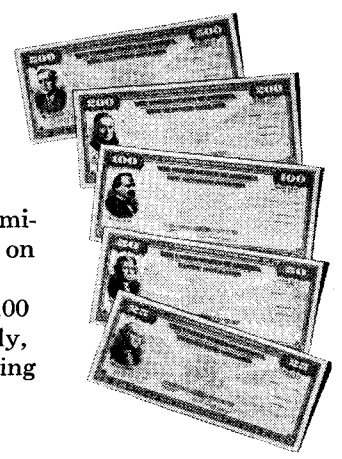

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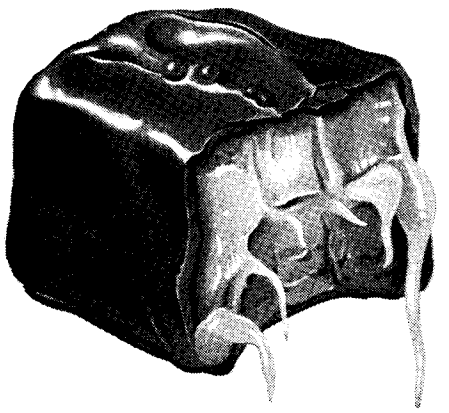

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(*Continued from Page 120*) witch. She's got books down in that little shack of hers. She *reads*. She used to cure. But now she just witches. She dried our cow and killed the calf."

"You don't believe that," the peddler said quietly.

"Not truly," she admitted. "When things get so bad, you've got to blame somebody. Others say it, and you repeat it. Things'll get better."

The pack was open by then, and she looked down and saw the fine threads, laces dainty as spiderweb and silk shawls. She fell to her knees to cuddle a shawl, and the peddler looked at the little girl and saw she had drawn back, waiting to look when she could be alone.

A boy came sidling out, kicked dust and squatted. The peddler set out copper-toed boots, and the boy sucked in a slow breath. Wild as a coon, he had never seen such splendor. And when the peddler set out row and row of tin soldiers, no bigger than your thumb, but so fair-shining perfect that you might think they would quicken to life and go charging off, the boy's limbs began to tremble.

The peddler hated himself for opening the pack. He saw all that hunger and knew that the boy would lie at night and think sickly of those boots and tin soldiers. He got up and found himself facing Tadlock.

Tadlock was bearded and work bent. His beaten eyes devoured the barlow knives, the purple sleeve holders and shining watch fobs. He turned away. He hated the peddler in his weak way. The peddler was showing him up as a man unable to gift.

"I might be able to poultice that leg, Mr. Tadlock," the peddler said.

"We can't buy," Tadlock said miserably.

"Oh," the peddler lied quickly, "this trip I'm not selling. I'm only showing. Just wanted to show you what I'll have next trip."

It took him a long time to nod, but a man believes what he wants to believe, and finally Tadlock nodded.

"Too bad," he said loudly. "I was going to buy Mrs. Tadlock that shawl. Next trip, for sure." He was cautious though and caught himself. "Most likely," he said clearly.

He drag-footed back to the shack, his lips thinned out against the pain. The peddler picked up Beau and set him on the little girl's shoulder. Inside, on a pallet, a little girl looked up at him with fever-shiny eyes, and her little fingers scrabbled at the covers. The peddler frowned at her breathing, reaching clear across the room to him in hard rasps. Clotted lungs, he thought. He told Mrs. Tadlock to boil a ball of aromatic gum to ease her breathing, but he was afraid to do more. He poulticed Tadlock's leg and then ate poorly of corn bread and molasses.

A sick child somehow always filled him with an angry tenderness that was close to tears, and he forgot his shyness. "That witch woman must be a hard woman, not to come to tend a sick baby. Why won't she come?"

The Tadlocks looked at each other, nudging each other with urging looks.

"It wasn't our fault," Mrs. Tadlock said at last. And Tadlock, the way set for him, echoed with relief, "Oh, no, she brought it onto herself."

The peddler waited.

"She tried to steal children," Mrs. Tadlock burst out, unable to stand against his calm silence.

"How?"

"Different ways. Giving them sweets and poppet dolls and hugging them."

"How many did she get?" the peddler asked, his eyes wide, almost angry at the way they had mistreated an old simple woods haunt whose yearning for something soft and young to hold to her cold and hungry oldness had made her a witch in their minds. "Just that, then? Just giving children gifts and hugging them?"

"Oh, there's more," Mrs. Tadlock said, and Tadlock nodded. "She's queer, some way. She's different from us." It sounded a crime. "Different. They says she's got books on spells down in that little spooky house. She had the gall to come to a social once. Without an invite. Of course, nobody would greet her. She sat there proud and uppity against the wall. Finally she had enough. Now she won't come."

"Anybody ever ask her since?"

Mrs. Tadlock prissed her lips in righteousness. "How could we?" she asked. "After that, how could we?"

The peddler nodded. "Yes," he agreed, "after that, how could you?"

He sat for a while, letting his anger drain away before he spoke.

"Well, I can ask her," he said wearily. "She hasn't stolen any of my children or come to me for company. I can ask her."

"We'd just as soon you didn't."

"Who lays out your dead?"

"Granny Catty, generally."

"Go ask her then. You've got a choice. Listen," he said, and in the silence the baby's breathing tore at her throat.

"I can't help her, but maybe the swamp woman can. Anyway, if there's a chance, it's time to crawl to her on hands and knees."

"How can we trust her?" Mrs. Tadlock cried. "How do we know she won't use spells? If it turns out bad, well, I wouldn't sleep till I'd paid that witch back."

And Tadlock showed he was not beaten down to nothing. "Who will you pay back if she won't come, Mrs. Tadlock?" he asked.

She whirled on him and fell back before him, but her pride was too thick and slow a liquid to flow away quickly. It took tears to dilute it, and she threw her apron over her face. Her face hidden, she could throw out one arm in a gesture of surrender, waving the peddler on his way. When the peddler was leaving, he saw Tadlock sitting up in bed, looking with dawning astonishment at what had happened in his house.

Outside, the peddler lifted Beau off the shoulder of the little girl. "Tell me any short cuts you know to the swamp woman's house," he said. "I've got to bring her."

"I'll show you," she said.

"I'm going fast."

"Not if you're lost," she said.

"Go ask if you can go," he said finally.

"I'm no asker." She whirled and ran toward the house. "I'm a teller!" she advised him over one thin shoulder.

He needn't have worried about her keeping up. She was tireless as wire. Her thin little scratched legs carried her ranging far ahead of him, impatient of his steady walker's gait. She quarreled with jays and barked at squirrels. She would drop back sometimes and pace with him, talking to him, saying any old thing that popped into her head, charming him and delighting him. And it was like him, too, to begin already tasting the bitterness of when she would not be there, leaving him with nothing but a silly crow and a silent nanny.

Night fell swiftly in the hollow, and they walked in the dusk only briefly before it was black night, and the little girl began hesitating over the faint trail. The peddler finally called a halt and said they would wait until moonrise to go on. He built a fire, and they gathered close to it, and the old depression laid itself on him and he sighed.

"A man alone," the words old with use, echoing a thousand such fires, "is an unwhole thing in Creation. He stays alive. That's the best and the most that can be said of him."

So wrapped in his sadness, he'd almost forgotten the fiddler's child until she spoke. "Why don't you marry, peddler?"

He sighed. "Now, who would marry a peddler? Always walking and traveling. A woman wants a home. Anyway," he said crossly, "it takes talk and promises and courting. I don't know how."

(*Continued on Page 125*)

"You and your short cuts."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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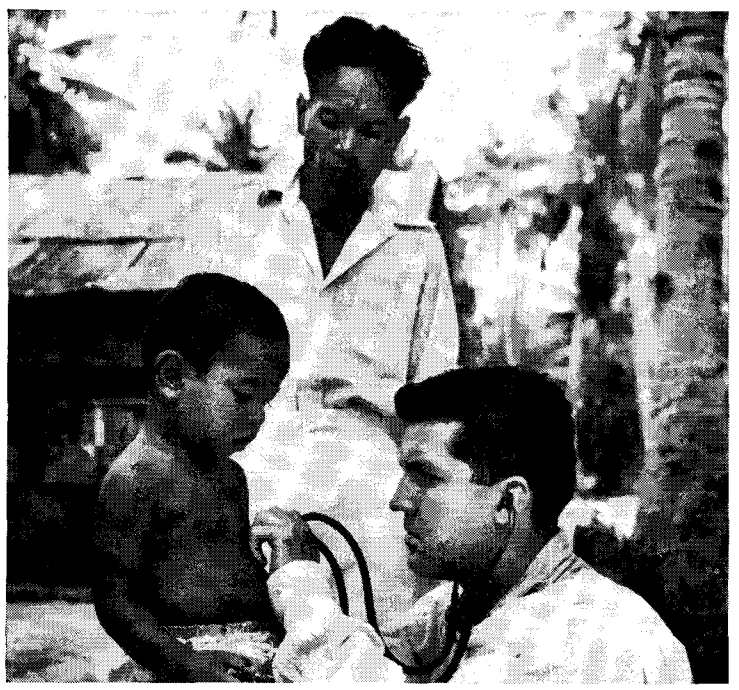

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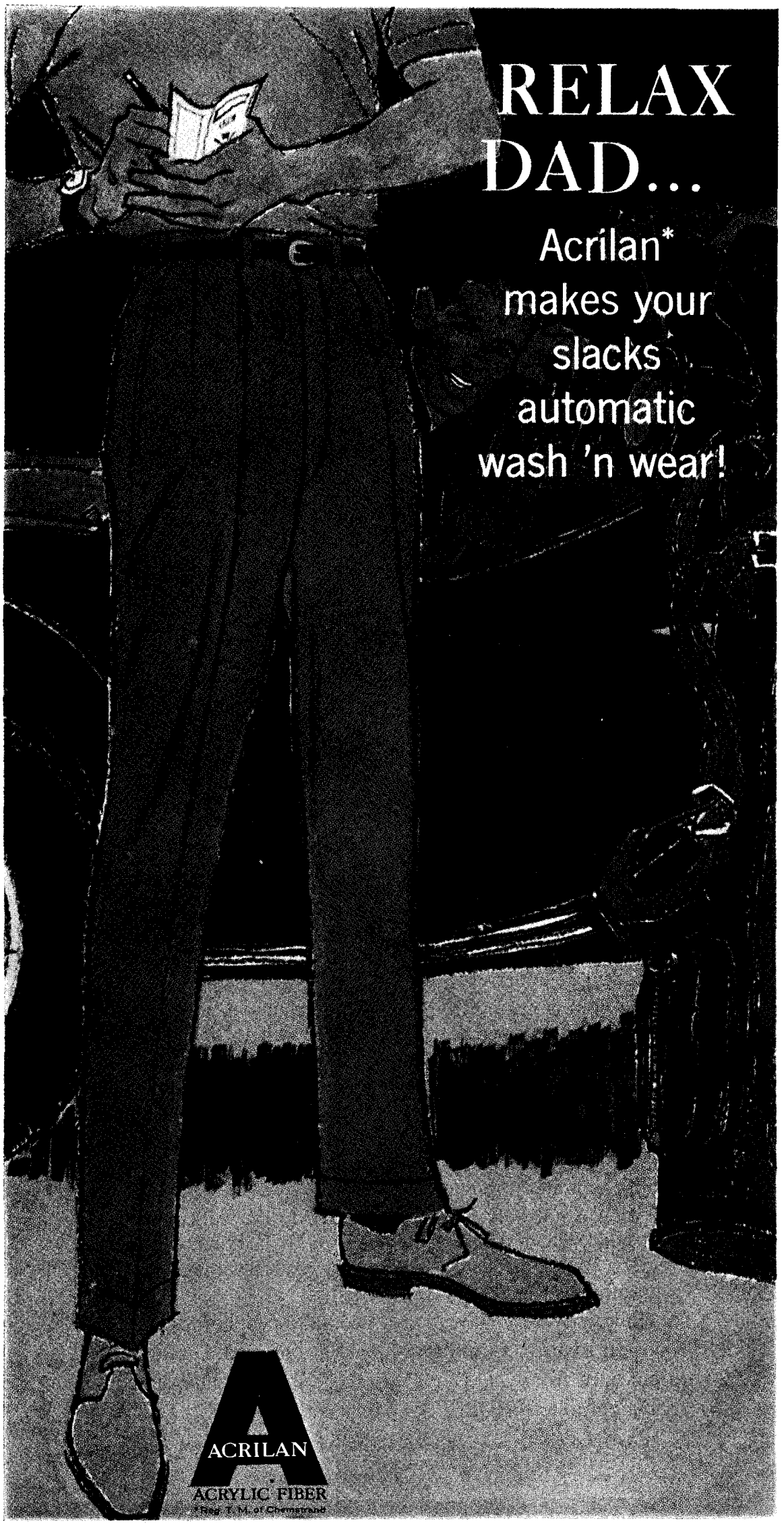

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(*Continued from Page 122*) "The swamp lady would call it a blessing to marry a peddler," she said. "She loves walking and she loves animals. I'll ask her when we get there."

"Mind your own business," the peddler said sourly.

"If she won't have you," the fiddler's child said with dignity, "well, I haven't got anybody in mind. If you'd wait a while, I'd as lief marry you, and I'd love peddling."

The peddler didn't even smile. "You'll likely change your mind when the time comes."

"I don't think so," she said. "I like you. I really do."

The peddler was ridiculously pleased.

"As far as courting goes," the girl said, the matter settled and behind them, "my daddy used to sing me a song he courted mamma with." And she sang true and simple a song called *I've Been a Foreign Lander, Full Seven Long Years and More.*

"It's not really that he's been a foreign lander," she explained. "It just means he's been lonesome for her all that time."

"I see," the peddler said, and did.

"I'd better rustle up some wood," he said. He found branches by feel and was about to step back to the fire when he saw the fiddler's child was holding a little red fox and the fox was wearing a braided snakeskin collar and was licking her face.

At that moment a spooky voice came out of the dark. "Loose that fox this instant," it said, "or get turned to a boulder."

A thing like that can stop a man in his tracks. The peddler did that and watched the little girl laugh out into the night.

"Do it," she dared. "I'll roll down on your toes and won't roll off till it thunders."

Out of the night there came the most piteous kind of barking, for all the world like a sleek little vixen all in trouble. The fox broke out of the child's arms and went toward the sound. The little girl allowed him a few yards and then made an even more pitiful and frantic vixen bark, and the fox stopped dead, hesitated and then wheeled back to lick her face.

It had to be the swamp lady, the peddler knew as he came out and threw down his wood.

"It's her," the fiddler's child cried. "Come on in," she shouted out to the dark, "and meet the peddler. He wants to marry you."

"Child!" the peddler said sternly.

The child ran out, and he heard a fierce whispering and rustle, as someone holding back against somebody pulling, and the fiddler's child came back and sat down.

"She wants to study you," she said, "before she makes up her mind."

So the peddler, feeling sorry for the poor old simple thing out there in the dark, just to ease her, began talking about this and that to the fiddler's child, as if there were nobody else within a hundred miles. He was learned in the ways of the wood's creatures, and he set out to toll the poor old thing into the fire. He began to spin out the wonders of the woods.

He talked of how the rabbits had frolics in the spring and danced in the fairy clearings, polite to each other as fine-mannered people. He told how copperheads kiss each other in early spring and dance slow, winding and stately dances and will not be disturbed by anything.

He pulled the fox close and told how smart the fox was. He'd jump on a sheep's back to break the scent if the dogs got close, or lead the dogs out onto thin ice and then laugh at them as they break through. And the fox never has fleas. He'll sink slowly into a pond with a stick in his mouth and the fleas move up away from the water onto the stick. The fox drops the stick and leaves his coat free.

The figure out there in the dark had edged closer as he talked and was almost visible. The peddler knew it was time, and he told a thundering lie to force the poor old thing to speak.

"Every fool knows that a black snake will drop out of a tree, wind itself tight around a man's arm and squeeze."

There was a giggle out there in the night, and it did not come from an old throat. It came as somebody holding a hand across a mouth to keep the giggle back to keep somebody from knowing what a fool he was making of himself.

She came to the fire then, and the peddler never felt sillier in his life. She was younger than he was. She was dressed in some poor sack thing, and was uncombed. She shook her hair back and looked at him and laughed. The peddler, his face red, looked at her and knew why they called her different. She was. She was the fiddler's child grown up, and yet she would never be grown up. She was only bigger. She had the same eager and unanchored quality of the child.

"I thought you were old," the peddler mumbled, and she looked at him and saw he was homely and serious and shy, and could not resist fooling him. She drew a sly face and narrowed her eyes and shook her hair around her face.

"I'm old. Two hundred years this spring. I can call in a pet spirit," she said in a spooky voice, "and he calls the dead to rise up in their graves, spit the dust off their tongues and tell me the past. I call in a captive demon to make the unborn to flesh up and tell me the future."

The peddler bowed his head before such sweeping power. "This child here," he said, when he could, "tells me you can squinch up and stay still and know what a person is thinking. Try me."

Her eyes went blank, and then she grinned ruefully. "I didn't think I could fool you," she said.

"You've fooled some," the peddler said. "Back there, some of them call you a witch. How did it happen?"

Her face darkened. "I'm different," she said. "They started me at it. Them and pity. I was caring for old Auntie Carrie once, and her homely niece was trying to catch that silly Gofoot boy for a beau. Just joking, I told her I'd make her a love charm. It worked because he was cow-eyed about her too. It just took a little backbone, and the charm gave her that. She told other silly girls, and one thing led to another. Now," she said, "I daren't even go to the settlement. They hoot me and make fun of me. But I don't care," she said loudly. "I don't care."

"Do you know anything about doctoring?" the peddler asked.

"I know some," she said. "I've got books on it, and I can read. But nobody calls me now since that silly witch business."

"They're calling you now."

"Must be almost in the coffin then," she said bitterly. "They're like the birds. In winter they'll come right down and take a crumb from your hands. In summer they mock you from the highest bough. Who is it?"

"The Tadlock baby," he said, and instantly her face changed and grew soft.

"I can't deny a baby, ever. What is it?"

"Clotted lungs. How would you treat it?"

"Fever?" she asked.

"A lot."

"Fever is a friend. Most don't know that. But still, I'd break it for a while with sweats and tear out the clots with stone-set tea."

"Do you have the things to do it?"

She said she had them at her house.

"I'll go," she said. "But I'm scared. A mother with a dead young will turn on anything. And this baby's real sick, or they wouldn't have called."

"I'll take care of you," the peddler said. "I'll protect you."

She raised her face and brushed hair away with an aimless hand, and her mouth was softly opened and her eyes hazed. "Nobody," she said wonderingly, "ever said such a thing to me."

She stood still a moment before she shook herself and became all business. "I'll go on to my house and get the things ready. You'd only slow me down. In the morning the child can bring you."

She waited for his nod, and then was just gone in the night. But she spoke to him from there. Just a voice. "You mean it truly?" the voice asked. "That about taking care of me?"

"I mean it," the peddler said, and absently crossed his heart. There was no other sound from the darkness, and after a while the peddler got up, put on more wood and sat down again. Beau came close, and the nanny laid her head on his knee, but they were pushed aside cautiously by the fiddler's child as she sat close to him.

"Can you pretend?" she asked softly.

"Oh, yes. I do most of the time."

"Let's pretend then," she said. "You're my daddy and we're all alone and we're poor. We've had to sell the bedstead and the washtub and your rifle gun, and we've got no place to go. We're poor."

The peddler could pretend. "We just don't know which way to turn," he said desperately.

"And just when we're hungriest," she went on, "along comes this big gypsy with rings in his ears, and he sees me and offers to buy me. Gypsies do steal and buy children, you know."

"Oh, I know. I know."

"He takes out this big bag of gold and jangles it and offers it all for me."

"A good big bag?" he asked.

She hesitated and then had to make it fair.

"A gunny sack full."

The peddler whistled.

She went all tense beside him. "Well," she asked tightly, "what would you say?"

It had to be done right, the peddler knew. It had to be done so there was some suspense, but not to the point of agony, and so he only hesitated a moment before he spoke out into the night, strongly.

"Mr. Gypsy, it's a decent offer, and we could use the gold."

She had drawn in a breath, and she did not let it out until he said the rest of it.

"But I think I'll just keep this child. Not enough gold in the world to buy this one," the peddler said with finality, and then her breath came out cautiously around something in her throat.

After a while she could speak. "I don't suppose," she said, "you'd like to cut wrists and be friends."

"We don't need to cut wrists," he said. "We'll know forever more, you and I, without that. We're true friends."

He wondered how he could leave this child behind.

"Gypsies don't really steal or buy children, honey," he said.

"I didn't really believe it," she said bitterly. "If people would pay cash money for children—if they wanted them that much, why would they have to go to straws drawing for me? Why didn't somebody just take me in, wanting me, in place of having to go to short straws?"

"Oh, honey," the peddler said, his arm strong around her, his voice shaken, "they must have done it because it was the only fair way. So many wanting you."

"Huh!" she said, and jerked in disbelief against his arm. "Huh," she repeated, but her scorn was already watered down with dawning belief.

They were on the trail at daylight, walking in a darkly green hollow where green preying things dangled from the trees and where the gummy branch didn't yield its small drowned things as a stream should. It was a spooky place, and you could almost believe a true witch would live in such a place.

Her house was a tiny mossy shack, and when she answered to their knock the peddler looked at her, swallowed, fell back a step and fumbled off his hat. She had been transformed. Her hair was brushed and as shiny as Beau's wing. Her face had been scrubbed so it shone, and the clean sack thing she had put on was caught in to show her slim middle. He could only fumble in his hat and gawk, and yet last night she was only a dirty child.

She asked them in with dignity and did not chatter while she fixed breakfast. She seemed older and a little withdrawn. The shack inside was clean, and several books were on a shelf. It didn't look like a witch's house, he thought. It looked like a

"My wife ran off with my best friend—
though he didn't know it at the time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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house in which somebody lived all alone, everything scrubbed and neat and in its place. Up on the rafters there were bundles of roots and bottles of herbs.

She sat down at the table with them, her face cupped in her hands. "Things won't be the same now," she said. "If things go right with the Tadlock baby, maybe there'll be others who will want me to tend. I don't want to come back here."

The peddler nodded and cleared his throat to speak and realized in a panic he didn't know what to call her. "What's your name?" he asked gruffly.

"Aramantha," she said, and the name made her a woman, and in the eye of the peddler's mind a bed of bright flowers swayed in a soft wind.

"It fits you," he said deeply. "A honey vessel ought not to be called a plain pot."

She looked at him, and his boldness drained away.

"You were saying?" he said politely.

"I'm not coming back here," she said, and she had just that second made up her mind to it. "A house is like a skin. Snakes shed their skins and they're all new and shiny afterward. I want to do it. I want to shed this house and this hollow. It somehow chafes me now."

"Good," the peddler said. "It's not in any person to stay alone. Don't come back."

"Let's burn it," she said. "Things get bad later on, I may want to come back. Let's set fire to it and burn it down."

The peddler agreed with her, and while she got down and bundled together all her healing herbs and roots, the peddler threw into the fire the chinch bugs and toadstools and dried bats. There was a little chestful of strange little carved necklaces and such, and she laughed and told him they were love lures. He threw them in the fire when she turned away.

The shack burned quickly, and they stood and watched it, and the peddler wondered what a houseless and rootless man did to change his skin. All the way back to the Tadlocks the peddler walked behind, his pack weighing a long ton, and he could not keep his eyes off the figure in front of him, watching the wonderful way the dress hem touched the round and brown calf with each lithe step.

• •

Request for Cape Canaveral

When out through galaxies
you're gone
To probe the universe,
Oh, find those stars I've wished
upon
And give them all my curse.

Irene Magee

• •

"You just be quiet, Beau," he cried out angrily to the crow, and the crow hadn't opened his beak.

Mrs. Tadlock gave place at the stove with narrow eyes and prissed mouth. Aramantha, clean and neat and knowing, set to work, and the way she looked and the way she moved somehow would not let live in Mrs. Tadlock's mind the idea she could be casting spells. And when Aramantha lifted the sick child with such tenderness and crooned to her in a voice all soft with gentle sympathy, all of Mrs. Tadlock's bad grace dropped away and she began to help humbly.

Night came, and as she worked the peddler sat slumped before the fire, every nerve of him aware of her every step. He moved his hands, squinted, whispered this soft phrase to himself and that pretty thing, but none of it sounded like courting talk. It just sounded silly. Made up and silly.

At dawn he'd made up his mind. "I've got to get on down the road," he said roughly.

Aramantha, kneeling at the side of the child, turned and looked at him, and hinted only with a crossing motion over her breast. A promise is a promise, she was saying, and telling him, too, that she had been watching him from out in the dark last night.

"I should be getting on down the road," the peddler amended quickly. "But I guess I'll stay to see the child is well."

It took three days before the baby woke up one morning clear-eyed and hungry, and there could be no more excuse for staying. The peddler was angry, irritable and more unhappy than he had ever been. He went out to his pack and got out the best doll he had and took it to the sick child.

"For me?" she whispered, not daring to believe.

"I've been saving it, honey, just for you," he said, and then in a great burst of feeling, gave the copper-toed boots to the boy and a shawl to Mrs. Tadlock and sleeve holders to Tadlock. He called the fiddler's child to him and held her tight.

"What do you want?" he asked her, his throat stiff. "You can have anything you want."

"I want to go with you," she said, surprised that he should ask.

"I'll be back," he said, and knew it was a lie. "You said you'd wait. You will, won't you?"

She crossed her heart.

He went to Aramantha and looked down at her. "Well," he said gruffly, "everything is all right now."

"Just about," she said agreeably, and handed him a hot cup of tea, and he burned his fingers and tongue, and the silly and made-up phrases kept rising in his mind, and finally he turned and left.

An hour down the trail he sat down on a fallen log and drew his creatures close to him, but they were only a silly scolding crow and a silent nanny. The fox broke cover first, coming straight to them, and then the fiddler's child, and the peddler hugged her tight, but kept his eyes nailed to the spot in the woods where they had come out.

And finally she came, walking slowly with her face down. She stood before him.

"A lone man," he said deeply, "is an unwhole thing in Creation. He's a lost and pitiful thing, mournful as a night bird's crying."

He heard himself and was astonished.

"Aramantha," he said wonderingly, the honey of it on his tongue, "is that courting talk?"

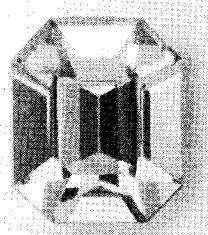
She thought about it. "Just sit still, Mr. Peddler," she said, and kind of squinched up, but stayed still, still, listening and waiting. Her eyes flew wide and her mouth went softly open and color came to her face.

"Why, peddler," she said, "*that's* courting talk."

The fiddler's child was smart. She got out of the way, and the crow and the nanny and the fox all went to her. They knew they'd get small spoiling from those two there on the log.

The fiddler's child never breathed a word about the love potion she had seen Aramantha put into the peddler's tea that morning. And she never said anything either about the half-burned love lure the peddler had raked from the fire that morning they had burned the shack.

THE END



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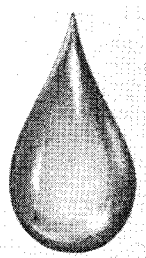

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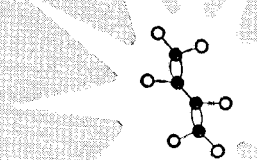

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Journey Into Danger (Continued from Page 53)

carrion eaters till he had taken what he needed.

Today was no different from the previous day, except that Carter was hungrier. The kill must be near, he thought as he watched a vulture perch with wide flapping wings on a dead tree. He never went too near till the vultures were down and eating.

Then, as he waited, hidden in the bush, he heard men shouting and the clap of a whip. The vultures rose and began to circle again. He crouched lower. Who could it be? Boers? Kaffirs? It sounded like neither. Carefully he crept forward to the edge of the clearing. There was the kill—a zebra, disemboweled and half eaten. Beyond it was a line of marching men—a line of Kaffirs, carrying big elephant tusks, but moving oddly. They were slaves and fastened together. Marching beside them were other Kaffirs carrying guns and whips; two Portuguese half-castes brought up the rear. He stepped out into the open and hailed them.

"Hi," he shouted. "Hi, there!" The slaves came to a shuffling halt. The men, both white and black, turned toward him with raised guns. Carter held up both his hands, the left empty, in the right his bone club, and walked toward them.

The leader was dressed in brown moleskin trousers. Over them he wore a dirty white linen shirt with a blue sash to which was hung a sailor's cutlass. He had on a wide-brimmed straw hat. Over his left wrist, hanging by a leather thong, was a heavy sjambok. His ivory-colored face was pitted by smallpox, his dark eyes glittered like those of a rat. The second man resembled his leader, evidently modeling himself upon him, but was fatter.

Carter stood still. Coming closer, the leader of the band stared at him in astonishment—a bearded white man alone, half naked, half starved and apparently unarmed except for a big bone club.

"Don Alfonso Jao da Sousa y Madrigo," he said, sweeping off his hat.

"Don Tomaso Romero," the second man said.

Carter took his club in his left hand and held out his right. "I am Frederick Carter and at your service, *senhor*," he bowed.

"*Si, senhor*," Da Sousa said.

"*Si, si, senhor*," Carter said. "Shall we go now?"

Da Sousa walked over to the coffle and pointed in the direction they had been going. The whips cracked again, and they were off, shuffling along, the yellowish tusks swaying as the slaves walked, trying to support them with one hand while with the other they eased the wooden collars that galled their necks.

"Well," Carter said, "anyone 'ere speak English?"

To his great joy Tomaso said, "I do."

"Good," Carter said and he told them his tale—his version of it.

"Now," he said, "I'll join you and I'll give you the benefit of my soldiering. But I'll do more," he said. "I'll give you gold."

"Gold," they said, "gold?"

"Yes," he said. "Golden sovereigns by the bucketful."

"Where?" Tomaso said.

"Well," he said, "when the Boers left the Colony, they sold a lot of stock. Some sold their farms. And gold is in their wagons." He pointed vaguely behind him. "And 'ere's what we'll do. We will go to them and say we know what place they are seeking and will guide 'em to it."

"You will go back?" Tomaso asked.

"No, not I. You will go and stay as a guide to lead them into the ambush that *Senhor* da Sousa and I will prepare."

"But who will ambush them?"

"Your men and Kaffirs," he said. "Have you no Kaffir hunters? How do you get this ivory?"

"And these?" Tomaso pointed to the coffle of slaves.

"The men can take them on to the coast," Da Sousa said. "This is too good a chance to miss. Gold," he said, rubbing his hands together. "Gold in bags."

"There is only one thing," Carter said. "The girl, I want her."

"And the money. I suppose you want your share of that?" Tomaso said, translating Da Sousa's words.

"No," Carter said, "only the girl. The gold is my gift to you, a token of my good will."

Da Sousa took his hand. "*Amigo*," he said, "*Amigo*," and his eyes were bright.

It was a relief to *Oom* Willem to have the trek assembled once again, and the progress was regular till they came to more heavily bushed country where *Oom* Willem halted, sending Barend and Flip out to reconnoiter.

Flip was very gay in his usual manner. "Man," he said, patting his horse's neck and looking at his brother, "why so serious?"

Why so serious? Barend thought. *Because I hate you. Because I have been betrayed, and my heart is broken.* He said, "These are serious times. The old man is ill. If he dies, the leadership falls to me."

The brothers rode on. The only sound was that of their horses' hoofs and creak

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of their saddlery. They saw no game. They heard no birds.

"It is too quiet. Look to your gun, Flip," Barend said, examining his own. "There is something here I do not like."

"You are always imagining things."

Ja, like seeing my Cina in your arms, your hand on the thick tail of her hair, Barend thought. He said, "Sometimes I feel danger. From here we will ride separately, two hundred yards apart." He turned away from his brother. "But go carefully," he added.

Flip laughed again. Old Barend was always the same. No wonder Cina was ready for a frolic with someone else.

Barend pulled his horse into the shadow of a rock and watched his brother. Once again he wondered at his reckless confidence. Flip never believed that anything could go wrong or thought of anyone but himself and his own desires. A wave of hatred ran over him as he thought of Cina lying limp in his brother's arms. This was his chance to kill him. Shoot him in the back and be done with him once and for all. His brother whom he had loved so much, and now hated the more for it, could lie out there in the bush and rot. Murder? It was only a word. He raised his gun. As he looked along his sights he saw something move in the bush behind Flip. A Kaffir. Well, let him do the work that he, Barend, had been about to do and blame Flip's death upon the Kaffirs. This was a judgment. God had sent the Kaffir to do his work, to save him from the sin of fratricide. He lowered his gun. Then he raised it again and fired.

Flip had ridden happily away from his brother. Old Barend was in a bad mood today. He heard the call of a partridge. This was the first bird they had heard today. It was answered. Then there was a shot and a cry. He turned in his saddle, bringing up his gun. A naked, knob-nose Kaffir lay writhing, his assagai still in his hand, within a yard of his horse's quarters. More Kaffirs were running toward him. Barend had seen the Kaffir and had shot him. Barend had saved his life. He laid his body against his horse's neck and galloped back to where he could see his brother waiting, his gun raised to cover him. Stirrup to stirrup, they galloped to the camp. As they came near, Barend fired a warning shot.

"What is it, kerels?" *Oom* Willem said. "Why the shot and the haste?" He stood up and put his hand on the sweating neck of Barend's horse.

"Kaffirs, *Oom* Willem," Flip said. "One tried to assagai me, and Barend shot him. *Ja*," he said, "my brother has saved my life."

They became aware of the two strangers standing near the old man—a half-caste and a Kaffir armed with a good gun.

"You see, *senhor*," the half-caste said, "it would be best if you took my advice. I know these parts and can lead you clear of all savages."

"Who are these men?" Barend said and swung his horse toward them.

"They came after you left," *Oom* Willem said, "with an offer to guide us ——"

"They came on foot? From where? And why should they guide us? How can they, since we do not even know ourselves where we are going?" Barend did not like the look of the visitors.

"They are elephant hunters," *Oom* Willem said. "They have lost their horses and wish to buy others from us. For this they will lead us to the valley that we seek. They know it well."

Then *Oom* Willem said, "And the Kaffirs?"

"Knob-noses," Flip said. These were Kaffirs who cut their noses so that they grew into knobs, that they might terrify their opponents with their looks.

Tomaso breathed a sigh of relief. Then it was not his people. Just a band of wandering knob-noses. But he did not like the way the older of these two young men was looking at him. *He does not trust me,* he thought.

The brothers went to their wagon. Their stepmother gave them food and coffee. Barend was silent, listening to his brother tell the tale. He thought of how he had nearly killed Flip to stop his tampering with Cina. But this would do it too. How strange that to kill a man or save his life should amount to the same thing.

"I do not trust that half-caste," Barend said suddenly and, banging down the beaker from which he was drinking, got up and strode off. He found *Oom* Willem asleep while Cina, in her boys' clothes, was keeping the flies off him with a whisk. She looked up, smiled and held her finger to her lips.

Francina led him to one side. "He must rest," she said. "All this has excited him. The Kaffirs again, and that man."

"That's it," Barend said. "That's why I am here. I am taking another horse and going out again. I do not trust this Tomaso. If I am not to disturb him, you must tell him when he wakes. Tell him to stay here till I get back."

"How long will you be?"

"Two days—three days. How do I know? But stay here in camp."

"Oh, Barend," she said, standing on tiptoe to kiss him. "Barend, please be careful."

Oom Willem woke slowly. As he had rested, it had become clear to him that this man—this Portuguese—had been sent by God to guide them. That was the only possible explanation of his coming. How else in the middle of the wilderness like this should a man arrive who knew the whereabouts of the land he sought. That he knew it was beyond all doubt, for he had described it to perfection—the five hills, the valleys, the little river, the springs, even the great rock outcrop rubbed smooth by elephants. And what was more, they must move as soon as possible while he was still strong enough to direct them.

"*Oupa,*" Francina said, "are you awake?"

"*Ja,* my child."

"Then I have news. Barend told me to tell you to wait here till his return."

"Where has he gone?"

"Gone to spy out the land. He is not content with ——" She let her eyes rest on the guide and the Kaffir who sat on the ground by a tree.

"Content!" *Oom* Willem boomed. "God sends us a sign and a guide, and he is not content?"

"We will wait, *oupa?*"

"*Ja,* we will wait, but not forever." His rage seemed to choke him. "The young whippersnapper." He put his hand to his throat and fell from his seat.

"Help, come quickly," Francina shouted. "*Oupa* is down."

Several came running, and in a few minutes the old man was back in the *kartel* in his wagon, while *Tante* Maria shouted do this, do that, as she prepared her medicines once more. On the other side of the wagon Francina had come upon Flip and stood beside him.

"Well," she said, looking up into his eyes, "do you not love me any longer?" She laughed.

"Love you," he said. "You drive me mad. But my brother saved my life. You are his."

"His?" Francina said. "I belong to no man. I may marry Barend or I may not."

"He thinks ——"

"I know what he thinks," Francina said, "but I do not know what I think. One day it is one thing, and the next day it is another."

Barend rode carefully, watching every open space for movement. He wondered if *Oom* Willem really knew where they were, or was he lost? *He is sick,* Barend thought. That was why he had said, "If anything happens to me you must lead them."

Next day, after a breakfast of biltong and rusks, Barend saddled his horse. Yesterday he had ridden parallel to the spoor of the wagons to see if anyone was following them. Today he swung round in an arc to the west.

He rode on slowly; then, seeing vultures, he stopped and moved toward the circling birds with the greatest care. Seeing them go down, he cantered forward, only to pull up in horror when he came to the remains of a wagon. The wheels had been removed from it and burned to get the iron tires. Several men lay dead. One was white and naked. Barend drove the birds off. It was Ullman—he had been stabbed. Ullman, who had thought himself so clever and had left the trek to better himself, had tried to return and been caught and killed.

Barend felt he should bury the dead—Ullman at least—but he had no tools. Besides, how much time could he waste? He must get back to tell what he had seen and feared. So, leaving this devastation behind him, he rode on swiftly but more carefully than ever. It was only his caution that prevented him from riding into the ambush which he was convinced was being prepared for the wagons of the trek. Coming from the west instead of the south, he saw Kaffirs camped behind some trees and rocks of the hillside that dominated a little valley down which, he was sure, the guide would have led them.

Leaving his horse, Barend crept forward. These were the people who had killed Ullman. Oxen and horses that he recognized as Ullman's were being grazed under a guard some distance away. Then he saw a white man giving orders. He crawled still closer. It was Carter! So Carter had not died. By some devil's ruse he had saved himself and joined up with this savage band. There was something about them, too, which was familiar. He had heard talk about the well-armed Kaffirs from the coast, who raided the interior for slaves under the command of half-caste Portuguese. These men were slavers. Carter had joined them and was leading them against the trek out of revenge.

Barend crept back to his horse, led him for some distance and then mounted. He rode hard. So this was why the guides had come. *Oom* Willem must be warned. This was worse than he had imagined. Carter, who had sworn a curse against them, was still alive.

When he approached the camp he pulled up. The wagons had gone. There was their spoor—a dusty track of broken grass and bush. All that was left of them was the waste of a camp and a silence broken only by the endless cooing of the doves.

He wondered what could have made *Oom* Willem move. He must have been persuaded to go on. But by whom? There was only one man—the half-caste guide, Tomaso. Carter had to be sure that the wagons would pass his way, and Tomaso had been sent to see to it. This accounted for everything with certainty, even the death of Ullman. He must follow the wagons with all speed.

Francina had not been the only one to watch Barend ride off. Tomaso had seen him too. No good would come of this. But since he could not be stopped, the only thing to do was to make the old man move at once. He approached *Oom* Willem.

"Then, *senhor*, tomorrow we go, yes?"

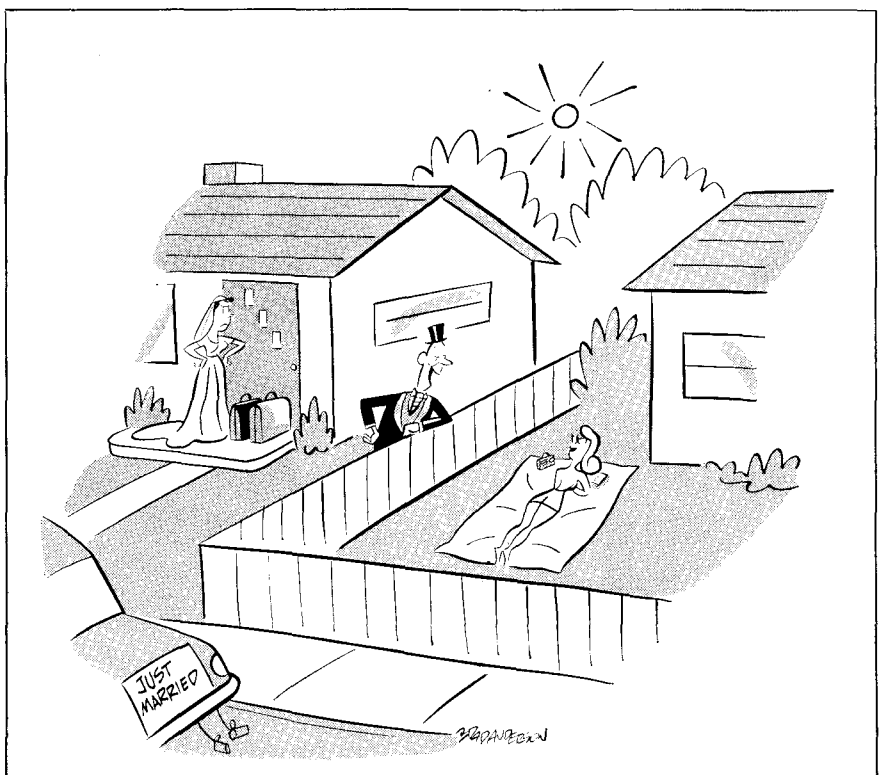
"We must wait for Barend Beyers' return."

"He can follow us," Tomaso said. "The spoor of a great trek like this is a road."

"*Ja*," *Oom* Willem said, "that is true." And there was need for speed. They had to get on before he failed, before the weakness that he now felt passed into an illness that might well end in death. He was up again, but still far from well. He turned to Tomaso.

"And how far is it, in your mind, *senhor*, to the land of which we spoke?"

"Oh, we are near, *senhor*—five days on horseback, ten on foot, perhaps a month with the wagons. Who can tell time and distance in Africa precisely? So many things can happen. But, *senhor*, my haste is because I cannot delay too long, much as I wish (*Continued on Page 130*)



"Hi."

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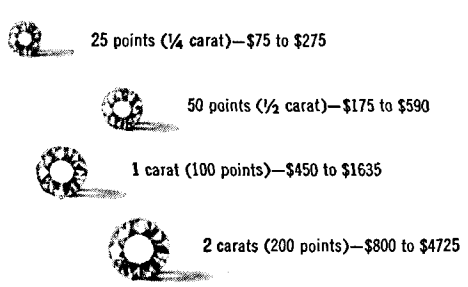

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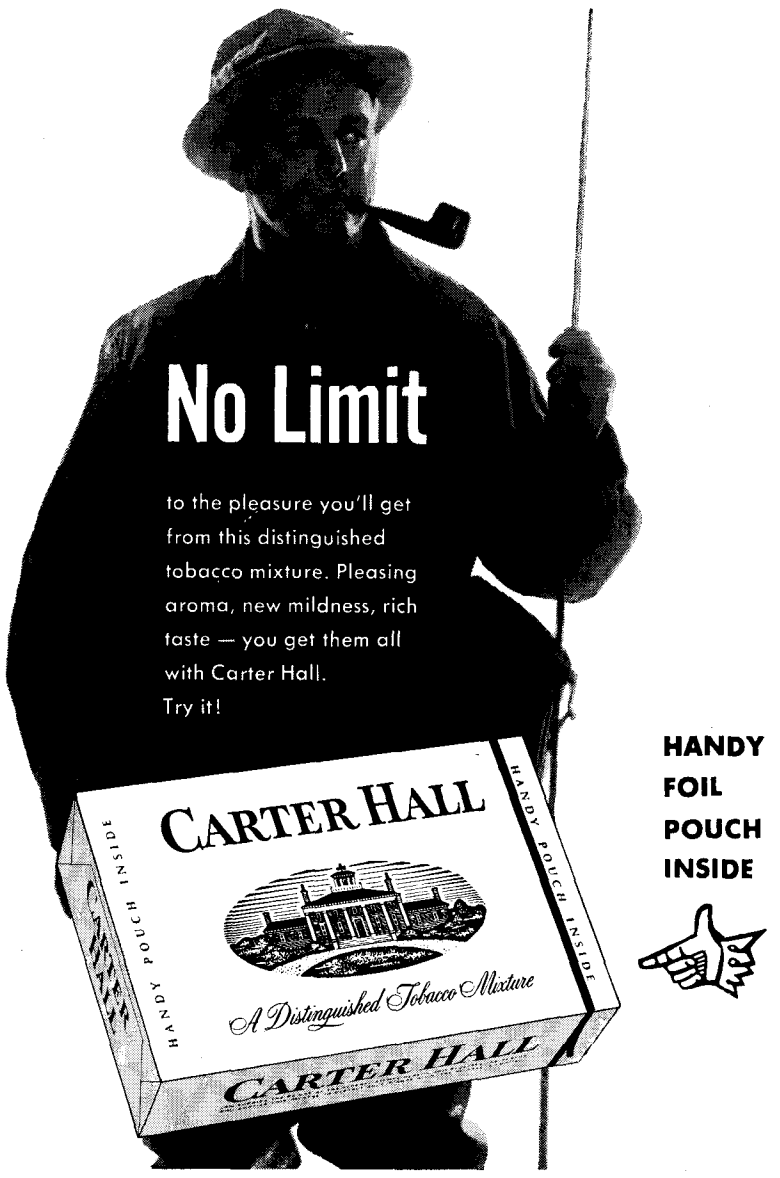
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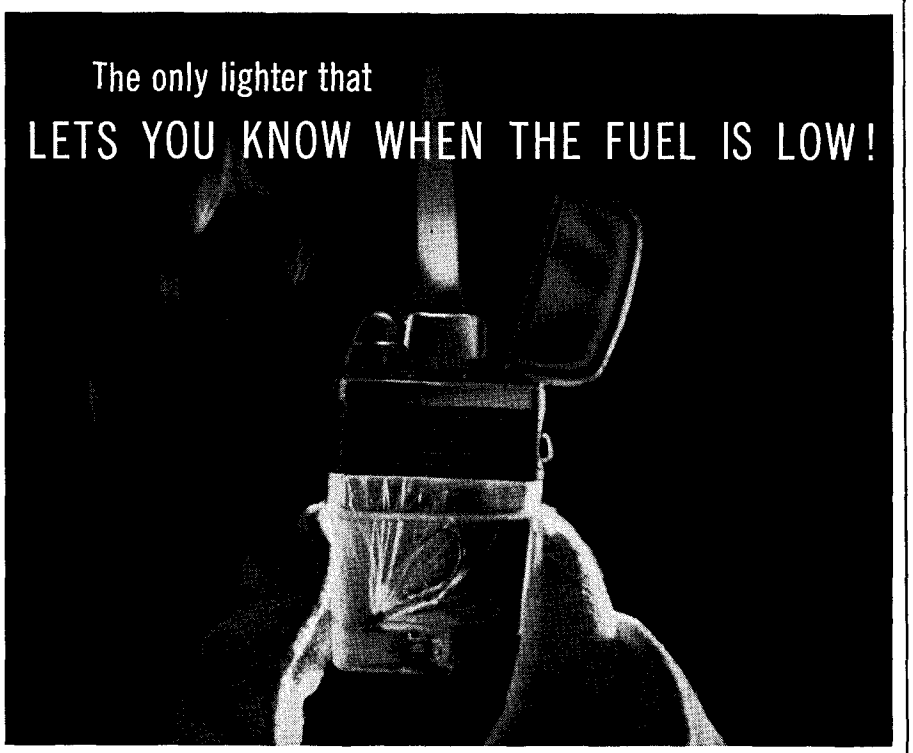

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(*Continued from Page 128*) to help my brother Christians, heretics though you are. In a week you will be well on your way. Once I have guided you through the *poort* in the hills"—he pointed to the mountains where Carter was waiting to fall upon them—"you will have no more troubles; everything will be simple."

He smiled at the old man, who did not know how truthful he had been—for who could trouble the dead, and what could be simpler than death?

"Tell me again," *Oom* said, "about how you found the place."

"I found it while hunting elephant. It was some years ago, but I have never forgotten its beauty—a paradise indeed."

He thought of Carter's telling him how to describe it to the old fool. "Lay it on," he had said, "poetic like—like jam on bread for a kid."

"There are five hills," Tomaso said, "arranged in a half circle like the hand of a man. In the palm there is a sweet *vlei*, and through it runs a little river. In the hills there are springs, and by the fifth hill—the little finger, as it were—there is a group of great rocks rubbed as smooth as marble by elephants and other game. Here also are slits cut into the stone where the bushmen once smoothed and straightened their arrows.

"*Senhor*," he went on, "what a pleasure it is to talk to one who has also seen these beauties. The hills, the little streams that spring from the fountains in their bosom and rush like laughing milk down to join the river ——"

"Stop," *Oom* Willem said, "stop! I see it all again. How strange that you describe it as I would myself, as I have done time and time again, using my very words. Truly, *senhor*," *Oom* Willem said, "only God could have sent you. We will start tomorrow. Barend can follow on our spoor." He called to Flip, who was passing. "Flip, my boy," he said, "we are going to move tomorrow. You will tell the people and see to everything."

"But Barend, *Oom* Willem, what of him?"

"He will follow. How can he lose the spoor?"

That was true. They would not be deserting him. And Flip was to lead the trek. At last he was being appreciated.

Tomaso thought it was a pity they had to pass through the village they had just raided—a pity that one could not guess these things and see into the future. He saw it as they had left it—the huts in flames, the dead lying scattered as they fell, dead warriors, spear in hand. The old men, women, small children killed like cattle—for these were useless, neither strong enough to march loaded with ivory, nor worth much if they happened to survive. It was a pity that there was no other way except through this little plain, but perhaps he could turn it to good account by saying, 'See, what a good thing I am with you; because without me, you might have run into trouble.' He would say he had known of this massacre. That it had been done by the knob-nose Kaffirs who had gone running on like wild hunting dogs.

And this was the story he told Flip as they rode toward the ruins of the village. Flip was jaunty, a young leader riding with his gun on his hip, his hat on the back of his head. Behind him rumbled the wagons, behind them came the stock. As they got closer the devastation became more apparent. The wooden frames of some of the huts had not burned completely, but stood out like the ribs of some strange beast. On the ground were the bones and skulls of the dead.

"*Senhor* Flip," Tomaso said solemnly, "when you see this you know that the knob-noses have passed this way. That is their mark. Their spoor. If we were not in haste, it would be in my heart to bury these bones as if they were those of Christian men; for all men, white or black, are created by God." He took off his hat in a reverent manner as they rode by and thought how well he had got out of this difficulty.

Flip was thinking of the women and children in the wagons who must see and smell these horrors, for the smell of death still lingered here. And then, as they passed a hut, the very last one that was only partially destroyed, an old woman staggered out. Her skin was drawn tightly over her ribs, her face was a black skull in which the burning agates of her eyes blazed hatred as, gathering her remaining strength, her lips drawn back in a savage snarl, she sprang, screaming with fury, at Tomaso.

He turned white with fear and beat her down from his rearing horse, as with a hand on his belt she tried to scramble up his body. His Kaffir walking at his side leaped upon her and drove his knife into her heart as Tomaso, turning his horse, galloped back past the wagons in the direction from which they had come. The Kaffir ran too, dodging in and out of the scrubby bush like a hare pursued by dogs. Flip turned in his saddle to watch them as if they had gone mad.

That this should have happened infuriated Tomaso. Why had he lost his head? He should have been able to

"Oh, oh, now you've done it!"

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explain the attack by some story or other. How had the old woman escaped? She must have been hiding under a heap of skins and let the hut burn over her. The treachery of some people was unbelievable.

He galloped on till he was out of sight and waited for his man to join him. Then, hiding the horse among the trees as they lay down to recover themselves, Tomaso and the Kaffir saw Barend Beyers coming toward them as he followed the spoor of the wagons.

The young Boer would have ridden by had the horses not smelled each other and begun to neigh. Now he would have to run again. Tomaso mounted and spurred his horse.

Seeing Barend's horse thundering down upon him, the Kaffir fired one wild shot, dropped his gun and fled. Tomaso heard the Boer's shot and the Kaffir's scream.

When Tomaso got back to Carter, after having spent a night of terror in the veld, it was evident that Carter was not pleased to see him.

"I give you all this," Carter raved, "gold, cattle, guns, lead, powder. There it all is in your hand, and you throw it away like a child. Go off now and collect your knob-noses and your bloody Kaffir friends. Collect them and bring them to me quickly. Promise them loot—cattle and iron. Tell them to come and wash their spears in white blood. Now go," he said, "and hurry."

"Food," Tomaso said. "I have eaten nothing."

"Then eat; but eat in haste, for we have no time to lose."

What a fool Tomaso was, Carter thought. But with enough men he could take the camp by storm. It made him laugh to think that only a few months ago he had been with the Boers, fighting off the Kaffirs. He thought of revenge on those sanctimonious fools and revenge on Harry. And the girl—his while he wanted her, and when he had done with her there were many who would pay for her, a white, golden-haired girl fit to be a queen. He felt no doubts. If he could not get what he wanted one way, he always got it another.

At the camp, Barend was talking to *Oom* Willem. It had been hard for him to control his temper.

"So," he said, "you could not wait?"

"We knew you would find us. We have not gone far."

"*Ja*, *Oom* Willem. But you are not safe in camp, and suppose I had not come back? Would you have guessed something was wrong or gone blundering on with your God-sent guide? Guide!" he shouted. "The man was a spy sent to lead us into ambush."

"He has run away," *Oom* Willem said.

"I saw him and I killed his Kaffir."

"You saw the ruined village?"

"*Ja*, I saw and smelled it as I followed on your spoor. I saw also an old woman who was newly killed."

"That's it," *Oom* Willem said; "she sprang upon Tomaso. His Kaffir killed her with his knife, and then they ran away. Can you tell me why they ran?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. Perhaps that the old woman was mad. But why should they bolt? It was the work of the knob-nosed Kaffirs. Tomaso told Flip so as he rode beside him."

Barend, standing beside his horse with his arm over its neck, began to laugh. "*Oom* Willem," he said, "he ran because that old woman recognized him. She knew who he was—what he had done."

"How could she?"

"It was he and his friends that destroyed the village. They are slavers. I ran into them. If they had seen me, they would have killed me. Carter is with them. It was he who commanded the ambush the guide would have led you into!"

"No, not Carter. He must be dead. I have prayed for his soul. I have wondered if we did right to cast him out to die."

"He is not dead, I tell you. He lives. And now that this plan has failed he will make another. Therefore we will make a strong camp now, at once."

"If you think so," *Oom* Willem said.

"Think? I know!" Barend said.

"Very well then, give the orders."

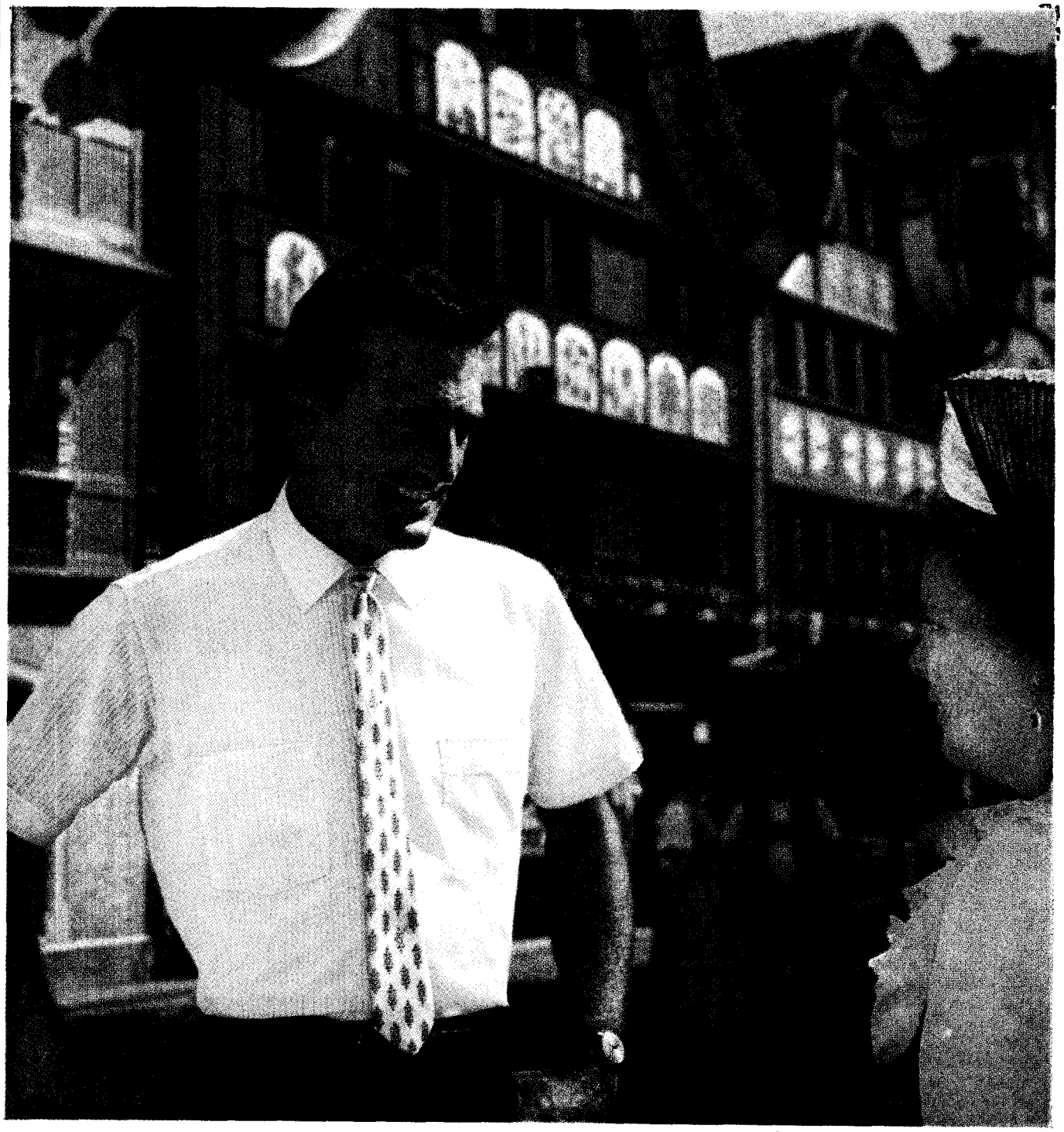
Barend mounted his horse again and shouted, "We will camp here." He told Hendrik, *Oom* Willem's driver, to swing his wagon to the left as a signal that all could see and halt.

The second day in camp passed, and nothing happened. "The people are getting bored; we must give them something to think about," Barend said to Harry Bates. "Let us then compete, you and I, in shooting at a mark. We are the two best shots. Let us see who is the winner, and we will shoot for a prize."

"My hat," Harry said; "the hat that is my pride and the envy of all who behold it." He laughed and held it up—a fine hat of leather with a leopard-skin crown in which were stuck two long gray plumes from the tail of a crane. "Come on, kerels," he said, "set up the mark. Two ox ribs at a hundred paces."

They set them up. Bates fired first, hitting the rib fair and square, knocking it down in splinters. Barend took careful aim. His rib flew shattered into the air.

"Now try one hundred and fifty paces," *Oom* Willem said. At one hundred and



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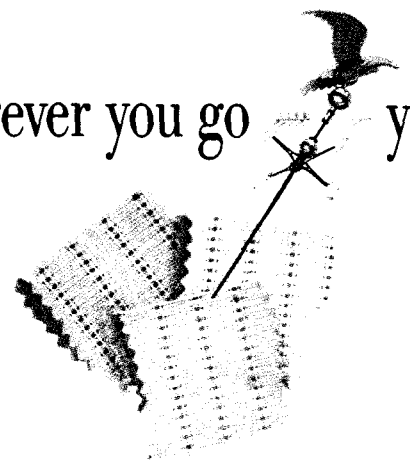

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fifty paces the result was the same. At two hundred, both men missed their first shot; but with the second they struck the bones, breaking them to pieces.

"Two hundred and fifty," *Oom* Willem said. This was indeed a test. The white bones were only as wide as two fingers, and at this distance they were scarcely visible. From the prone firing position they could not be seen.

Bates took the first shot. Sitting with his elbows on his knees, he sighted his gun with the greatest care. Everyone held his breath. If he hit the target, this would be a notable shot, one of which men would speak for years to come. He fired. The bone trembled, but did not fall. It was a miss, but a miss by only a hairbreadth. A shout went up, "Well done! Man, but that was good." Harry looked around, smiling; it was a good shot and would take some beating.

Barend loaded slowly, tamping down his wad and bullet with his ramrod. Then he, too, sat with his elbows on his knees. Twice he brought the gun down again and resettled himself, wriggling his buttocks into the ground. The third time he put up his gun he did not hesitate, but fired almost at once. "A hit, by heaven, a hit!" they cried, as the rib sprang into the air like a living thing.

Harry clapped him on the back and said, "We can shoot, you and I, but you are better. Here is your hat. I ask but one thing of you—that you tend it carefully and do not wear it in the rain." The two men shook hands and laughed.

Carter had led his men to the vicinity of the wagons and decided to have a look. There seemed to be no chance of an ambush now.

He snuggled down behind a rock to look at the lay of the land, placing his men in his mind, seeing from where they would attack. How lucky it was that he knew these people and their habits so well. *They can't surprise Freddie Carter*, he thought.

Then he saw a man walking toward him, alone. Some man just out for a stroll. It was Harry. He knew his hat. Harry without his big Zulu. Harry alone, delivered by the devil himself into his hands. He would pass quite close to him.

He raised his gun slowly, flattening himself still lower upon his belly. *Harry, by thunder, Harry!* The saliva ran out of the corners of his mouth as if he were hungry. *Now*, he thought, *now*. He pressed the trigger, saw Harry fall and ran forward, drawing his knife as he ran. If he were followed, so much the better. He'd lead them on to his Kaffirs. Then they'd drive those they didn't kill back to the camp, pursuing them closely and overwhelming the wagons in one swift action.

He saw it all in his mind as he ran, crouching like a crab, toward the fallen man whose legs still twitched convulsively. He jumped onto him, put one knee on his belly and raised his knife.

He looked at the dead man's face, pushing back the hat—Harry's hat—that had fallen forward to hide his features. His hair was not red. It was Barend. Good grief! He had shot Barend. Tears of rage came into his eyes.

Cries were coming from the camp. He'd have to run for it. He jumped to his feet and picked up his gun, but had hardly turned before a bullet in the shoulder knocked him down. *They've got me*, he thought. This time it would be the end. His gun was not loaded. He had only his knife. He took it in his left hand—his right was useless now—and lay waiting. With luck he would kill one of them as they bent over him, thinking he was dead. He closed his eyes and waited, like a viper with its fangs hidden flat against its gums, for a hand to touch him.

TO BE CONTINUED

Rocket-Happy Kids (Continued from Page 30)

trajectory high in the sky and down again. The boy with the stop watch called off his reading. Muttering a Galileo formula under his breath, Joe McAvoy figured rapidly on his scratch pad and announced over a walkie-talkie, "Fifteen thousand feet!"

So began the launching program for amateur rocket groups staged by the Army a few months ago on its 76,000-acre firing range midway between Richmond and Washington, D.C. Upon arrival, members of clubs from as far away as New York had been briefed on the safety rules. The boys spent the rest of the morning mixing their fuels, under the critical eyes of Army range officers. The climax of many weeks' effort came during the afternoon, when more than a dozen missiles of various sizes, shapes and colors were launched by remote control from the master firing switch in the center bunker.

None of the teen-age rockets equaled the surprising altitude of the five-and-one-half-foot Richmond missile. The entry of the Alpha Rocket Society of Monroe, New York, fizzed out on the launching pad. One rocket fired by the Wakefield Rocket Society of Arlington County, Virginia, burst about three feet off the ground. A three-stager launched by the Mount Vernon Rocket Society of nearby Fairfax County rose vertically about 100 feet, then toppled sideways, so that the second and third stages fired horizontally. But the Wakefield and Mount Vernon groups later launched rockets successfully, and most of the entries at least got off the ground.

The missile brought by the Fresh Meadows Rocket Society of Flushing, New York, carried a steel capsule containing a specimen of *Bacillus prodigeosus* culture in the nose cone, to test the effect of acceleration and deceleration. The bacilli survived, but, according to a late bulletin from Stephen Sherbell, the Fresh Meadows club's president, the walls of the culture were slightly ruptured and many of the chains of bacilli were broken and disconnected.

But mishaps are taken in stride. When the Alpha Society's rocket fizzed out in a shower of sparks, the boys packed it up to take back home, determined to learn the cause of its failure. "They have duds at Cape Canaveral, too," John Paul Guckel, Alpha's president, said philosophically. With a different fuel formula, it was later launched successfully.

The launchings at Camp Hill and other Army and Air Force installations from coast to coast suggest that amateur rocketry is here to stay, despite an inauspicious start. When the Russians put Sputnik I into orbit in October, 1957, young Americans responded in a rush of do-it-yourself rocketry.

Scores of youngsters were injured, many seriously and a few even fatally. A Bronx, New York, youngster blew off one hand trying to seal a loaded rocket by driving a plug into the open end with a hammer. In California a fifteen-year-old boy lost an eye when his homemade rocket went off prematurely. A high-school teacher in Texas was killed and seven pupils were injured when a homemade rocket exploded during a class demonstration. The fuels involved in these accidents ranged from homemade gunpowder to the heads clipped off of "safety" matches, sometimes with other substances added for quicker lighting.

> No one is a born storyteller, but with a great deal of effort a person can avoid becoming one.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

The shocking casualty list among teen-age rocket experimenters prompted the American Rocket Society, the leading scientific organization in the field, to declare strong opposition to any amateur rocket experimentation with dangerous propellants of any kind. In taking this stand, the society cited a count made by the National Fire Protection Association in a six-week period in March-April, 1958, when eighty-four children and two adults were reported injured. Forty of the accidents occurred while the victim was mixing or loading fuel, twenty-three when the rocket exploded upon firing, ten when the rocket went off prematurely and the rest for miscellaneous reasons.

The association pointed out that laws regulating fireworks were broad enough in many states to include rockets, so that launchings could be banned by local fire departments. The National Safety Council endorsed these views and called upon parents, teachers and responsible public officials to forbid amateur rocketry immediately. The Civil Aeronautics Administration—now the Federal Aviation Agency—warned against firing rockets in the air lanes, which pretty well blanket the air space over some Eastern states. Following these warnings, many cities banned amateur rocket experiments.

When accidents continued, the United States Office of Education issued safety rules and suggested that student experiments with rockets should be rigidly controlled and expertly supervised. "Young people's interest in rocketry and other scientific fields definitely should be encouraged," Education Commissioner Lawrence G. Derthick said, "but in recent weeks serious accidents emphasize the need for strict precautions."

Willis C. Brown, the office's aviation-and-space specialist, issued a list of safety rules warning amateurs against building, loading or firing a rocket, or mixing the fuel, without supervision by an experienced adult. Never, he said, work alone with a rocket fuel in a basement, home workshop or even a school laboratory.

The stress on supervision rather than prohibition got a boost from the Department of Defense a few months later. Without undertaking to organize amateur rocket clubs or plan their activities, the Defense Department nevertheless authorized the military services to cooperate with seriously interested groups. Under this authority the Air Force added a course in rocketry to its instruction program for cadets in the Civil Air Patrol.

Lt. Col. Charles M. Parkin Jr., an Army explosives expert then stationed at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, drew up safety rules at the President's Tenth Anniversary Conference on Occupational Safety that have since been adopted by many amateur rocket groups. For about four months he also conducted Saturday courses in rocketry at Fort Belvoir, attracting as many as 175 pupils. Some of his pupils were parents eager to maintain two-way communications with their space-minded offspring.

To find out what amateur rocketry was like beyond the jurisdiction of Army regulations, I recently visited the Wakefield High School in Arlington County, Virginia, home of one of the clubs that participated in the Camp Hill launching program. The president of the Wakefield Rocket Society is a serious-minded senior named Gilbert Fritz. He designed the X2B, a missile seventeen and one half inches long that was one of three his group fired successfully at Camp Hill. With slight modifications the design was used to illustrate the *Rocket Amateurs Handbook* that Colonel Parkin got out for his Fort Belvoir classes, and it has since appeared in several amateur rocketry magazines.

The Wakefield society is now completing its fifth year, making it one of the older clubs—most groups sprang up after Sputnik I—but by no means the oldest; a few date back to the early '40's. Wakefield has about thirty dues-paying members, who meet every other Saturday.

"Our society was organized during the 1955–56 school year," Gilbert explained, "but we didn't launch our first rocket until the next year. It really created a sensation. I was only a freshman at the time, but they let me tag along because my brother belonged—he's at Massachusetts Institute of Technology now.

"We went down the Potomac River quite a piece to an isolated spot and got everything set up. But when we threw the switch the rocket exploded with a bang that was heard for miles up and down the river. No one was hurt because David Saltus, our physics teacher and adviser, had seen to it that we were all far enough away and behind trees. But it wasn't long before the United States Park Police appeared, and our pictures got into the newspapers, and we were quite notorious for a while." He grinned. "That was a liquid-fuel rocket. We've stuck to solid fuels ever since."

After this noisy beginning the Wakefield Rocket Society broadened its interests rapidly, first absorbing a group of radio hams who operated an amateur station, K4HOM. The dues of $2.50 a year have proved sufficient for everyday operations. The largest expense has been the static test stand, where thrust and other characteristics are measured before a rocket is fired. It cost something over $100 for the concrete floor and two cement-block walls. The other walls, roof and fence were donated. The radio division built a 108-megacycle converter for radio tracing of earth satellites, and a moon-watch station was set up on the school roof. One of the few moon-watch stations in the country ready to track the first Vanguard satellite, it got its first practice on Sputnik instead.

The club's expenses are kept to a minimum by a combination of do-it-yourself, close liaison with nearby junk yards, and Government surplus sales. Small rockets aren't too expensive. Fuel costs about twenty-five cents a pound; fifty cents' worth will launch the X2B. The aluminum can be bought (*Continued on Page 134*)

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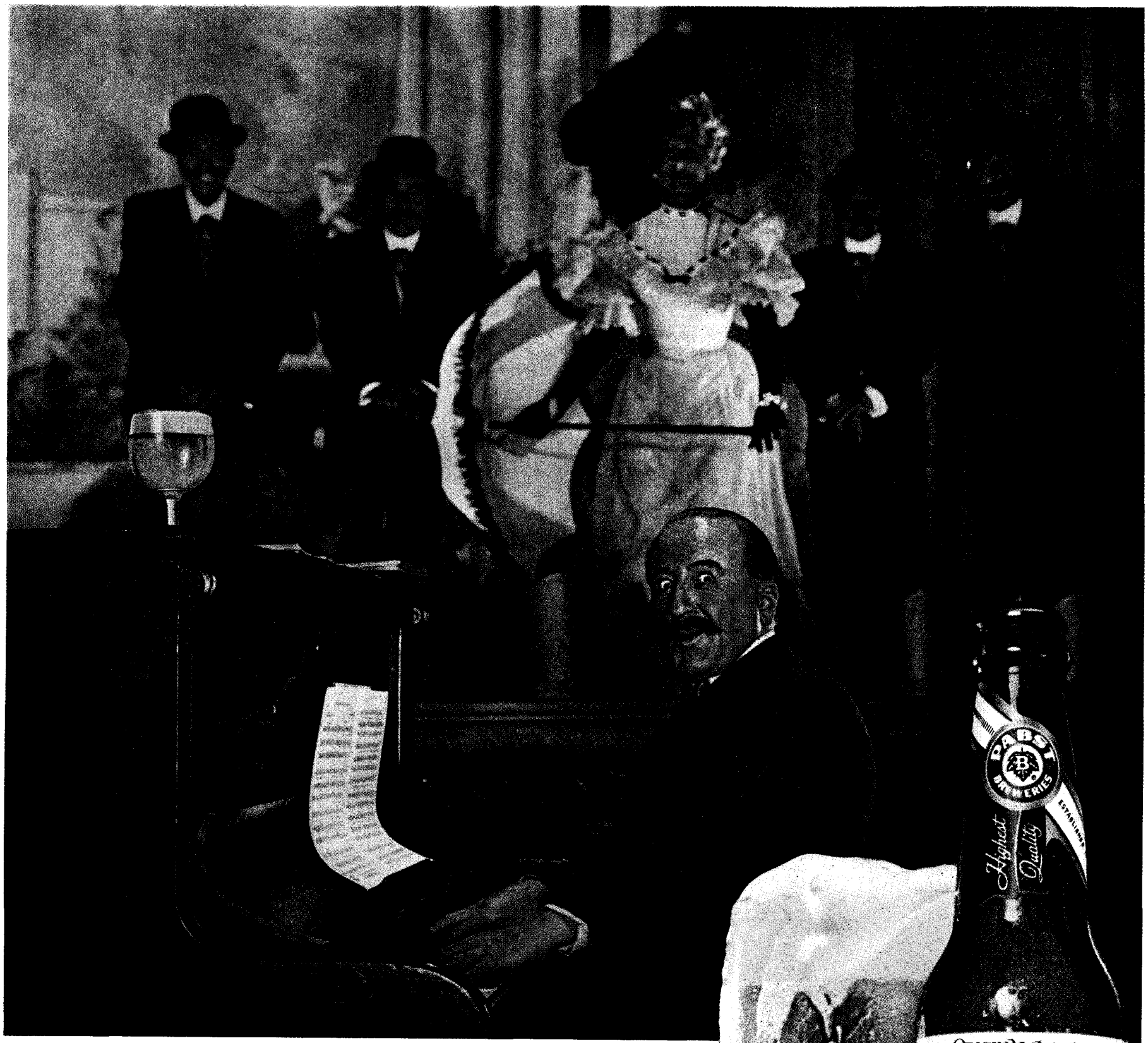

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(*Continued from Page 132*) for about one dollar at a neighborhood hardware store, and for less at a junk yard. That includes eighteen inches of one-and-one-quarter-inch tubing, two solid blocks for the nose plug and the nozzle, and sheeting for the fins. The threads are cut, the wooden nose cone is turned, and the nozzle aperture is drilled and shaped in the school shops at no expense.

Larger rockets, of course, cost more. The Richmond missile came to about thirty dollars, including about thirty pounds of fuel. The stainless steel tubing, sixty-six by two and one half inches, cost only $1.75 at a friendly junk yard, but welding the fins and machining the parts had to be done commercially and ran up the total.

Balance, weight and nozzle design are important factors in rocket performance and can be worked out for the most part by formulas within the range of high-school mathematics. The ratio of length to diameter can vary somewhat, but is usually at least eight to one. If the fins are too large, the tail will be too heavy and the rocket will tumble end over end. If the fins are too small, the rocket will lack stability for straight flight. The nozzle is much more than just a hole in the tail plug. The diameter of the throat, the narrowest part where the escaping gases approach sonic speed, must be figured out according to the quantity of fuel and how fast it burns. If the throat is too small, the rocket explodes. If the throat is too big, not enough thrust is developed to get the rocket off the pad.

Some of the junior rocketeers believe the nozzle is the most important part of a rocket, but others contend the most critical item is the fuel mixture. If dry chemicals are packed too tightly into the fuel compartment, they won't burn fast enough to get the missile into the air. Packed too loosely, they burn too fast and explode.

One project the Wakefield Rocket Society undertook exceeded its financial resources. The small telescopes wangled from Navy surplus for the moon-watch station only served to whet the watchers' astral curiosity. Last year, when the society president was Peter Hagen, son of Dr. John Hagen, director of the Vanguard program, the boys decided to obtain a ten-inch reflector telescope with up to 450-power magnification. Under the National Defense Education Act of 1958, matching funds were available, so that all the Wakefield boys had to do was raise $1000. But how?

It so happened that two girls, Annette Franklin and Susi Eigen, both science sharks, were permitted to belong to the society—in a manner of speaking. Referred to in the monthly bulletin as "members" in quotation marks, they weren't listed in the membership directory. They weren't allowed to vote either, but the boys did exempt them from paying dues for what might be termed hanging around.

As might be expected of distaff "members," the girls sewed up a couple of ragdoll dummies to be blown to bits at a safety demonstration. But they also designed and built launchable rockets, cutting and machining the parts in the school shops, where girls are seldom seen. "Launchable" is used advisedly. After their rockets were finished, the girls decided they were too cute to be fired and kept them as souvenirs. Annette and Susi proved to be just what was needed to raise $1000.

What the girls did was to enlist practically the whole home-economics department in a semester-long series of doughnut sales. Eating doughnuts, started as a way of showing school spirit, grew into the major intramural activity. A time came when doughnut consumption cut into the normal business volume of the school cafeteria. In the interest of a balanced diet, doughnut sales are finally barred. By that time about $1300 had been cleared, enough for the telescope and some needed instruments for the static test stand too.

But it takes more than students of physics, chemistry and home economics to keep a rocket club going. The electronics division mans the radio station and keeps the walkie-talkie in repair. A cosmic-ray station, set up at the high school this year in co-operation with the University of Maryland, measures and reports cosmic rays of more than a certain intensity that strike a marked area on the school roof. The publications division issues a monthly bulletin and an annual register and report, for members and to exchange with other clubs.

The corresponding secretary answers requests for the Wakefield Rocket Society's pamphlet *Amateur Rocketry*, which outlines safety procedures, rocket and test-stand specifications, and solid-fuel data. The pamphlet is sent only to schools or responsible organizations, not to individuals. The photography division records the society's major achievements for posterity, and for the press upon request. The safety committee has reported its fourth consecutive year of accident-free operations and is going on its fifth.

Richard Crone, the present physics instructor at Wakefield High School, said there had been no trouble getting the boys to be careful. "We stress the hazardous nature of rocket fuels and the safe way to handle them. Most of the boys are juniors and seniors, and they don't allow any horseplay or stump-the-leader stuff. I guess we've launched fifty or more rockets, and staged two or three times that many static tests, without so much as a burned finger."

Parents seem to approve, according to Dr. Harold M. Wilson, Wakefield's principal. "Perhaps we're just blessed with good neighbors," he said, "but they seem to trust us to be careful. Many attend our moon-watch sessions regularly. The fire department has checked our test stand and keeps in touch with our activities. The President's Science Advisory Committee recommended that laboratory and field work be made 'more exciting.' Rockets certainly fill the bill."

Rocket-minded neighbors apparently live in many other parts of the country, too, because the Army estimates from its correspondence that there are more than 5000 groups interested in rocketry, representing an active membership of between 25,000 and 30,000. The Office of Education, which has encouraged model-airplane clubs for many years, is hard pressed to keep its bibliography for the amateur rocketeer up to date. The Air Force Missile Test Center at Cape Canaveral has received more than 100,000 letters since Sputnik I went into orbit, asking for information about rockets. Entries dealing with rockets and space are increasing in the local and national science fairs staged by the Science Clubs of America. Last year one of the first-place winners in the finals at Hartford, Connecticut, was Joie Pierce Jones of Abilene (Texas) High School.

Young Jones, now a freshman at the University of Texas, had built a home-made rocket with Geiger tubes and a transistorized radio in the nose cone. It rose nearly forty-seven miles over the West Texas mesquite last spring, telemetering readings of two widely separated levels of cosmic radiation over two different channels to a ground station, for recording on tape and later analysis. His entry also won him honors from the Air Force, Army and Navy.

Interest has been mounting in the Boy Scout organization's Explorer service, which was revamped last year to present a broader range of activity. During the last year four Explorer posts have been chartered in the field of rocketry, and about fifty more are being organized. Explorer Post 2214 at Red Key, Indiana, has built a rocket test range approved by the Indiana State Aeronautics Commission. Last November, at the American Rocket Society's annual meeting in Washington, Dr. Wernher von Braun proposed that a youth program be initiated with the Explorer service and other interested groups. Doctor von Braun, a leader of U.S. Army rocketry, recalled that he became interested in rockets in his teens. He was chief civilian adviser to the German Army at twenty, and benefited greatly from his amateur experience.

The American Rocket Society's board of directors passed up Doctor von Braun's proposal for a youth program, and reiterated its stand against any amateur experimentation with hazardous propellants, even with supervision. Among the reasons cited was a legal opinion by the society's general counsel, stating that the society's entire membership might be liable for damages resulting from a locally sponsored project.

Even so, the directors instructed the education committee, headed by Dr. Irving Michelson of Pennsylvania State University, to draw up a youth-education program "along safe lines" through the Boy Scouts, Science Clubs of America and other responsible organizations. The society's new president, Howard S. Seifert, hinted that some compromise on hazardous propellants was in the wind.

The compromise came to light in the pilot course in amateur rocketry that was started recently in Los Angeles and is sponsored jointly by the Southern California Section of the American Rocket Society and Explorers of the Los Angeles Area Council, Boy Scouts. During the course of instruction, which will last several weeks, the students will build rockets and take them to some safe launching site in the area. There the rockets will be turned over to professionals, who will mix the fuel, load the missiles and press the firing button. Presumably the Explorers will be permitted to participate at least vocally in the countdown.

Further evidence of a new attitude toward amateur rocketry can be seen in Congress, where Rep. Victor L. Anfuso of New York has introduced a bill to create a Space Cadet Corps similar to the Boy Scouts. Rep. David S. King of Utah proposes to build rocket test ranges in every state and furnish supervisory personnel for instruction and safe operation. Even the legal opposition shows signs of cracking. The ban against rockets has been enforced in most states under fireworks regulations, but a court in Maine recently ruled that amateur rocketry did not come within the provisions of the state fireworks law.

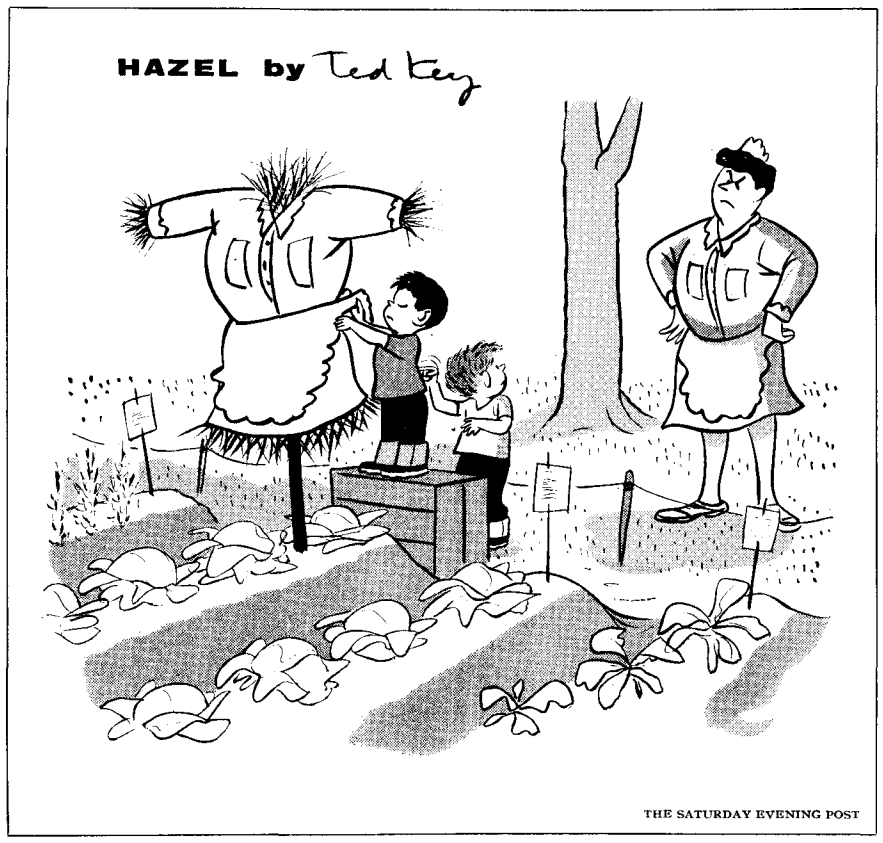
Even before this court decision, however, the ban in effect in Connecticut since December, 1957, was revised by Deputy State Fire Marshal Carroll E. Shaw to permit experimentation under competent supervision of colleges, universities and similar institutions. In California, where stiff licensing rules have clamped down on amateur rocket launchings, except in the Mojave Desert area, fireworks laws are being reviewed to permit amateur rocketeers to operate under strict regulation.

Although a new era has dawned for the junior rocketeer, neither a court decision nor a revision of fireworks statutes will help Joe McAvoy and his friends of the Richmond Amateur Rocket Association. They need room.

"We're building a rocket now," Joe told me, "that will make our fifteen-thousand-foot record look sick. But we can't fire it at Camp Hill because of the twenty-thousand-foot limit there." The stainless-steel model that reached 15,000 feet was just the first stage of a two-stager now building, which should go thirty thousand feet or higher. That eliminates Camp Hill. At Cape Canaveral there's no altitude limit, but you have to have a circuit to destroy the missile if it wobbles after launching. The Richmond club's rocket has none.

What next? "Well, we're not dead yet," Joe said. "We've recently received tentative permission to launch her at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, where they've got seventy thousand feet of air space, all we'll need. Our rocket is being checked over for approval," he said as this went to press, and added, "I'll let you know how we come out."

THE END



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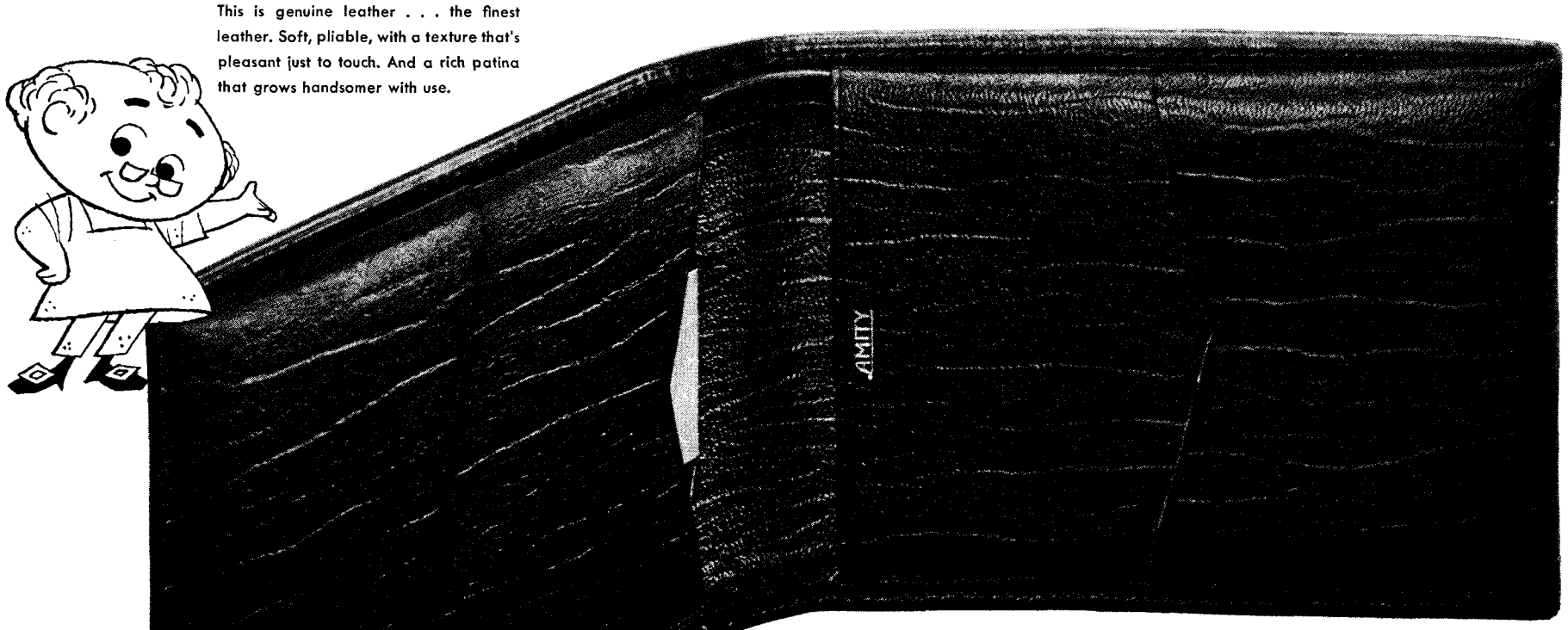

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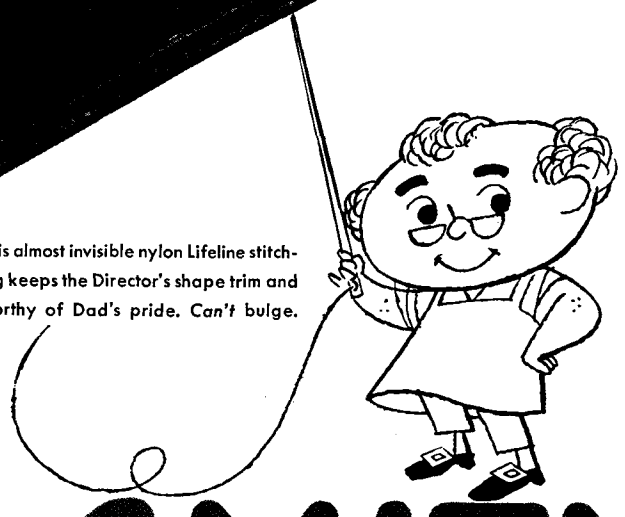

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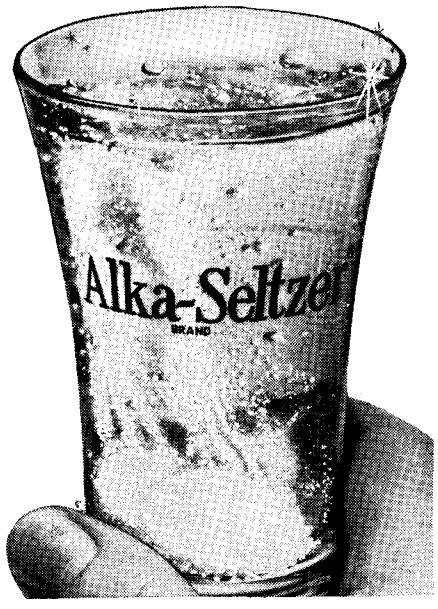

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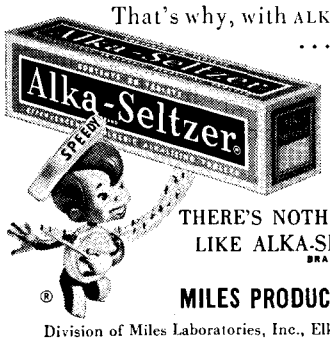

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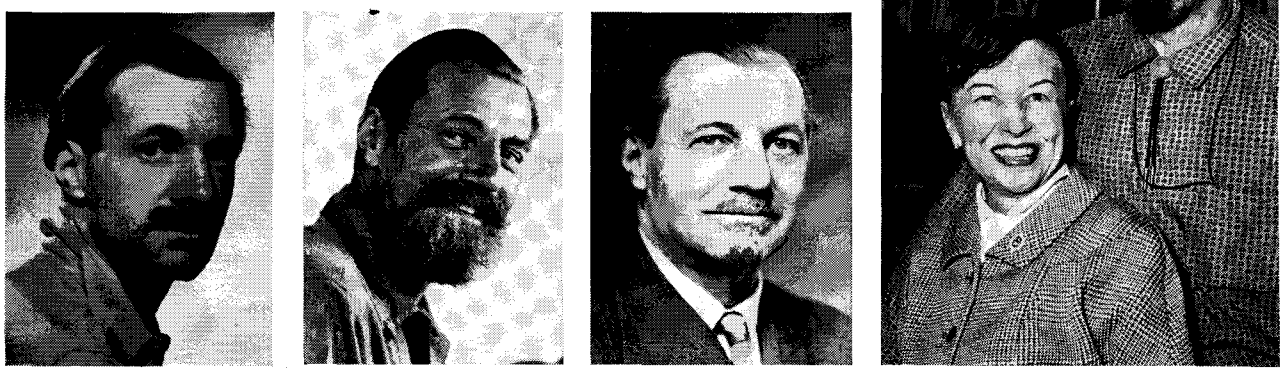

Stuart Cloete with his whiskers of 1937, 1947 and 1959—and with his wife, Tiny, who trims them.

Stuart Cloete (pronounced *Clooty*) was photographed with his wife Tiny not long ago, arriving in New York on the steamer *African Lightning*. We liked the picture (above, right), but we couldn't help noticing that Cloete hadn't been near a pair of barber's clippers in some time. To discuss the untidy state of his hirsute adornment, we phoned Cloete in New Orleans, where he, Tiny and their myna bird, named Elvis, are temporarily residing. "We are the oldest, most solvent beatniks in the Deep South," boasted Cloete. "But I'd better let you talk to my wife. She's interested in topiary; so she tends my beard."

Mrs. Cloete had a ready explanation for her husband's shagginess: "We had been at sea eighteen days, and off the Virginia coast we were caught in a storm that made our hair stand on end." We invited Mrs. Cloete to tell us how she tends her husband's beard, and she did so willingly. "When he's working on a book, his thicket gets too full, too Russian. He won't let me interrupt him when he's writing; so I generally get him when he's lying down reading. I simply sit on his chest and commence trimming. It's like catching a sheep and shearing it."

Cloete sported a full mustache but no chin whiskers in 1937 (above, left), the year his first novel, *The Turning Wheels*, was published. Since then, his beard has periodically flourished and diminished. It was at its most formal in 1959, when he affected a Vandyke (second from right). "Not characteristic at all," says Tiny of the Vandyke. "Too *New York Times*ish for Stuart."

Before becoming a bearded novelist, Stuart Cloete was a soldier in the Coldstream Guards and a rancher-farmer in South Africa. He is a direct descendant of Jacob Cloeten, who in 1652 became the first white man to obtain a land grant in South Africa, and much of his serial, JOURNEY INTO DANGER (page 53), is based on stories told him by Dutch settlers.

"We are going to Europe next year to paint," says Cloete. "Horses chiefly. Tiny interested me in painting, and I interested her in writing. But she paints better and I write better. If I painted and she wrote, we'd starve."

The Ingredients of Success

When **Marion Bell Wilhelm** was a journalism student at the University of Wisconsin, she was assigned the task of drafting an outline for a book on any branch of journalism which interested her. She chose foreign correspondence and proceeded to set forth her ideas on how to land a job. One must write an intelligent letter to the foreign editor, she explained, then buy a conservative, pin-striped suit for the interview "so as to appear worldly." She added that it was also a good idea to be a man. We don't know whether Miss Wilhelm owns a pin-striped suit, but we do know she has convinced a number of foreign editors that females are capable of reporting news from abroad. Since 1952 she has been the Mexico City correspondent for NBC-TV and a string of publications—*Newsweek*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, Chicago *Tribune*, New York *News* and London *Express*. Her first *Post* article—MY FRIEND, TROTSKY'S ASSASSIN (page 25)—is one of the year's biggest news beats filed from south of the border.

Richard and Eva McKenna. He cooked up a plot; now she cooks in style.

Richard McKenna, like many another American lad, did his military hitch, went to college and then got married. The twist in McKenna's story is that his service hitch was for twenty-two years. He was mustered out of the Navy in 1953. Three years later, he was graduated from the University of North Carolina and promptly married Eva Mae Grice, a U.N.C. librarian. The McKennas recently invested all their savings in a gracious old house in Chapel Hill, where they have "more cubic feet of living space than is allotted the entire crew of a Fletcher-class destroyer." The house was bare of furnishings, however, and McKenna planned to rent a refrigerator and let his wife cook on a hot plate until his short stories began to sell. Before this plan could be put into effect, *The Post* bought HOUR OF PANIC (page 31), and Mrs. McKenna bought a new refrigerator and stove (left). The tale that furnished a kitchen is drawn from an experience the author had while serving as machinist's mate in Chinese waters before World War II.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"They Killed Heydrich"

—from a new book by Alan Burgess

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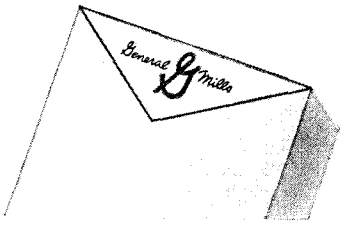

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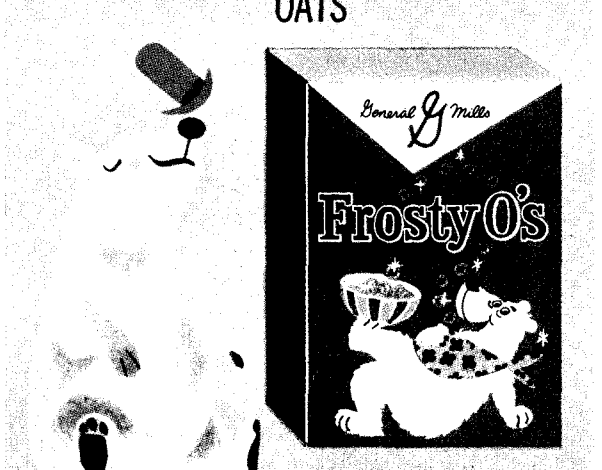

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